WEEK ENDING
OCT. 18, 1930

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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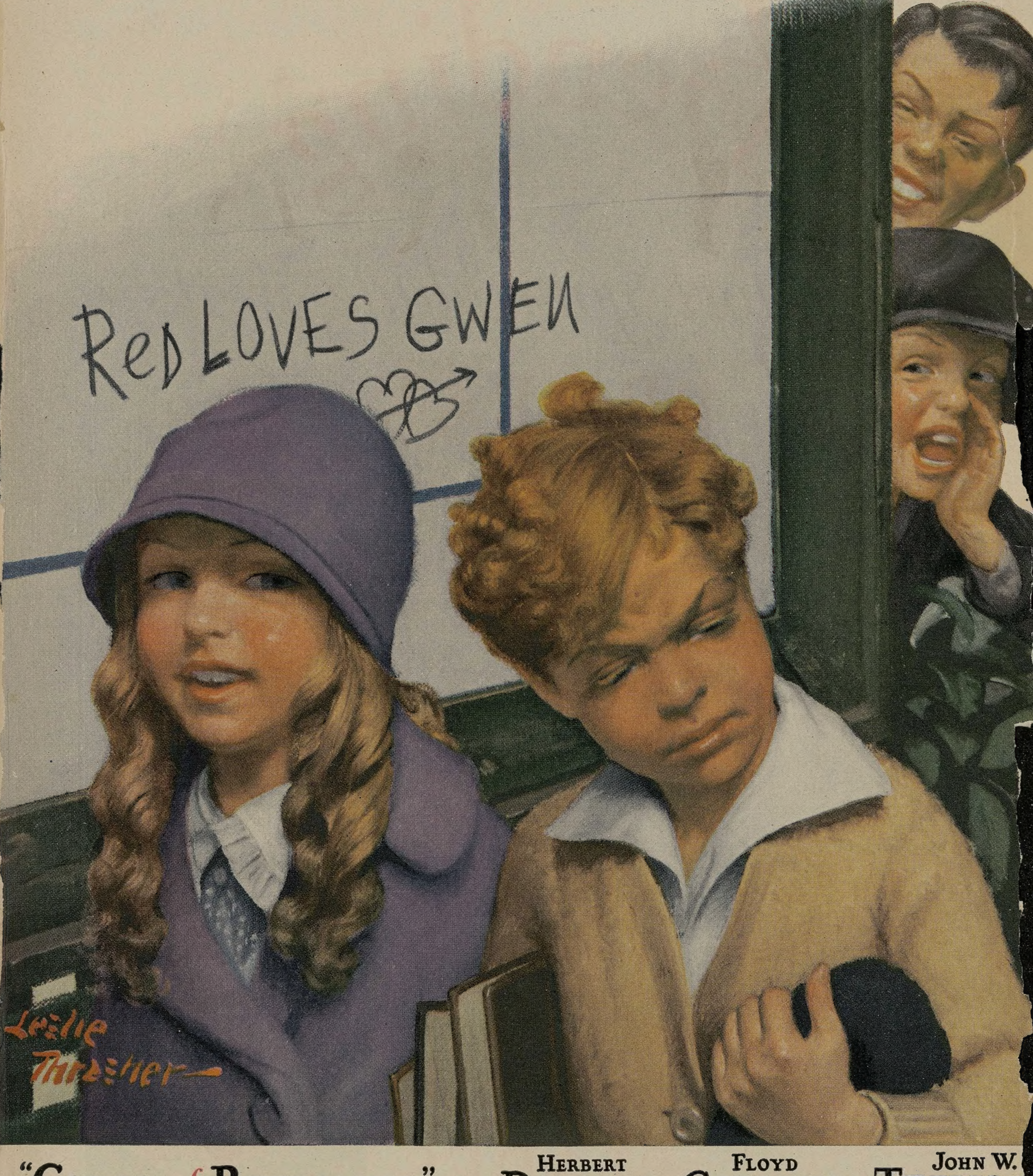
RED LOVES GWEN
Leslie Thrasher

"CAROL *of* ROUMANIA" *also* HERBERT DALMAS ~ FLOYD GIBBONS ~ JOHN W. THOMAS

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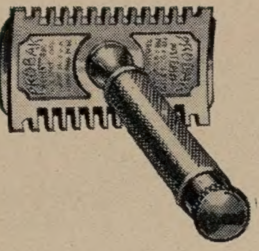

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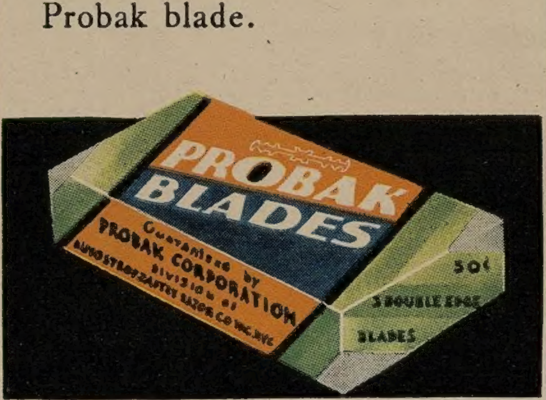
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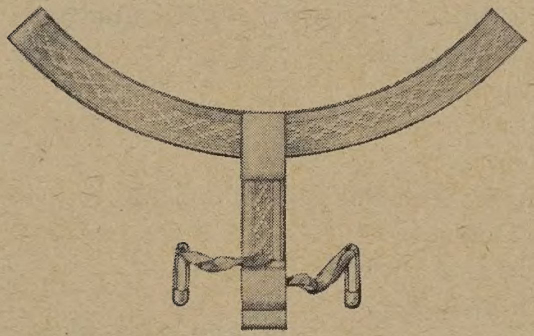
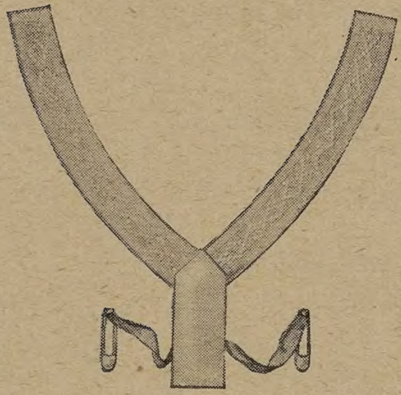
5 DOUBLE EDGE BLADES

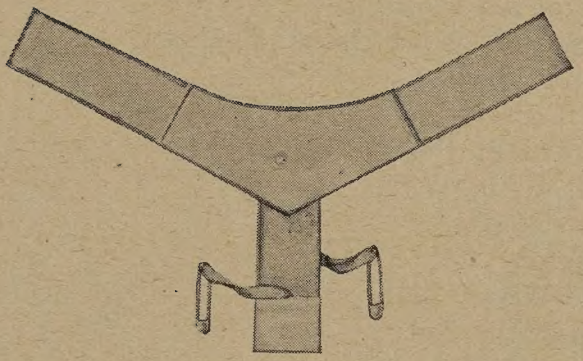
The Latest Story of Smartness and Comfort in 4 Paragraphs



¶ Miss Modern demands smartness and comfort in *her* Sanitary Belt, as well as security. Little wonder she chooses this popular HICKORY Belt made of one inch Narrow Rayon Curveweave Elastic—woven to fit. The tailored tabs are of satin; the gilt safety pins are handily suspended on fine ribbon. This model—as well as the wider Curveweave style made of 1½ inch Rayon Elastic—is only 50c



¶ And here's the HICKORY "Siluette"—as new as the next minute! Fashioned of one inch Rayon Curveweave Elastic; V-shaped for ultra-comfort; long satin tabs with gilt safety pins taped on fine ribbon. A charming creation—50c



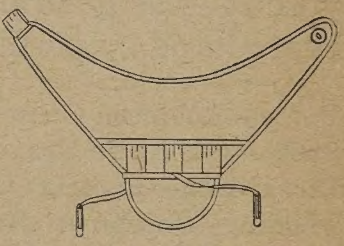
¶ The very last word of voguish comfort and luxury—its 1½ inch Velveweb Elastic is a revelation in lustrous finish and soft rich texture. The shaped shields at front and back are lined and faced with fine quality satin; the gilt safety pins are suspended on fine ribbon from high quality satin tabs. Truly the best belt we ever have offered for $1

¶ Of course, HICKORY Sanitary Belts are stylishly correct. But of equal importance is the knowledge that they are approved and recommended by leading medical authorities because they are scientifically shaped to fit and are hygienically perfect. They do not bind or constrain. You will enjoy absolute freedom of movement in perfect security. And more important still—HICKORY Belts are not limited to any one style, but may be had in the style you like best—suited for use with any pad or protection you prefer. Designed BY women FOR women. HICKORY Belts are the most comfortable, stylish and dependable belts you ever met. Four typical HICKORY styles are pictured at the right

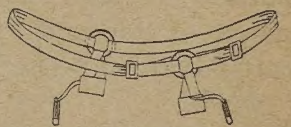
HICKORY
Sanitary Belts

Sketched below are 4 typical HICKORY Belts of the many popular varieties by HICKORY—always dependable, yet gently secure—Ask your dealer for the style and size you prefer. Buy a HICKORY and you own a world of comfort!

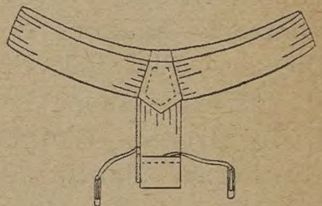
TYPICAL • HICKORY BELTS • • •



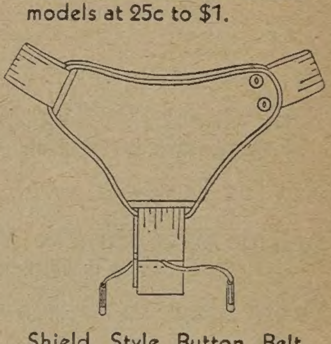
Shaped Shield Style—Sateen Cloth Style Button Belt. Waist-measure sizes. Taped-on pins. 50c.



Petite Style—The Belt Petite of ⅜ inch Narrow Rayon Elastic; adjustable; with taped-on pins or patent clasp. 25c to 50c.



Curveweave Style—"Shaped to fit"—of 1 and 1½ inch Rayon Elastic; Satin trimmed; taped-on pins, 50c. Other all-elastic models at 25c to $1.



Shield Style Button Belt. Wide Elastic; taped-on safety pins. 35c to $1.

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Oct. 18, 1930

Liberty

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> *"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."* —*Stephen Decatur.*

THE HUNDRED BEST NOVELS

From time to time authorities of one grade or another get out lists of the hundred best books, poems, lines, or what not. The latest is that of Professor William Lyon ("Billy") Phelps of Yale, who has chosen for Scribner's Magazine what he considers the hundred best novels.

The list doesn't need any comment. We suppose it is as good as any ever made. Here it is, reproduced by permission:

Defoe—Robinson Crusoe.
Swift—Gulliver's Travels.
Richardson—Pamela; Clarissa.
Fielding—Joseph Andrews; Tom Jones.
Smollett—Humphry Clinker.
Prévost—Manon Lescaut.
Goldsmith—The Vicar of Wakefield.
Goethe—Wilhelm Meister; Elective Affinities.
Austen—Pride and Prejudice; Emma; Persuasion.
Scott—Ivanhoe; The Bride of Lammermoor; Quentin Durward.
Cooper—The Last of the Mohicans; The Pilot.
Hugo—Notre Dame; Les Miserables.
Dumas—The Three Musketeers; Twenty Years After; The Vicomte de Bragelonne; Monte Cristo.
Balzac—Eugénie Grandet; Le Père Goroit.
Flaubert—Madame Bovary.
Dickens—Pickwick Papers; David Copperfield; The Old Curiosity Shop; Great Expectations; Our Mutual Friend.
Emily Brontë—Wuthering Heights.
Thackeray—Vanity Fair; Henry Esmond.
Hawthorne—The Scarlet Letter; The House of the Seven Gables.
Melville—Moby Dick.
Stowe—Uncle Tom's Cabin.
Eliot—Adam Bede; The Mill on the Floss.
Reade—The Cloister and the Hearth.
Björnson—Synnövé Solbakken; In God's Way.
Gogol—Taras Bulba.
Turgenev—A House of Gentlefolk; Fathers and Children; On the Eve; Smoke.
Tolstoi—War and Peace; Anna Karenina; The Death of Ivan Ilyitch; Resurrection.
Dostoevsky—Memoirs of the House of the Dead; Crime and Punishment; The Idiot; The Brothers Karamazov.
Carroll—Alice in Wonderland.
Hudson—Green Mansions.
Trollope—Barchester Towers.
Collins—The Moonstone.
James—The American; The Portrait of a Lady.
Blackmore—Lorna Doone.
Meredith—The Ordeal of Richard Feverel.
Howells—A Modern Instance.
Hardy—The Return of the Native; The Woodlanders; Tess of the D'Urbervilles.
Twain—Tom Sawyer; Huckleberry Finn.
France—The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard.
Maupassant—A Life.
Moore—Esther Waters.
Heyse—The Children of the World.
Sudermann—Dame Care.
Stevenson—Treasure Island; Kidnapped; Weir of Hermiston.
Shaw—Cashel Byron's Profession.
Barrie—Sentimental Tommy.
Kipling—Kim.
Zola—The Downfall.
Crane—The Red Badge of Courage.
Sienkiewicz—Pan Michael.
Butler—The Way of All Flesh.
Conrad—The Nigger of the Narcissus; Typhoon.
De Morgan—Joseph Vance.
Galsworthy—The Forsyte Saga.
Ollivant—Bob, Son of Battle.
London—The Call of the Wild.
Rolland—Jean Christophe.
Wells—Tono-Bungay.
Bennett—The Old Wives' Tale.
Hamsun—Growth of the Soil.
Wharton—The Age of Innocence.
Lewis—Dodsworth.
Wilder—The Bridge of San Luis Rey.

If you find on this list some novels you haven't read—as we did—we assure you that you will not be wasting any time if you buy them or get them from the nearest library, and spend some hours reading them. There is not one on the list that is not worth reading.

IN THIS ISSUE

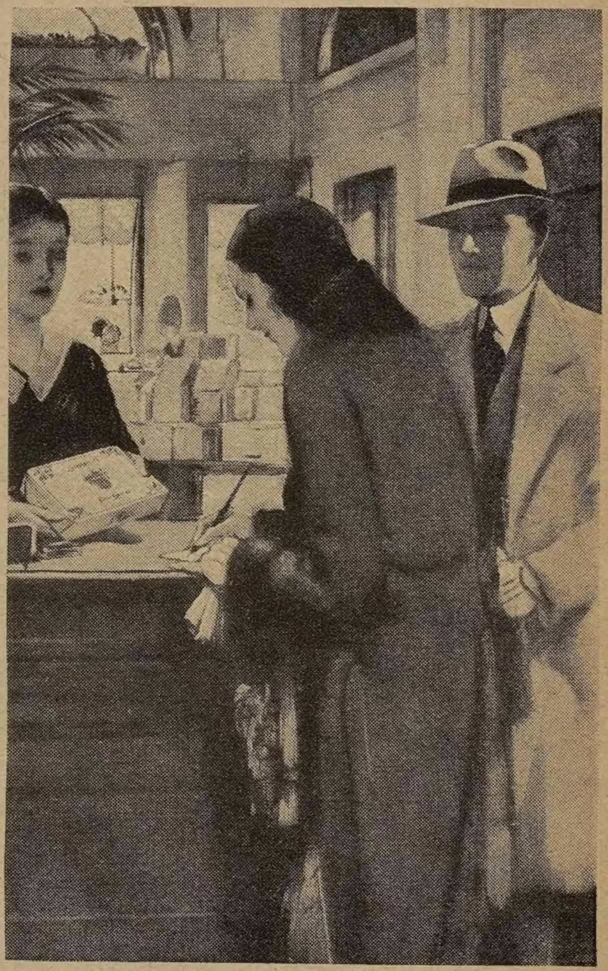
King Carol II of Roumania ...... Dorothy M. Russell 7
Beginning a lively chronicle of the Balkan playboy's career
Not for Love—*A story* .... Herbert Dalmas 14
A Ride with Pancho Villa .... Floyd Gibbons 24
An adventure of the Headline Hunter
From Stage to Screen—*Movie reviews* ..... Kate Cameron 32
The Woman Hunt—*A story* .... Edward Doherty 34
Out of the Rough at Nineteen .... Helen Hicks 45
Confessions and reminiscences of a youthful wizard at golf
The Greenhorn—*A short short story* . Correan K. Sandberg 53
Problems of Conduct—*Something new in diversions* 56
Corsair—*Part V* .... Walton Green 58
"Accustomed As I Am—" .... Robert Benchley 65
Funny Faces—*$500 for the funniest* 67
Special Cases—*A story* .... John W. Thomason, Jr. 70
Editorial (p. 4); Twenty Questions (22); For the Love o' Lil (44); Vox Pop (54-55); Bright Sayings of Children (67); Cross Word Puzzles (68-69)

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

"IS A LETTER OF THANKS TO ONE'S HOSTESS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY?"

EMILY POST says: A box of candy sent with a visiting card, on which is written a word or two of thanks, takes the place of the bread-and-butter letter which many find hard to write. A box of candy also says *Thank you* to a neighbor of your hostess, who was especially kind to you and whom you are unable to thank in any other way.

A box of candy sent to a ship or train says *Happy journey* . . . To a friend who has had good fortune, *Congratulations* . . . To another returning from a voyage, *Welcome home* — and endless other things.



EMILY POST is the author of *Etiquette: The Blue Book of Social Usage* and *The Personality of a House*, etc.

WHEN the candy you send is Schrafft's, the sending becomes more than the casual gesture of social custom. The name Schrafft's on the box is like a particularly expressive phrase in a letter . . . eloquently sincere and long-remembered.

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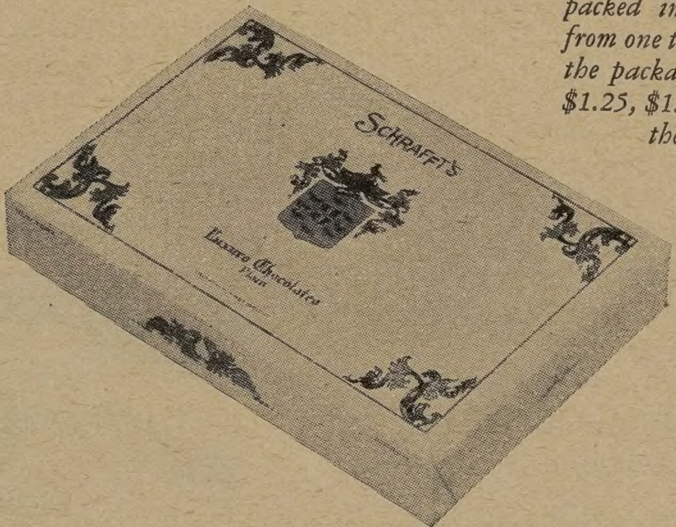

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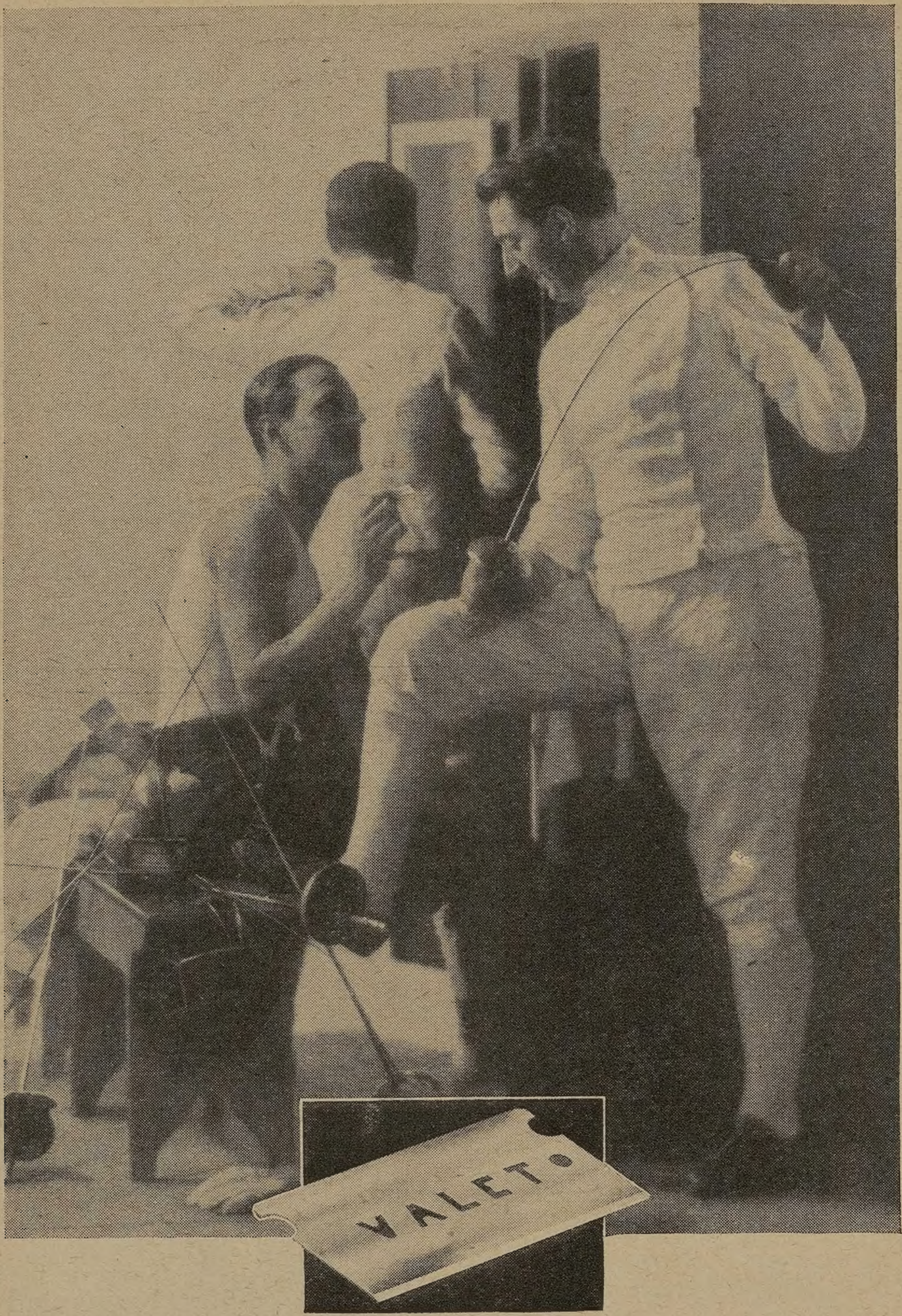


A TRIUMPH IN STEEL

CHAMPION swordsman, fencing master, sword-maker—heir to the traditional skill of his fellow-countryman D'Artagnan—Louis Senac knows steel.

For many years he has been as loyal to Valet blades as to his own fencing blades that flash and ring in the Senac Salle d'Armes.

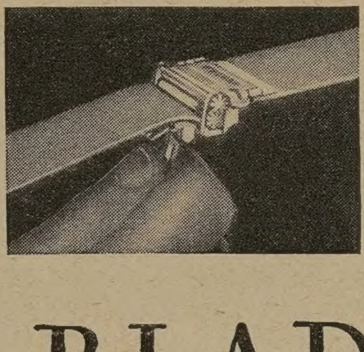
"Fencers love fine steel," he says, "whether in rapier or razor. The new Valet blade is beautifully finished—made of finely tempered steel honed to a marvelously keen edge. I find that every Valet gives the same smooth and comfortable shave."

Louis Senac is but one of the vast group of authorities who recommend the Valet blade with unstinted enthusiasm. Men who know steel prefer this finely finished blade—made with exacting care by precision methods and inspected with magnifying mirrors to insure perfection.

Valet's marvelous micro-edge glides through your beard and across your face lightly. Made exclusively for the Valet AutoStrop Razor—it is the only blade you do not have to remove for stropping or cleaning. The keen Valet blade is constantly held at a friendly, scientifically adjusted angle. Valet shaves are always the same—quick, comfortable, kind to the face.

Dermatologists prescribe the Valet to relieve and prevent skin troubles caused by harsh shaving. Accept the advice of skin specialists and steel experts—who pronounce this blade a triumph in steel. Make your daily shave a delight with the world's greatest shaving combination—the new Valet blade in the Valet AutoStrop Razor.

The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel



The new VALET AutoStrop BLADE

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc., 656 First Ave., New York—Also Toronto • London • Paris • Milan • Rio de Janeiro

King Carol II of Roumania

The Playboy of The Balkans

By

DOROTHY M. RUSSELL

who is a Southerner by birth and who says: "When my mother named me, she was quite unaware that the actress Lillian Russell had a daughter whose name was identical." Miss Russell has lived in Europe the last five years. She has been on the staff of the New York Herald in Paris and with the Associated Press in London.

P. & A. photo

King Carol and the monarch he supplanted, his son, Michael.

(Reading time: 24 minutes 32 seconds.)

PART ONE—A KING COMES HOME

OVER the royal palace on the Calea Victoriei in Bucharest, the King's standard is flying. From every public building, from almost every house front, the national colors, blue, gold, and red, wave gayly as on a fête day. A prodigal prince, Carol of Roumania, once cast out, has come home and has been proclaimed king.

It is King Carol II's standard to which the people look with rejoicing, as they saunter along the broad avenue shaded with chestnut trees for a glimpse of the palace set beyond velvet lawns where beds of iris and pansies spread a purple glow. King Carol is again within those walls from which he was exiled five years ago, and when they catch sight of him, the crowd goes mad with shouts and cheers.

The capital of King Carol's newly acquired kingdom is a city where Occident and Orient meet. Moorish arches and slender minarets remind you that little more than half a century ago the Turks ruled—or misruled—Roumania. In those days, the country was divided into the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

KING CAROL II OF ROUMANIA
Continued from page seven

Turkish provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia; it had no entity of its own. The Sultans farmed out the fertile land to the Fanariot Greeks, who in their turn exploited the peasantry they found there. The peasants have never ceased to be exploited. That is one reason for Carol's easy accession to the throne. They look to him to bring in their millennium.

On Bucharest's streets, evidence of Roumania's strategic geographical position in the heart of the Balkans may be found in a motley population. Russians, Bulgarians, Armenians, and Turks rub elbows with one another. Gypsy flower girls cry their fragrant wares to passers-by. In carefree competition with the ubiquitous automobile—often American made—Ukrainian birjars wearing astrakhan headdress and long belted coats drive their trasuri through the streets, standing on their seats and holding their whips aloft as a traffic signal, hissing to their horses to halt when their destination is reached.

But the Roumanians hold themselves above the foreigners who throng their capital. Proudly they trace their ancestry to the Roman colonists who, under Trajan, settled the frontier province of Dacia and became the fathers of their nation. They have their own literature, their own folk songs of the Carpathians and the Danube; they boast of possessing their own history and their own language.

The World War doubled Roumania in size and population. As reward for throwing in her lot with the Allies, despite the fact that her king, Carol's father, was a Hohenzollern, the Paris peace treaties allotted to the little Balkan monarchy the rich provinces of Transylvania, which cut off a huge slice from Hungarian territory, and Bessarabia, which before the war had belonged to Russia. These provinces contain more than half the area of postwar Roumania. Yet under the old political coterie that controlled the country up to a year and a half ago, they were granted practically no representation in the government and became a hotbed of unrest.

Underwood & Underwood

Where King Carol raised his standard. The palace in Bucharest, which he asked Helen to share with him.

© Wide World

Michael and his mother, the former Princess Helen of Greece, wife of Carol.

WITH Russia and Hungary at her doors, looking hungrily at their lost provinces, with Jugoslavia coveting the Batat, and Bulgaria wanting Bukovina, Roumania has become aware that immediate consolidation of her polyglot population is essential. It is to this problem that the exile, Carol Caraiman, fell heir when he dropped from the sky upon a kingdom he had thrice renounced, and, amid the acclaim of a hysterical populace, changed his name to King Carol II and his status to that of a ruling sovereign.

That in doing so he usurped the throne of his eight-year-old son, and, without either her desire or consent, annulled the divorce obtained by the wife whom he had deserted for a red-haired mistress, in order to stabilize his position with the boy's mother beside him on the throne, may well appear high-handed to onlookers trained to standards of democracy. But the fact that 16,000,000 people nevertheless welcomed him like manna from the heaven whence he descended in an airplane and—without a single shot or serious protest—placed him on the throne amid a shower of roses, makes his *coup d'état* appear as remarkable as that bloodless march on Rome with which Mussolini and his Fascists astounded the world eight years ago. It is rumored, indeed, that Fascist influence lurks behind the Balkan melodrama. But the royal hero hitherto has shown himself to be of too slight build to fill the Duce's shirt.

Carol has long been a protagonist in a political struggle enmeshed in webs of such Machiaevellian intrigue, plot and counterplot, family disruption, lurid loves and bitter hates, that his name, with that of Roumania, has been frequently compared in the press to the old-fashioned Ruritanian melodramas that delighted comic-opera audiences a generation or more ago.

It was with a hazy picture in mind of what a Ruritanian hero should be like that I journeyed twenty-five miles from London to Godstone, Surrey, one morning in May, 1928, to seek out the ex-Crown Prince of Roumania and the enchantress for whom, it was popularly believed, he had renounced crown and kingdom.

THEY were staying at Oakhurst Court, the country estate of Mr. Barbu Jonescu, a wealthy Roumanian who had made a fortune in England and had settled there. The mansion lay just off the Brighton road, in the heart of a countryside for which England is famous, and at that time of year the setting was perfect for a lovers' idyl. Young leaves spread a tender green mist over gentle hills. The woods round about were knee-deep in bluebells, and primroses still lingered along the shaded roads. Thin lines of gold along the branches of the ancient oaks that surrounded the Jonescu home marked the first unfurling of newborn leaf tassels, and over the driveway into which my taxi turned they cast a Midas gleam.

On the way, I had scrutinized all the neighboring fields for a glimpse of a hidden airplane that village gossip alleged lay ready to fly Carol home to seize the throne. The only winged thing I could see was a lark, trilling high above her nest in the field grass. Amid those placid scenes, such a mad Balkan intrigue seemed ludicrous.

Carol was still in bed when I arrived, although it was long past ten o'clock. His secretary, a handsome young Roumanian, apologetically explained that "His Royal Highness" had been out until the dawning hours of the morning. But if I would wait. . . .

I was escorted to the ballroom, a semicircular room at the rear of the house, with long French windows opening on to a graveled garden path, and there I was left to contemplate a life-size painting of a beautiful woman as guiltless as Lady Godiva of covering her ample curves with anything more than a few strands of long auburn hair. It was the only picture on the walls. I wondered if the locks of Carol's mistress, Magda Lupescu, were

Keystone photo

King Carol riding with his brother, Prince Nicolas, through a street of Bucharest the day after his return.

still unshorn. Then I noticed that the canvas bore an English artist's signature and the date, 1893. In that year Carol was in swaddling clothes and Mme. Lupescu presumably still unborn.

But the resemblance between the beauty of the '90s and Prince Carol's inamorata recurred when soon afterward I caught my first glimpse of the famous Magda. After an hour's solitary wait for Carol to wake up, I stepped to one of the French windows for a change of scene. The Jonescus' little girl was bicycling up and down the garden path.

SUDDENLY, from an upper window, a strident voice called to the child in a foreign tongue. The girl and I both looked up involuntarily.

A woman with a tousled red head leaned out. She wore a Madonna-blue dressing gown, as severe and unadorned as a housemaid's frock, and in the sharp noonday light she looked more like a plump sleepy hausfrau than the pampered mistress of a royal prince. My visions of a modern Du Barry or a La Vallière who would grace the sylvan setting vanished in disappointment. In that moment I felt that neither beauty nor charm, but curves, had conquered Carol.

Later, I had to change my mind when I saw Mme. Lupescu again, wonderfully dressed by Parisian experts, her shingled red hair exquisitely coifed, herself smiling, chic, mondaine. In the postmorning hours she was lovely to look upon. But I am sure that she never forgave me the revelation of that first chance encounter.

When Prince Carol finally appeared, my preconceived notions of Ruritanian heroes also were dissipated. Clad in gray flannels and a soft sports shirt, he looked more like a lithe young university athlete than the vagabond lover of the Balkans. His figure is not robust, but it has the muscular tautness of a tennis player or a good puller in the sculls. I had an opportunity of seeing him play tennis, and he is strong on his game, but I can't vouch for his rowing prowess.

He likes games and outdoor life: it is a heritage from the British through his mother, Queen Marie, who was an English princess. To them, too, he owes his luxuriant golden hair—the dark gold of unstrained honey—and his keen blue eyes, deeply set under thick blond brows. But the Hohenzollern strain of his father is betrayed in the full, loose lips of an overlarge mouth, fringed with a clipped mustache, the typical hawklike nose, and the weak chin.

Carol has been called dashing and handsome, but to me his chief attractiveness lay in his friendly simplicity, and in his direct, unselfconscious and wholly unaffected manner.

He speaks excellent English, with an Oxford accent acquired during student days at the famous university; in fact, English is the language used by the Roumanian royal family in the privacy of home life. Even little Prince Michael talked in English before he learned a word of Roumanian, and he is now being tutored by an Englishman. Prince Carol, of course, is a linguist, like most modern princes. French, German, and, naturally, his native Roumanian are among the languages in which he is proficient.

In the semicircular ballroom, beneath the portrait of the red-haired lady, we talked of his plans for Roumania, when he should return to rule it. He made no secret of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

KING CAROL II OF ROUMANIA
Continued from page nine

the fact that he was then waiting to do so. Even in exile he saw himself as king, just as definitely as though he were on the throne. A note of exultation sounded in his voice when he stated that "at any moment" he expected news which might call him home.

"When my country sends for me, I am ready to go," he declared. But he laughingly denied that he would take the airplane that was supposed to be hidden in a Surrey field.

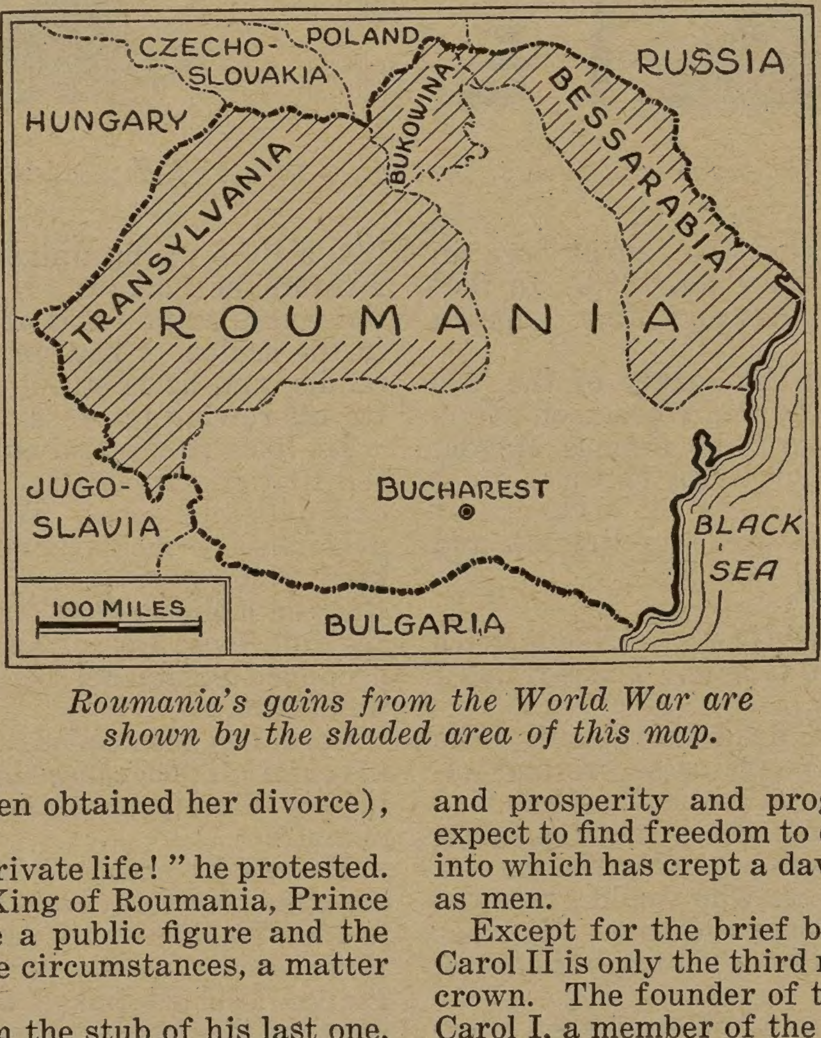
I did not know for two days afterward that airplanes had actually been hired and were waiting at Croydon to scatter his manifestoes over Roumania; that the high-powered car I had noticed just inside Oakhurst Court's high barred gates remained there day and night with hood facing the road, ready at an instant's notice to whisk Carol to an airdrome where a private plane would carry him over the Channel and on to Roumania, in very much the same manner in which he finally reached home. The plans of two years ago were almost identical with those of this year. I believe that Carol would have accomplished his coup from England in 1928 had not the British government found him out and ordered him from the country.

"What are your plans for Roumania if at any time you do become king?" I asked him.

"There will be all sorts of special problems to meet that I can't talk about till I get there," he replied. "But there is one thing that I want especially to accomplish, and that is to give the Roumanian people universal education.

"Now the majority of them are victims of ignorance," he continued. "Hundreds of thousands of the peasants cannot even read or write. I want to establish state schools to provide an education for all children of school age, such as you have in America.

"The people must be welded together through common interests and better opportunities for profitable work. Roumania, you know, has great natural resources to be developed. We should attract outside capital to help us in this task.



Roumania's gains from the World War are shown by the shaded area of this map.

"I want my country to keep step with the other nations of Europe. But she needs someone to guide her, and that place became mine when my father died."

TO a suggestion that his position was that of pretender to his son's, little King Michael's, throne, however, Carol opposed a spirited defense.

"He is not ruling; he is too young," he parried. "He should not have to bear the responsibility of a crown at his age, while I am living. I want to be with him to give him a father's care and to see that he gets a proper education."

When I asked him whether he would return to his wife, Princess Helen (she had not then obtained her divorce), he bridled.

"You are inquiring into my private life!" he protested.

"If at any time you become King of Roumania, Prince Carol," I replied, "you will be a public figure and the position of your wife is, in those circumstances, a matter of legitimate public interest."

Carol lighted a cigarette from the stub of his last one. He smokes nervously, incessantly, while he talks. Now he drew his light with deliberation.

"The question of our reunion will depend entirely on her," he answered quietly, at last.

Behind the brief outburst one could sense a turmoil of inward friction, a psychological backwater of irritating memories, into which Carol did not care to look.

The problem of Mme. Lupescu appeared to bother him less.

"She has offered to step aside at any time," he assured me naïvely.

As to her ultimate return to Roumania he was equally at ease.

"Why shouldn't she return if she wants to? She is a Roumanian."

Mme. Lupescu confirmed her willingness to oblige her royal lover by stepping out of the picture when, a day or two later, I had an interview with her by proxy through Mrs. Jonescu. Prince Carol had promised that I should see her, but she was shy of American writers at that time, and wouldn't risk being nearer one than in the next room. She doesn't speak English and perhaps she didn't trust my French.

SHE sent me her story through her hostess, however, with authority to quote her and two earnest requests. One was that she should not be referred to as a Jewess; the other, that her father's business should not be set down as "junkman." I have been told that both are fairly well authenticated facts.

According to Mrs. Jonescu, Magda Lupescu met Carol "in society" in Bucharest and "had known him for several years" before he was banished.

"From the beginning of their relationship she has never aspired to be more than a dear friend to Prince Carol," said Mrs. Jonescu, "and no one wants more sincerely to see him restored to his throne. She is willing to make every sacrifice for him, even to give him up, and she tells me to say this in her name."

Now, two years later, Carol has actually taken his throne and Magda is supposed to have left him forever.

Why has Roumania acclaimed as her sovereign the errant prince who only five years ago was banished in disgrace? Why have his people allowed him to erase the past three years of his little son's reign, dating his own rule from the death of King Ferdinand in 1927? Why do they view with complacency his utter disregard for human values, when he sweeps aside his wife's divorce and expects her to forgive and forget the wrongs he inflicted upon her because he has returned, and needs her to bulwark an uncertain throne? What has been going on in that little-known country of the near east, before the war an insignificant patch on the map of Europe, now a land in which important American business interests are investing their money, their machinery, and their developmental genius?

To understand anything of recent events in Roumania, we must turn back to an earlier chapter of the story, and there meet the family to whose wayward scion the Roumanian people have intrusted their hope of peace and prosperity and progress; under whose rule they expect to find freedom to develop a national consciousness into which has crept a dawning realization of their rights as men.

Except for the brief broken reign of Michael I, King Carol II is only the third monarch to wear the Roumanian crown. The founder of the dynasty was his great-uncle, Carol I, a member of the German house of Hohenzollern, who, in 1881, was made ruler of the kingdom born from a war which in 1877 freed the Roumanians from the Turkish yoke. The infant monarchy owed much to a Fanariot Greek family of patriotic radicals named Bratianu, one of whose members, Jon, had been a leader in the fight for liberty. He had much to do, too, with placing the Hohenzollerns on the throne.

King Carol I had a brilliant consort, Queen Elizabeth, who carved out a distinguished career for herself as a poetess, writing under the pen name of Carmen Sylva. But though her literary achievements brought renown to her country, she failed in her duty as a queen to present it with an heir. The succession passed, therefore, to the king's nephew, William von Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, eldest son of Carol I's brother, Leopold. William declined the honor. He was a gay young blood, and Bucharest, he said, would be far too boring for him. So, in 1889, his younger brother, Ferdinand, was officially proclaimed heir to the throne, and moved his trunks to the palace in Bucharest.

Ferdinand was then twenty-four years old, well educated, studious, and intelligent. From his mother, Antonia, Infanta of Portugal, he had derived a charm of manner and serious dignity that commended him highly to his uncle, and when his aunt, Carmen Sylva, learned that he was interested in art and literature, she took him to her heart. So much so, indeed, that she lost no time in presenting to him her favorite lady in waiting, Hélène Vacarescu, a handsome, vivacious girl of noble but nonroyal family, whose marked literary and poetic gifts had endeared her to the queen.

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Mme. Lupescu, who won Carol from his royal wife, in one of her few photographs. The picture was taken at the Jonescu estate, where the author interviewed her.

P. & A. photo

Mrs. Jonescu, hostess to Carol and Mme. Lupescu at Oakhurst Court, in Surrey.

The childless Carmen Sylva loved Hélène as a daughter and in her romantic mind she conceived the idea that a marriage between her and her attractive nephew would be ideal. She threw the young couple constantly together, leaving them alone for hours at a time so that the cherished romance might bud and blossom. Hélène and Ferdinand had many interests in common and before long the susceptible crown prince fell head over heels in love with his aunt's lady in waiting. Carmen was delighted and gave them her blessing, but when King Carol heard of the affair, he was furious. Storming and raging, he declared that such a *mésalliance* would endanger the dynasty. The members of the cabinet concurred in his view.

Aflame with passion, Prince Ferdinand threatened to renounce his rights to the throne and to marry his beloved in spite of all the kings and cabinet ministers and dynasties in the world. But King Carol was hardhearted when his dynasty was involved. He promptly dismissed Miss Vacarescu from court and ordered her to leave the country.

In tears at the outcome of her matchmaking, Carmen Sylva refused to be separated from her dear Hélène. She went into exile with her. They took apartments in Venice and from there schemed to induce Ferdinand to follow them. The lovesick prince might have done so, but again his uncle was too wary for him.

One day King Carol appeared without warning in Venice and called upon his wife, in company with a polite but determined band of Italian police. The police escorted Miss Vacarescu to the Italian border and insisted that she seek refuge elsewhere. King Carol sent his queen to his brother's home in Germany to be treated for mental disease. She returned to Bucharest two years later, "cured," but not until Ferdinand had meanwhile been safely married.

HIS bride was Princess Marie, of Great Britain, lovely daughter of Queen Victoria's second son, the Duke of Edinburgh and of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. She was then only seventeen, extraordinarily beautiful and equally clever. The marriage, arranged "for reasons of state," met with opposition in England. In the first place, Princess Marie was ninth in succession to the British throne. Then, Ferdinand was a Roman Catholic. He was also ten years her senior. Beneath all these objections ran a sentimental one: the Roumanian heir was unpopular anyway because of the Vacarescu affair.

The marriage was performed, nevertheless, on the afternoon of January 10, 1893, in the chapel of the Schloss, residence of Prince Ferdinand's father at Sigmaringen, Germany. Emperor William's household minister, Dr. von Wedel, officiated at the Protestant ceremony. Later in the afternoon, the couple were married according to Roman Catholic rites at the Stadt Kirche, or State Church, a papal dispensation having been granted.

Though Princess Marie realized that her marriage was mutually loveless, she made up her mind to make it a success. She took a long step in that direction when on October 16 of the same year, she presented her husband and her gratified country with a son and heir, whom she named Carol after his great-uncle, the reigning king of Roumania. Five other children augmented the royal family in due course. They were Elizabeth, born in 1894; Marie, born in 1899, Nicolas, born in 1903, and Ileana, born in 1908. Another son, Mircea, the youngest child, died during the World War.

From the moment when Princess Marie of Great Britain became Crown Princess Marie of Roumania, she bent her efforts toward gaining popularity in the hearts of her adopted people and a strong place in the political

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[KING CAROL II OF ROUMANIA
Continued from page eleven]

life of the country. She dressed in the Roumanian national costume on holidays and learned the Roumanian language, traditions, and songs.

Her success was not an easy one, for she found the aristocratic boyars, the rich and powerful landowning class in Roumania, at first antagonistic to her because she, a foreigner, and not Hélène Vacarescu, daughter of a boyar, had married the future king. But by making them forget that she was not a Roumanian, she soon overcame this obstacle to her ambitions.

By the time she ascended the throne with Ferdinand in 1914, Queen Marie's genius as an astute politician and diplomat had given her an influential though unofficial voice in the government, and her beauty, personality, chic in dress, and flair for providing what journalists call good copy made her one of the most colorful royal personages in Europe.

She was an ambitious mother as well as an ambitious queen, and as her children approached marriageable age, she laid careful plans to capture for them suitable thrones, and at the same time to increase Roumanian prestige and thereby her own.

The World War upset her plans for her eldest son, Crown Prince Carol, heir to the throne. For him she had destined the Grand Duchess Olga, eldest daughter of her uncle, the Czar of Russia, but the unfortunate girl met death with her family at the hands of the Bolsheviks. For her daughters she chose the thrones of neighboring Balkan states with a view to consolidating the Balkans through alliances of marriage, with Roumania as the focal point. All Europe applauded her when she married the eldest princess, Elizabeth, to Prince, later King George of Greece, in 1921.

© P. & A.
Jon Bratianu, once the strong man of Roumania.

© P. & A.
Prince Barbu Stirbey, favorite of Marie.

BUT her strategy turned out to be futile when King George lost his throne and all the Leeds millions failed to restore it. Only Marie, her namesake, whom the queen married off to King Alexander of Jugoslavia in June, 1922, rewarded the matchmaking enterprise of the "mother-in-law of the Balkans." The younger Marie still reigns beside her husband, and their little son, Peter, insures the succession.

In Carol, Queen Marie had hoped to find a child she could mold in her way to the destiny prearranged for him. But from an early age, the crown prince exhibited a strain of self-will and stubborn independence which caused his mother considerable uneasiness. Perhaps she was partly to blame, for she had placed him under the tutelage of Professor Nicolas Jorga, one of the most brilliant minds of Roumania and a noted historian, but a radical and a democrat.

It was said in Bucharest that Marie's choice of this teacher whose views differed so extremely from her own fulfilled a suppressed desire to revenge herself against the boyars who had made her first years in Roumania difficult. Jorga was a professed advocate of land reform, whom the boyars naturally regarded with deadly hate; he was also a leader in the political opposition to the so-called Liberal party of the boyars, which held the reins of power in Parliament.

Into the mind of his young pupil, Professor Jorga instilled those ideas of democracy and individual liberty which the impetuous Carol early mistook for personal license. To Jorga's influence was certainly due the crown prince's bias toward the peasants' cause which has now helped him up the steps of Roumania's throne. That, and his personal antagonism toward the omnipotent Liberal leaders, whose strangle hold on Roumania lay at the root of the country's political struggle during the last ten years.

THE Liberal party, originally radical and democratic when its founder, the revolutionary Jon Bratianu, was alive, had become conservative and capitalistic in the hands of his three sons, Jonel (or Jon as he was usually called), Vintila, and Dino, together with their band of influential associates.

Dowager Queen Marie, "mother-in-law of the Balkans," in the native Roumanian dress she adopted when she wed.

© Wide World
The unhappy Ferdinand, who ruled from 1914 until his death in 1927.

The party leadership had descended to Jon, eldest of the sons, on his father's death, and over the destinies of the party he ruled with an iron hand. Dignified, statesmanlike, determined, and ambitious, Jon Bratianu quickly developed his position to a point where he became what we in America would call a big political boss.

Theoretically, Roumania is a constitutional monarchy with a parliamentary legislative system like that of Great Britain. But the constitution is ambiguous as to whether all power springs from the nation or from the monarch. Under its provisions, the king holds extraordinary powers. He may appoint his prime minister arbitrarily, without regard to a political majority, and every member of the cabinet must have his confidence. Just as arbitrarily, he may dismiss his ministers and dissolve his government.

After the prime minister receives his appointment, he holds the parliamentary elections. In practice, the system has worked out that the king casts the deciding

Puppets of Queen Marie in the theater of the Balkans. Left to right, Carol, Princess Ileana, Carol's wife Helen, Princess Irene of Greece, Queen Marie of Jugoslavia, and Elizabeth, whose husband, King George of Greece, lost his throne.

vote for the parliamentary majority when he names his prime minister, for the political party which holds the elections has always won at the polls. That in the past it has done so through bribery, corruption, and intimidation has only enhanced its tyrannical power.

If Jon Bratianu wanted to get the controlling power, therefore, he had to intrench himself in the favor of the royal family. This was not difficult. He had been in close contact with King Ferdinand ever since the monarch came to Bucharest, for as kingmaker to Carol I, his father had always been *persona grata* at court. The wisdom of the Bratianus, as shown in their selection of the Hohenzollerns for rulers, had been deeply impressed on Ferdinand's mind, and the younger Jon never allowed that impression to fade. Before long, King Ferdinand, intelligent but weak, just but easily influenced, relied on Bratianu's judgment even when it conflicted with his own.

In Queen Marie, Bratianu faced a more difficult problem. She was as ambitious and as keen a politician as himself, and she exerted a strong influence over her husband, the king. Marie would be a valuable ally but a dangerous enemy. Bratianu cast about for a means of grappling her firmly to his side. He found it in the person of Prince Barbu Stirbey.

WHEN she had first come to Roumania the dauntless but homesick young Marie had found in Prince Stirbey a sympathetic friend and a congenial companion among the strangers at the court. He was different from the majority of garrulous, volatile, vacillating Roumanians with their strain of indolence and their carefree ways. About him there was an air of mystery, a fine reserve. Little was known about him except that his family, Fanariot Greek in origin, had ruled in Wallachia hundreds of years before the Hohenzollerns had dreamed of wearing a crown.

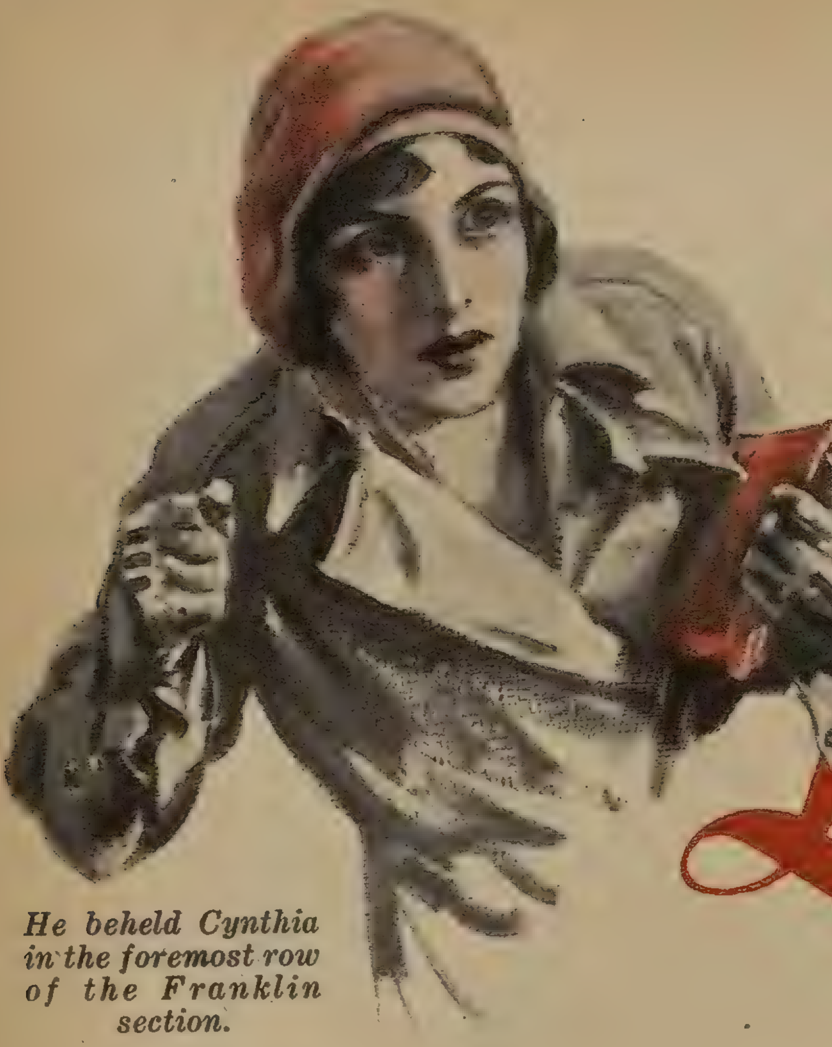
Distinguished in appearance, charming, silent, dependable, he fascinated the beautiful young princess, and the fact that he was a keen sportsman commended him warmly to her British heart. If Marie felt that the first place in her husband's affections was still occupied by the memory of his lost love, Hélène Vacarescu—and his friends say his whole life was saddened by it—she found consolation in her friend, Prince Stirbey. Eventually, it became an open secret in court that Stirbey was the queen's favorite.

BRATIANU seized his chance. He was married to Stirbey's sister. Prince Stirbey became his silent but never inactive political partner. Through Stirbey's influence with the queen, the Bratianus were able to dominate the king, and that meant to control the government.

When King Ferdinand appointed his old friend, Jon Bratianu, to be prime minister, the Liberal "boss" proceeded to fortify himself with such formidable political and financial ammunition that he could never safely be dismissed. He made his brother Vintila minister of finance in the cabinet; his brother Dino became a deputy. Around him he gathered an oligarchy of Liberals.

Behind the whole machine loomed the silent shadow of Stirbey, to all appearances merely a colonel in the army who never held public office, whose name it was not considered good form to mention in connection with politics. Yet even to the hovels of the remotest village family penetrated the whisper that although Bratianu might be the "big boss" in politics, the Gray Eminence, as people called the almost legendary Stirbey, was the real power behind the throne. When a newspaper which was bold enough to print his picture with the words, "This is the man who governs," underneath, was suppressed by the government, that conviction was confirmed in the public mind. At any rate, from the day that Bratianu and Stirbey first cracked their Liberal whips over Roumania's back, King Ferdinand became a figurehead.

The story of Prince Carol's break with the power behind his father's throne, his wartime elopement with Zizi Lambrino, his state marriage to Helen of Greece, and his forced abdication will be told by Miss Russell in next week's Liberty.



He beheld Cynthia in the foremost row of the Franklin section.

Not for LOVE

The Story of a Hero's Heartache

By

HERBERT DALMAS

who was born in a small town outside Philadelphia, played on his prep school's championship football team and on his college eleven until he was injured. He is now a teacher of English at Rutgers University.

Pictures by MARSHALL FRANTZ

(Reading time: 24 min. 36 sec.)

> Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them,—but not for love.
> —*As You Like It.*

"WELL," Pat Boyce said, folding the newspaper, "if you're too dumb to be anything else, you can always be a sports writer."

Brute Bergen, typing copy, paused.

"What's the matter? Somebody spell your name wrong again?"

"No. But listen to this a minute, will you? This is Ed Tanner's Sporting Comment: 'Unless we miss our guess—' Get that *we!* Ed Tanner, the Lindbergh of journalism! 'Unless we miss our guess, Jimmy Sykes' boys from upstate are going to have a tough time tomorrow with Curly Ogden's gridiron machine. The latter's off-tackle offense—perfectly timed interference with the eel-hipped, twisting stampede, Pat Boyce—'"

"Oh, yeah?" interrupted Brute. "Pat Boyce, eh? Say, I knew him when—"

"Shut up," Pat said, blushing. "I shouldn't have read that. Anyway—'Boyce to carry the ball looks from this nook of the press box like the best scoring device since George Pfann and Eddie Kaw mowed 'em down far above Cayuga's waters. Our money is on Franklin College to win by three touchdowns.'" Pat paused dramatically.

"Yes?" Brute prompted.

"Did you hear what I said?"

"Something about three touchdowns?"

"Yes."

"I thought so." Brute nodded eagerly. "Yes, yes! And then?"

"I guess," said Pat, discouraged, "you haven't even got enough sense for a sporting page. The point is," he explained carefully, "that this half-wit predicts three touchdowns for us, and Curly is just exactly cockeyed for fear we won't even score one. See?"

"Probably," Brute surmised, "Curly forgets the eel-hipped, twisting stampede, Jim Thorpe. Or was it Pat Boyce?"

"The latter," Pat said modestly. "But what worries Curly—and me, incidentally—is a pair of bohunks this bird Sykes dug up out of a coal mine or something. A couple of immigrants entitled Stanislaus and Hagopian. Try those on your favorite amanuensis! They've had a six weeks' course in Franklin College's off-tackle offense. They scrimmage against it every day, and watch us work every Saturday. They'll probably die laughing at this drool here—if they can read English."

"I shouldn't count on it," Brute advised. "They probably can't. And, besides, what are you getting thrashed to a foam about? You'll be a hero no matter what happens. If we lose, they were laying for you. If we win, they were laying for you but they couldn't hold you. You're All-American material either way. What would you do if you had something to worry you? Listen, Pat! Joan isn't coming, is she?"

"Uh-uh," Pat said. "Why? I thought I told you. It was too far, or something important came up—I don't know. She was sort of vague about it."

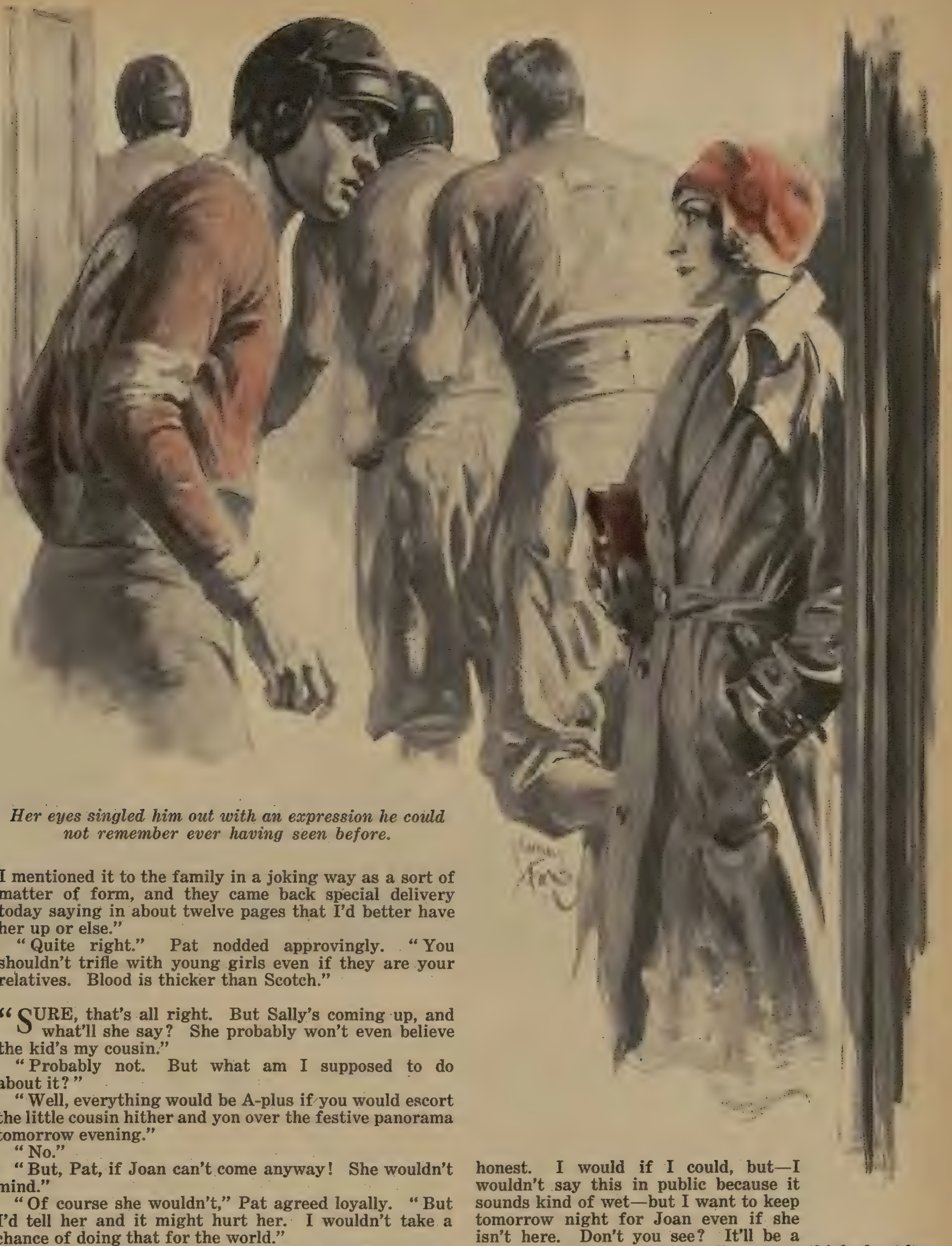
Brute nodded. "Will you do something for me?"

"Why not?"

Brute hurried on: "Well, listen. The family went and had a houseful of relatives and junk down at Narragansett in September, you know, just before college opened. And I crashed through pretty nobly one night and took one of my cousins to this dance they were tossing at the club. Well—so she was a kind of a cute kid and I guess I got a little tight or something—"

"And I suppose," Pat put in with some severity, "you asked her up for the game."

"Well—" Brute confessed unwillingly, "yes. I guess that's about it. See—I didn't take it very seriously, only



Her eyes singled him out with an expression he could not remember ever having seen before.

I mentioned it to the family in a joking way as a sort of matter of form, and they came back special delivery today saying in about twelve pages that I'd better have her up or else."

"Quite right." Pat nodded approvingly. "You shouldn't trifle with young girls even if they are your relatives. Blood is thicker than Scotch."

"SURE, that's all right. But Sally's coming up, and what'll she say? She probably won't even believe the kid's my cousin."

"Probably not. But what am I supposed to do about it?"

"Well, everything would be A-plus if you would escort the little cousin hither and yon over the festive panorama tomorrow evening."

"No."

"But, Pat, if Joan can't come anyway! She wouldn't mind."

"Of course she wouldn't," Pat agreed loyally. "But I'd tell her and it might hurt her. I wouldn't take a chance of doing that for the world."

"Isn't that eighteen-ninety stuff—a little? Doesn't Joan go out with other guys?"

"Certainly she does," Pat said. "But it's different with girls. They have to accept certain invitations or people'll think there's something wrong with them. I don't have to, and, besides, I couldn't enjoy myself with any other woman."

"But I'm not asking you to enjoy yourself."

"No," said Pat, suddenly grave. "I can't, Brute—honest. I would if I could, but—I wouldn't say this in public because it sounds kind of wet—but I want to keep tomorrow night for Joan even if she isn't here. Don't you see? It'll be a pretty big day, and I'll naturally want to think about her—we're that way, she and I, a little sentimental, I guess. And she might be thinking about me, too. You understand how it is, don't you?"

"You bet!" Brute agreed. "Sure. It'd serve me right, anyway, if I had to take 'em both out. I can see how you feel about it. Just forget it. I'll salve it over some way."

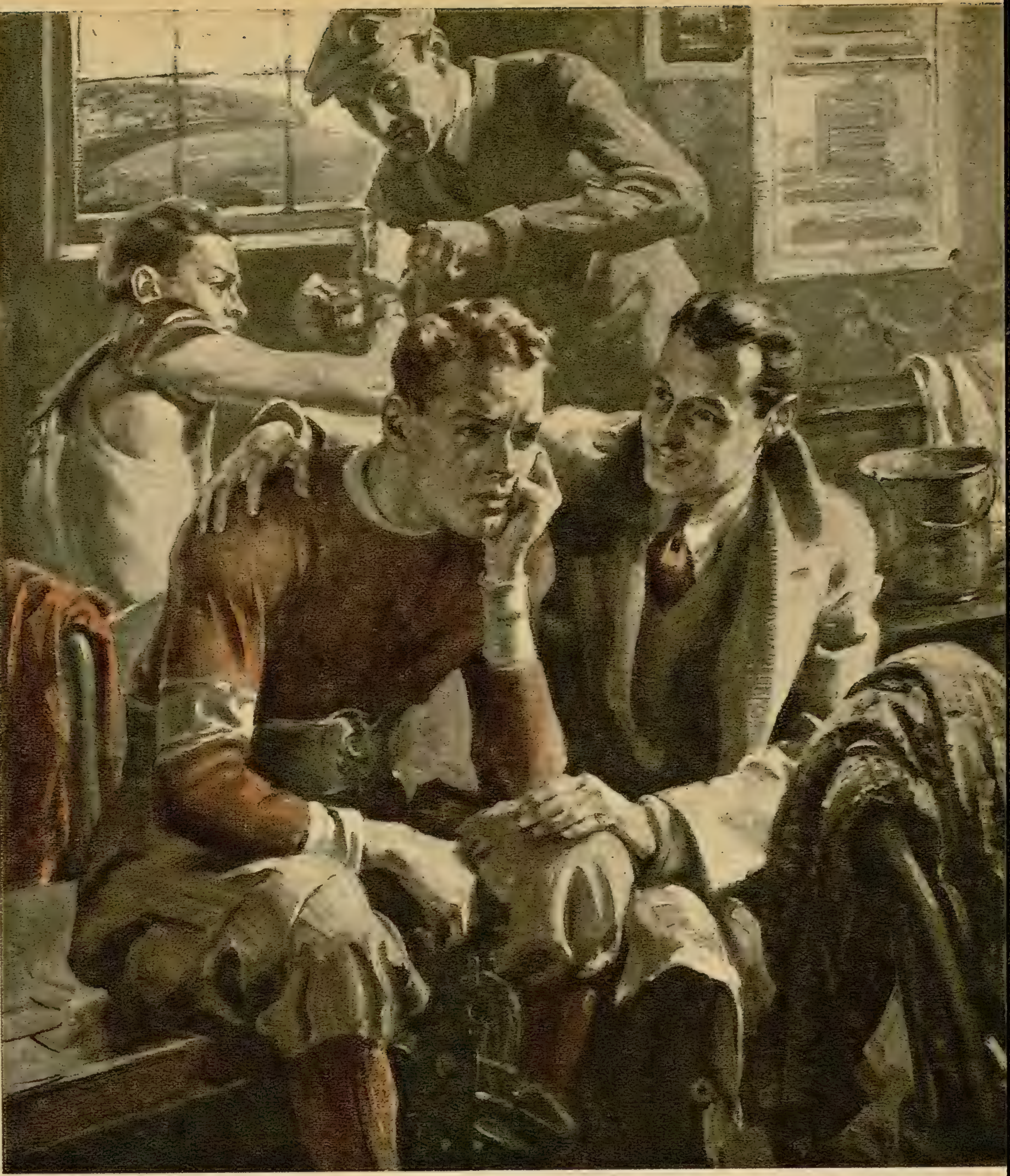
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

NOT FOR LOVE
Cont'd from page 15

He turned and resumed his typing.

Pat let the paper slide from his fingers and leaned his head against the window sash to watch a fat sun subside smugly behind the ivy-covered chapel tower. His thoughts wandered to Memphis and Joan Stanley.

He wondered whimsically if she might be reading a copy of the very paper he had just been looking at. He wondered how she felt to have such close relationship with a person whose name during the football season was nearly as well known as the President's to the average citizen. It must be much more thrilling, he fancied, than it was for himself. As a matter of fact, he felt very little pride or any other emotion concerning it.



Brute sighed. "Well," he said, slapping Pat's leg, "if they pu

HE was a person, living an academic routine. The next day eighty thousand people—about three times the town's population — would look down as if upon another world and see a figure marked "2" slipping through impossible places. Eighty thousand people—more than would turn out to hear a President speak—would mention his name a hundred times in two hours—nay, often hurl that name to the heavens. It was as if in speaking of him they took Pat Boyce from the field and, each lending a hand, pulled him into a weirdly monstrous bigness that dwarfed the stadium itself. But he couldn't be that Pat Boyce, because there he was—obviously only six feet three and barely one hundred and eighty pounds and, what made him irrevocably mortal, hopelessly in love with a fragile wisp of a girl hundreds of miles away.

Tomorrow he would play the game of his life—he could feel it—and afterward he would elude the hero worshipers who sought to acclaim him, elude them to write a long letter to Joan in which he would tell her that it had been her face before him that had led him to victory or had made defeat glorious. As he pictured it, the scene—he writing; Joan sitting alone far away, her eyes bright with thoughts of him—became so real that tears threatened his eyes by reason of the intensity of his emotions.

"Special!"

The command to attention fortissimo from below brought him hurtling back to earth.

"*Special!*"

He bounded to the door, tore it open.

"Boyce?" he yelled.

"Yeah!" The voice was almost disdainful. Postal emissaries are, after all, mere automatons.

Pat ran down, signed for the letter, and bore it jealously back. Seated again on the window seat, he stared at it without opening it, tantalizing himself with anticipation. Jean's strong, square hand graced pricelessly a delicate blue envelope heavy with postage and cabalistic official rubber stamps.

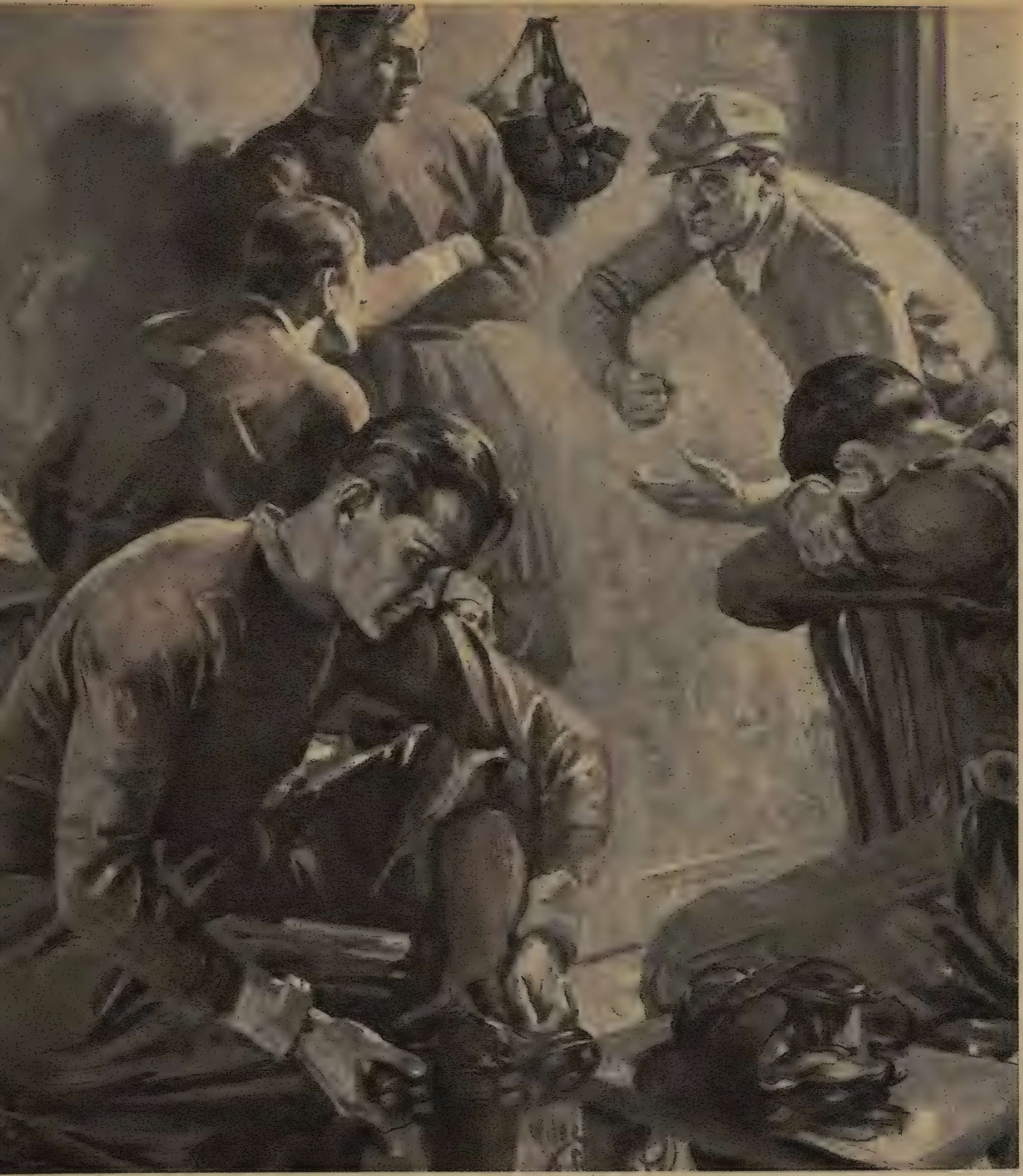
"Don't look so damned complacent," said Brute, watching him. "She probably gave it to a boy friend to mail while she was getting dressed to go out with him."

Pat coldly ignored the base profanity of the imputation and opened the letter.

Pat dear—

He loved the dignity of her passion.

I have been thinking of you all day—just as I always do before your games—wondering what you are thinking about, and knowing you will be more wonderful than ever this Saturday.



you back in there do what you can. Everybody's depending on you."

I hardly know how to say what I know must be said. I feel awkward—a little guilty. I've kept putting it off, because—I don't know—I guess I'm cowardly. But now you must know. You have a right to know.

I'm going to be married. There! Now it's out. Now you know what a beast I am. You see, I didn't dare tell you before why I couldn't come to the game. It was because the date is Saturday.

I can only hope you will forgive me. I know you will like Don when you meet him (you needn't think you and I won't be greater friends than ever just because my name is going to stop being Stanley), and I know you'll understand how love is something that can't exactly be controlled by anyone. You'll understand, because you understand everything.

Again forgive me if I have hurt you.

As ever, JOAN.

Pat stared dumbly at the letter with the queer absence of sensation one experiences immediately after being cut cleanly by a sharp knife. Brute, half turned in his chair, allowed his sardonic smile to fade.

"Not bad news, Pat?"

"No," Pat said, not raising his eyes. "Not bad news. Joan's being married, that's all."

"Joan! When?" Brute thought as he said it that it was a rather stupid question.

"Saturday — tomorrow—to a guy named Don. Don—that's all she tells me."

There was a strained pause. Brute rose and ripped the paper from his machine.

"I have to run this stuff over to the Lit office," he explained lamely. He turned at the door. "Anything I can do, fella?"

Pat shook his head, and Brute went out, closing the door softly, as one might close the door upon a room where a death had occurred.

LEFT alone, Pat began to feel again slowly. He looked again at the end of the letter and laughed. "As ever"! That much had their hours together meant to her—that she could run away with another and say farewell to him "as ever." Feeling inexplicably old and tired, he dragged himself to his feet and went out to walk alone until bedtime.

Saturday was golden clear and warm. Pat, as he walked, half dead with a mysterious fatigue, back from a late breakfast at the training table, should have rejoiced—hating frosty playing weather as he did—but the world was dishwaterish in his mouth.

The village swarmed with uproariously irresponsible alumni and undergraduates and girls in bright sports clothes. Freshmen compets dotted the prospect purveying copies of the Lit and the Baby Dodo. The shops were draped with the gray and gold of Franklin and the apple green of State. The counterpart of a thousand scenes that very day, it was America's nearest approach to a fiesta.

He met Brute escorting Sally and the cousin, and looking as a man can only when he has had two unacquainted girls accept bids for the same house party. Sally's greeting to him was of a warmth designed to snub ever so lightly the suffering Brute. The cousin, a Miss Raymond, it seemed, as soon as she heard the name Pat Boyce fell into a silently worshiping awe, gazing at him with wide, defenseless blue eyes, and contributing to the conversation but rarely and then in a voice reverently subdued. He

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

NOT FOR LOVE
Continued from page seventeen

knew that to her he was a distant, mysterious being, and he chose to enhance the charm of that mystery by allowing something of his hidden pain to creep into his face. Not too much, of course, just a haunting sadness about the eyes and mouth. This, Sally, an uninhibited girl with more curiosity than tact, noticed and inquired, “ What’s wrong, Pat? You look as if you were having trouble keeping your upper plate in place.”

Pat replied “ Nothing ” with an attempt at light-heartedness that was a little pathetic, and Sally received an angry glance from the cousin.

Suffering, he excused himself after a decent interval. There was a rally at noon to which duty called him. He had to be cheered. He sat on the platform thinking despondently of what might have been and hardly hearing the rapturous “ Yoooooh Boyces ” that shook the old gym’s rafters. Afterward he sauntered along College Avenue more or less at a loose end for the first time in his life.

Undergraduates, alumni, townsfolk hailed him familiarly, content to glow in the reflected glory of his brief, detached nod.

“ Hi, Pat! ”

“ What d’you say, big boy? Gonna get us another football to hang up this afternoon? ”

“ See you up at the house tonight, Pat? Better come up, I got a girl expiring to meet you.”

Men passing with girls greeted him intimately, offering chatty details as they walked on:

“ That was Pat. Wait till you see him this afternoon. The whole State team’s out to cripple him if they get a chance.”

“—I’ll introduce him to you tonight. You’ll like him. He’s a swell guy, not conceited, you know.”

“—Pat Boyce. Looks serious, doesn’t he? You ought to see him off training. I was on a party with him one night—”

—Mothers and fathers gazing respectfully at him, prompted by admiring freshmen sons; tradesmen nodding carelessly from their lounging doorways; girls pointing him out excitedly to other girls—

He passed a knot of prosperous-appearing alumni, one of whom raised a square bottle.

“ Here’s to you, Pat, old man! ”

“ Keep those legs goin’, son. I got a thousand dollars in the heel of your shoe! ”

HE felt soured. It was nothing new, all this. Before, he had not minded it; it had even been pleasant sometimes to know that everyone was depending on him for big things.

But today he was irritated. What did all their friendliness mean? It wasn’t for him; it was for Pat Boyce, who, as far as they were concerned, wasn’t a person at all. It mattered nothing to them what flame of torture flickered in his breast as long as their money was safe, as long as they could point him out and say they knew him.

Out of the thunderous horde that afternoon Brute alone would pause to understand that he was a human being. The rest would cheer him to the echo as Pat Boyce, the greatest back in years, as long as he could run and pass and kick. But let the ache in his heart make him flinch for an instant, and they would not try to understand. They would say to one another that Boyce was having an off day, regrettable coming at this time; that he was overtrained, perhaps; or that State was laying for him. But they wouldn’t for a moment consider it possible that he could have emotions like their own. The sporting sheets had robbed him of his self, had bound that self inextricably in endless columns of bally-hoo.

“I hardly know how to say what I know must be said. I feel awkward —a little guilty.”

Suddenly, devastatingly self-conscious, he fled to the training house. Hoping for just one solitary moment, he stretched out on a rubbing table. The colorless surroundings of the locker room made him think, by contrast, of Joan, probably even then the radiant center of a twittering cluster of bridesmaids. The ceremony might be going on at that moment—no, more ironic if it were taking place while he was out there on the field.

A short, wiry, nervous youth, Whitey Devitt, who played an end, came in, and Pat sighed. That arrival meant there was an hour and a half before the game. Whitey would dress slowly and, as the team gathered, would pace the locker room nervously, his cleats on the concrete floor clicking an incessant rhythm that always affected Pat like the tom-toms in Emperor Jones. His hopes of privacy blasted, he rose and began to dress too, silent in his thoughts.

THERE was a sort of finality, he felt, about the preparations for this game. It would be his last. He knew he wouldn’t come back next year; he couldn’t live again amid scenes that held so many painfully sweet associations. What if he had a future everyone agreed was brilliant? It meant nothing to him, now that he had no one to share it with. He’d ship out to some foreign country and forget—if he could. He recalled a scene from a movie that had once impressed him. A gay group of young society people had gone slumming in Cairo, and there, in a water-front dive, the dazzling heiress had found her former and rejected suitor in a dirty white naval uniform, soaking in whisky with low-caste native dancing girls.

He pictured it vividly: Joan’s amazement, her remorse, her utter disregard of convention in throwing herself sobbing at his feet, and, most pathetic of all, his own eyes—sodden, uncomprehending eyes from which the fires of despairing dissipation had burnt all recognition.

The setting for this tableau shifted to Port Said, to Calcutta, to Singapore, and while he followed himself over half the world to perdition the locker room filled. Curly was at his side giving him advice he didn’t hear about Stanislaus and Hagopian. Old Pete, the trainer, was moving along the aisles between the lockers, stopping now and then to hold a brace in position while pads were being adjusted, or to administer little cautions about a tender knee or a delicate ankle. Duffy Myers, the quarter back, who was never fussed, was offering the latest additions to his repertoire of locker-room jokes for the team’s edification. Whitey Devitt’s cleats clacked restlessly.

Then a compet ran in to shout “ Time! ”, the team gathered for a few final words, the door opened, and the roar of the stadium engulfed them like waters through an open sluice.

Pat, as he ran out to his place to receive the kick-off, felt a complete lack of concern in what was going on. Usually at that moment he quivered agonizingly, his muscles went limp, and the blood seemed to drain out at his feet. But now, with an impersonal curiosity, he watched the ball rise end over end and fall to his right. He ran over and, sheerly from force of habit, took out an opposing linesman.

They lined up. Duffy, rubbing his palms in a slow, abstracted way, faced the back field and, in a voice curiously blended of staccato and singsong, intoned: “ One—nine—one—seven—two! ” The center, listening with turned head, bent. It was Pat’s ball; Duffy always gave him the first play to warm him up and rid him of his devouring nervousness. Duffy turned swiftly, barked unintelligibly, and the team swayed into motion.

It was an off-tackle play. Hagopian, the opposing Armenian, eluded the tackle-end box and hurled himself

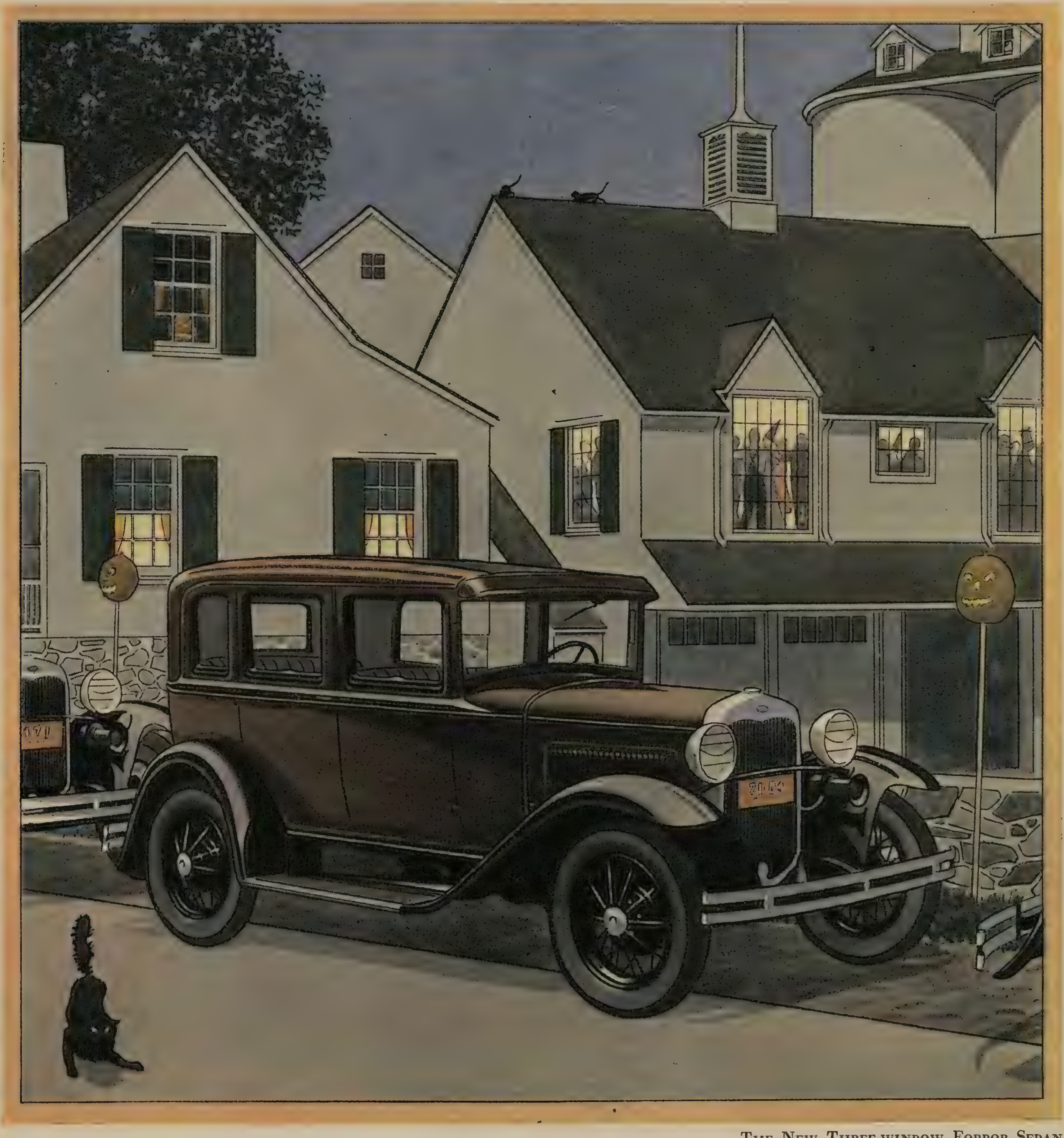
[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

The Same Good Car Through Many Seasons

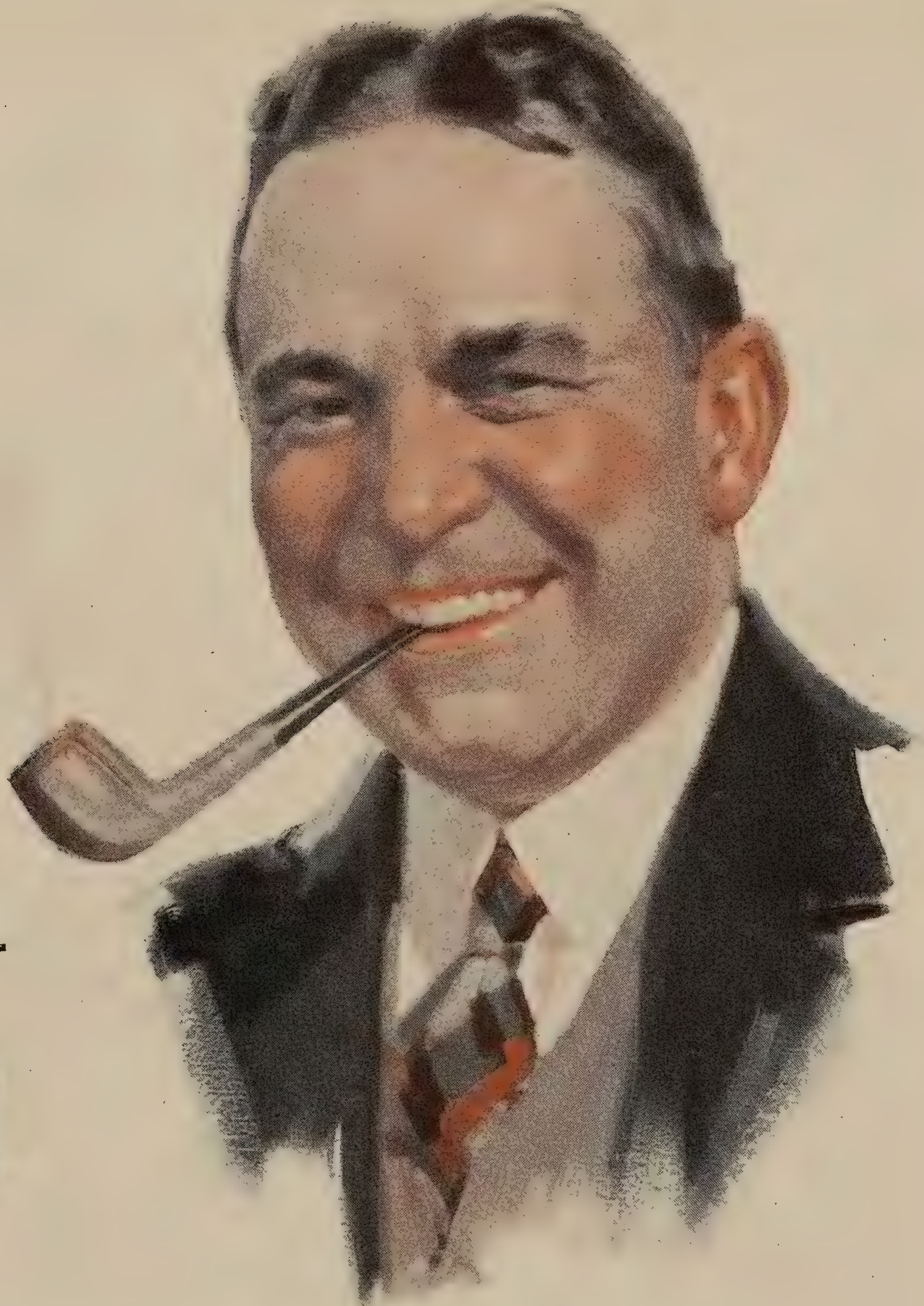
AT THIS SEASON of the year, as autumn prepares to bid adieu, it is good to know that the new Ford is fully prepared to meet the sterner needs of winter driving.

Cold weather emphasizes the value of its simplicity of design and its trustworthy performance under all conditions. There is an enduring quality, too, in its exterior finish. The pyroxylin lacquer is not affected by cold, or the usual hazards of snow or water. The Rustless Steel used for the radiator shell, hub caps, cowl finish strip, and other exterior metal parts is an additional assurance of permanent beauty. It will not scale, tarnish, or corrode.

With reasonable care the new Ford will maintain its original sheen and brilliance for a long period. Mechanically it has been so excellently made that it will give you many thousands of miles of comfortable, satisfactory motoring at a very low cost per mile.



THE NEW THREE-WINDOW FORDOR SEDAN



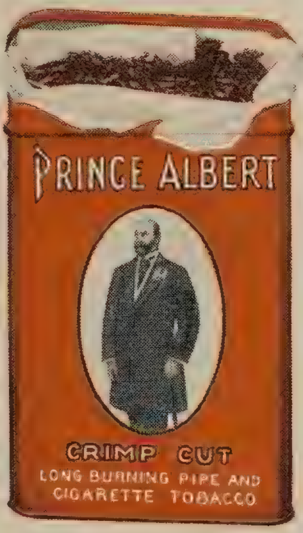
Say no more— I'm sold!

THAT'S what I told the chap who introduced me to pipe-joy, with a first load of P. A. I knew I was slipping the instant I opened the tidy red tin and got a full whiff of that tantalizing Prince Albert aroma. "If the taste is half as good as *that*," I said . . .

Half as good? It was cool as the wife's reminder of an anniversary—sweet as her smile when you prove you've remembered the date. Refreshing? Yes, sir! Mild and mellow and long-burning, that's what it was. Was I sold? Ask me another!

As far as I'm concerned, Prince Albert is the world's greatest tobacco for pipes or roll-your-own. There must be millions of others who feel the same way about it, because P. A. is sure a world-beater, any way you figure it.

On the word of a friend, get some P. A. this very day. Load-up and light-up . . . and learn the truth direct!



Here you are—TWO full ounces of downright pipe-joy.

PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy-smoke!

© 1930, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

at Pat, who whirled instinctively, shedding tacklers indiscriminately like robes until a secondary defense man got him five yards beyond.

Pat jumped to his feet not hearing the waves of sound that tossed his name skyward. Duffy and Hob Mallon, the full back, took the ball on the next two plays, with Pat as the principal item of interference, and made first down. Then Pat took it again off tackle for another, while the circular stadium belched sound as a battle cruiser's funnel belches smoke. As if awaking from a dream, he felt the roar of his name thud in his ears. Stiffening, he looked into the stands and hated those unbroken walls of humanity. He reflected cynically that he might have been anyone else for all their cheers meant. Probably even the little cousin had forgotten in the game's excitement the writhen soul she had briefly looked into.

He walked slowly back to his position musing bitterly on the irony that had his name shouted in applause there, while far away the girl who was to have shared that name was taking another. Duffy called for a pass, but he heard the signals distantly, as if disembodied. He was witnessing a tragic scene.

He could see Joan as if she were before him—Joan, bright-eyed and smiling, looking adorably up at Don, the mysterious Don, while brilliant ranks stood at decorous attention in the pews. He saw himself, unknown, unrecognized, slipping into the church to watch. He saw Joan walk down the aisle on Don's arm—this Don was no very inspiring figure, by the way—he saw her start and hesitate involuntarily as she caught his sad, reproachful eye, then flush and pass on, but not before he surprised the faintest trace of regret deep in her eyes.

Then, of a sudden, the ball was in his hand. He looked up wildly to see cloud-reaching banks of heaving spectators converging in upon him—a confused jumble of scampering players. Then the Twentieth Century Limited hit him at the thighs and he went crashing to the ground. It was Hagopian.

State's bedlam made the next signals almost inaudible, but Pat heard the "one—nine" that was to send him off Hagopian's tackle again. Striving heroically to bring his errant self back from that distant church, he made for the hole that should have been there. But Hagopian had chosen to solve the offense by piling up the line, so he had to swerve outward and hesitate for a precious second while a cruel, snapping tackle from behind jerked him down. It was Stanislaus, who grinned the bovine grin of the Polish peasantry.

"Ease it up, fella," Duffy said as they trotted back. "I'll kick it."

So he took out a man while Duffy placed a neat punt out of bounds on State's fifteen-yard line.

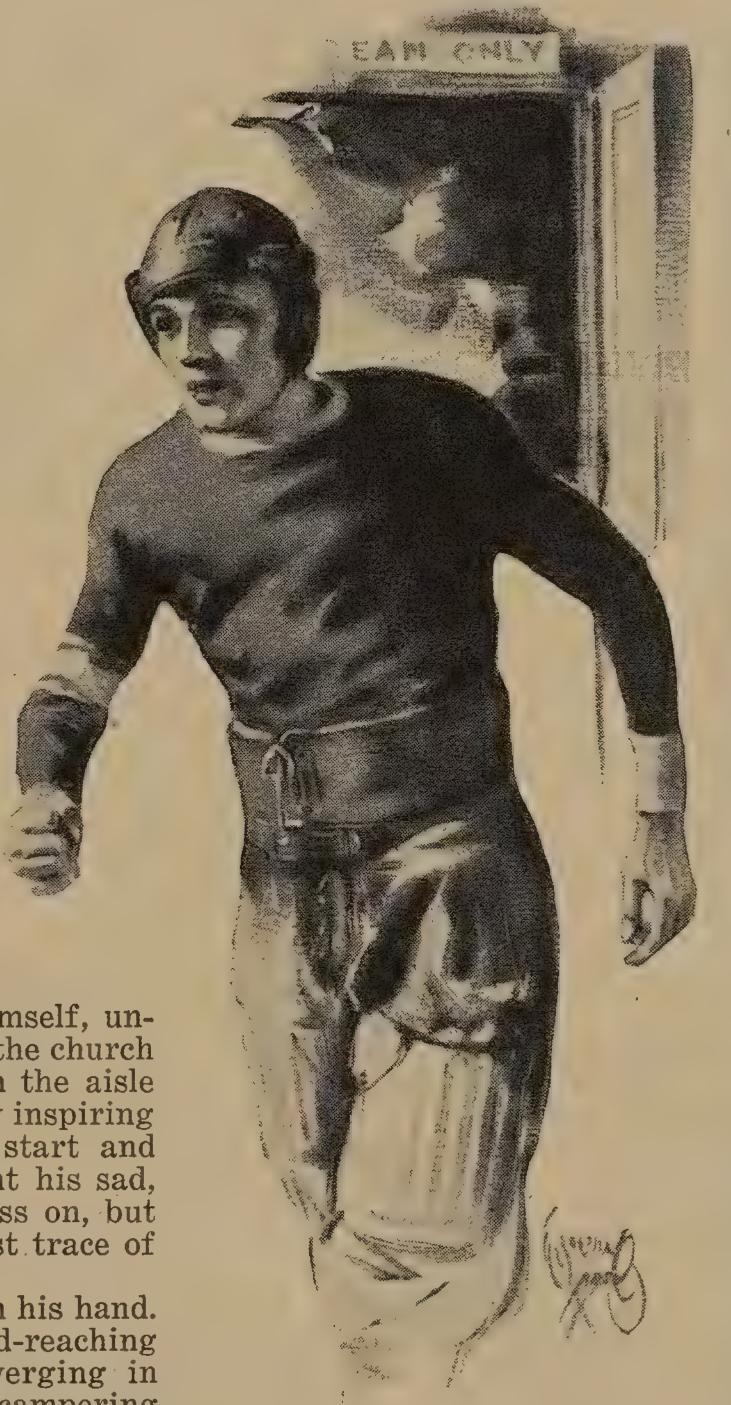
THE State quarter back was not stupid. He sensed rather than knew that everything was not as it should be with the Franklin back field. A few plays on the defense might give it time to coördinate itself; the best thing to do with an attack that wasn't working well was to keep it in motion. So State kicked—Duffy gained a few yards—and the teams lined up again.

Pat felt queerly hot inside when he heard his off-tackle assignment called once more. Angrily he wanted to be left alone. He hated Duffy, Curly, everybody. Was he some robot, that they couldn't see that he was suffering, that they must send him again and again with his broken heart against that emotionless Armenian in the other line? Pitying himself horribly, he made the attempt, only to be stopped short without gaining an inch.

The State cheering section, of course, went quite mad. Duffy, anxious to get a breather without admitting weakness by calling time, kicked out of bounds again. Whereupon, the State quarter, having nothing to lose, executed a daring forward into the hands of a half back whom Pat eyed lugubriously as he passed. A second gained fifteen yards, and an end run following rapidly was broken up by Duffy five yards from the goal line. Then a lob over the line bounced from Pat's blundering hand into the arms of a State end, and the referee waved to convert the visiting cohorts into pandemonium.

A whistle shrilled as the teams prepared for another kick-off, and the referee yelled, "Boyce out!"

Pat tossed his helmet to the incoming substitute and made for the bench. The perfunctory cheer that greeted him brought a sour smile to his lips. As he sank into his blanket he noticed only that Hagopian and Stanislaus were being taken out—to be saved against his return.



As he jogged out on the field he wondered what her name was.

WHEN the game got under way, Curly came and put his arm around Pat's shoulders.

"What's wrong, boy? Something on your mind?"

He shook his head.

"I'm all right," he muttered; "just naturally lousy."

"Okay, doctor," Curly said kindly. "We'll let you sleep this half. Next half you can go in there and make your twenty-five points. We can wait."

Pat was torn between conflicting confusion and rage. Confusion because he couldn't fathom Curly's calm acceptance of the situation; rage because, he told himself, he didn't want pity from Curly or anybody else. But he realized bitterly a moment later that the coach was treating him as one might treat a machine that hadn't been working smoothly. Curly probably thought he was stale.

He was morose and solitary between the halves. Brute came in to talk.

"Pretty lousy game," Brute said.

"Yeah."

"We should've run up three touchdowns on 'em. We needed you. Going back this half?"

"Guess so."

"Pretty tough going, isn't it?" Brute said sympathetically.

Pat nodded, staring before him. "Curly thinks I'm stale."

"Everybody was wondering what was wrong. That kid cousin of mine's the only one that seemed to catch on. She said there was something the matter that nobody understood. Matter of fact, she almost guessed it. I didn't tell her. Funny how a person'll go right to the point, though, sometimes, isn't it?"

Pat grunted.

"She's a funny kid," Brute went on. "From the way she swore at Curly when he took you out, you might've thought she'd known you all her life. She was so mad she cried."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

NOT FOR LOVE
Continued from page twenty-one

A short silence. Brute sighed.

"Well," he said, slapping Pat's leg, "if they put you back in there do what you can. Everybody's depending on you."

"Sure!" Pat muttered morosely. "Depending on me! A hell of a lot they care what *I* feel."

"I know how it is," Brute nodded. "But, Pat, it's nothing new, you know. People never understand. They see you doing things that seem impossible and of course they forget you're an ordinary person. They think you're different—and you are. You have to keep going no matter what happens. It doesn't make any difference what's going on inside you, you have to rip off your ten yards or so off tackle just the same. It's the price you pay for being what you are. You have to sacrifice yourself for the game."

Pat nodded dumbly.

"Besides," said Brute, rising to go, "I hate to have that fat-headed Armenian in there thinking he has you buffaloed. You could walk circles around him if you were yourself."

Pat rarely saw the knot of spectators that always gathered at the door to see the players come out. But after what Brute had said, he half wondered if the cousin would be there. She was. Her eyes singled him out with an expression he could not remember ever having seen before. It combined with indescribable mystery commiseration, infinite understanding, faith, and something deeper that miraculously awoke a flutter in his poor shattered breast. He did not answer her mute message, for he was a man and a man must hide emotion, but he allowed the same yearning sadness she had seen before in his face tell her, if she cared to read it, that her sympathy was not lost.

As he jogged out on the field he wondered what her name was. She looked as if it might be Cynthia, but Brute had never mentioned it, that he could remember. He concluded, as he kicked off, that it really couldn't be anything but Cynthia.

NEXT WEEK—

Jade

A delightful love story, by

Margaret Widdemer

— AND —

Roman Holiday

A flyer's account of the greatest air show yet, by

Richard Carroll

RESOLVING highly to carry on in spite of tragedy, he scanned the other back field as it lined up, actually seeing it for the first time. He had a strange, almost uncanny sixth sense on the gridiron whereby he could foretell the other team's play almost before it began. Psychologists would call this intuition or logical deduction, according to the system they followed, but, as coaches know, it is merely football sense, an unexplainable miracle.

He called the right end in a little and ran laterally to nail the State back after a three-yard gain. He rose from the ground stimulated as from a dive into cold water. Inhaling deeply, he trotted back to his place, and when Stanislaus crashed down to take him out, he side-stepped neatly and got the plunging back one yard over the scrimmage line. The shock of churning knees against his shoulder was tonic. He extricated himself from the tangle he had caused and faced the cheering section. He tried to imagine which splash of color was Cynthia. Failing to pick her out, he tried to include the whole stand in a swift, meaning glance that would tell her she had given him strength. The crowd had become human again. The joyous "Yoooooh Boyce!" boomed gratefully in his ears.

State, now wary, kicked, and when the teams had formed Pat heard the one—nine play called with something like a thrill. He saw Hagopian, stopped only momentarily by the tackle and end, lunge toward him. He twisted and was free. Once over the line, he reversed his field and began that queer, halting progress that is so unspectacular from the stands and so baffling to tacklers. Each man that hit him seemed to knock him back, yet he kept his feet, running in what appeared to be an unhurried manner, until three men, clinging to him like monstrous barnacles to a laboring ship, weighed him down. In four plays he carried the ball to the three-yard line, where Duffy faked him off tackle again while Hob slipped through the line for the score.

AFTER that the Franklin team centered into a living unit. Duffy, chanting happily, hurled Pat relentlessly against the State tackles until they were worn out. Once, not five yards from the State side lines, he called for a pass. Pat, carrying the ball in one hand, jogged across the field looking for a free receiver. Almost before him he beheld his Cynthia in the foremost row of the Franklin section. Inspired, he stopped and turned, coolly surveying his field. With State swarming toward him, he saw Duffy standing clear ten yards from the line in the opposite corner. He threw the ball unerringly into his hands—a matter of seventy yards, the papers agreed later—and Duffy ambled insultingly across the line.

There were five touchdowns. Pat made two and kicked every goal. When the last whistle blew he joined in the cheer and ran for the dressing room, tired physically, but as refreshed in mind as if he had come from eight hours of dreamless sleep. Brute piled in and embraced him deliriously.

"Hush!" Pat said in response to his roommate's incoherencies. "Listen! Have you got anybody to take your cousin out tonight?"

"A sophomore up at the house volunteered," Brute said. "He seemed harmless."

"Ditch him, will you? For a friend?" Pat said. "Is it too late for me to horn in?"

"Honest?" Brute chortled. "Honest, will you, Pat? Wait till I tell her! She's been raving about you ever since this morning."

"Yes," said Pat modestly. "And, by the way, what's her name? You didn't ever tell me, did you?"

Brute hesitated. "Well," he said apologetically, "you know how our family is about names—wishing Brutus on me and all—I don't know—they named her Mehitabel.

"Is it all off now? Most everybody calls her Skeets," he added hopefully.

"Okay," said Pat, with the faintest regret for another illusion, "I'll call her Skeets."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the capital of Porto Rico?

2—What is a camelopard?

3—Who was called the Sage of Monticello?

4—What is the firmament?

5—What is prolixity?

6—What is narcosis?

7—What is the origin of the word November?

8—What is a cat walk?

9—Who composed the New World Symphony?

10—What is a pentagon?

11—What is the birth stone for October?

12—What is philology?

13—What mythical king is said to have turned to gold all that he touched?

14—What is caviar?

15—What does *corpus Christi* mean?

16—What is the antonym of posterior?

17—Springfield is the capital of what state?

18—Where is a ship's quarterdeck?

19—Where is Mount Ararat?

20—What is an ohm?

(Answers will be found on page 67)

When Dull Film Covers Teeth Smiles Lose Fascination

Film

is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . and to cause unsightly stains.

CONSTANTLY new theories are advanced as to the cause of tooth decay. Some authorities say it's germs. Others believe it's faulty diet. And the rest hold it a combination of the two.

But one thing is positively known; wherever trouble and decay appear, *germs are always present.* Thus ridding teeth and gums of germs is the first thing one must do to keep teeth strong and healthy.

Germs live in film

Your teeth are covered by a stubborn, clinging film. In it—tightly glued in contact with the teeth—are the germs that cause decay and other troubles. Your protection lies in never failing to remove that film from teeth each day.

Film ruins the appearance of the teeth by absorbing stains from food and smoking . . . how many times have you noted these dark discolorations on enamel?

The sure way to remove this dangerous film is with Pepsodent, as that is the sole purpose for which Pepsodent was developed.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE . . . yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Have lovely, sparkling teeth! Be safe! Use Pepsodent, for no other way can equal its effectiveness.

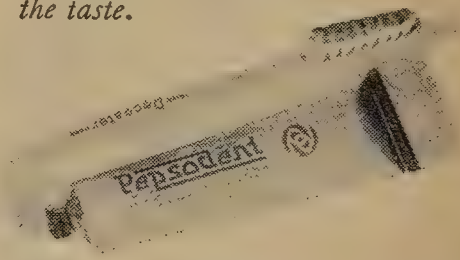
* * *

Amos 'n' Andy America's most popular radio feature. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time. 10:30 p. m. on stations operating on Central time. 9:30 p.m., Mountain time. 8:30 p.m., Pacific time.

Do These 3 Things

to have strong, healthy teeth

1. Follow this diet daily: *one or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery. ½ lemon with orange juice. 1 qt. of milk and other food to suit the taste.*



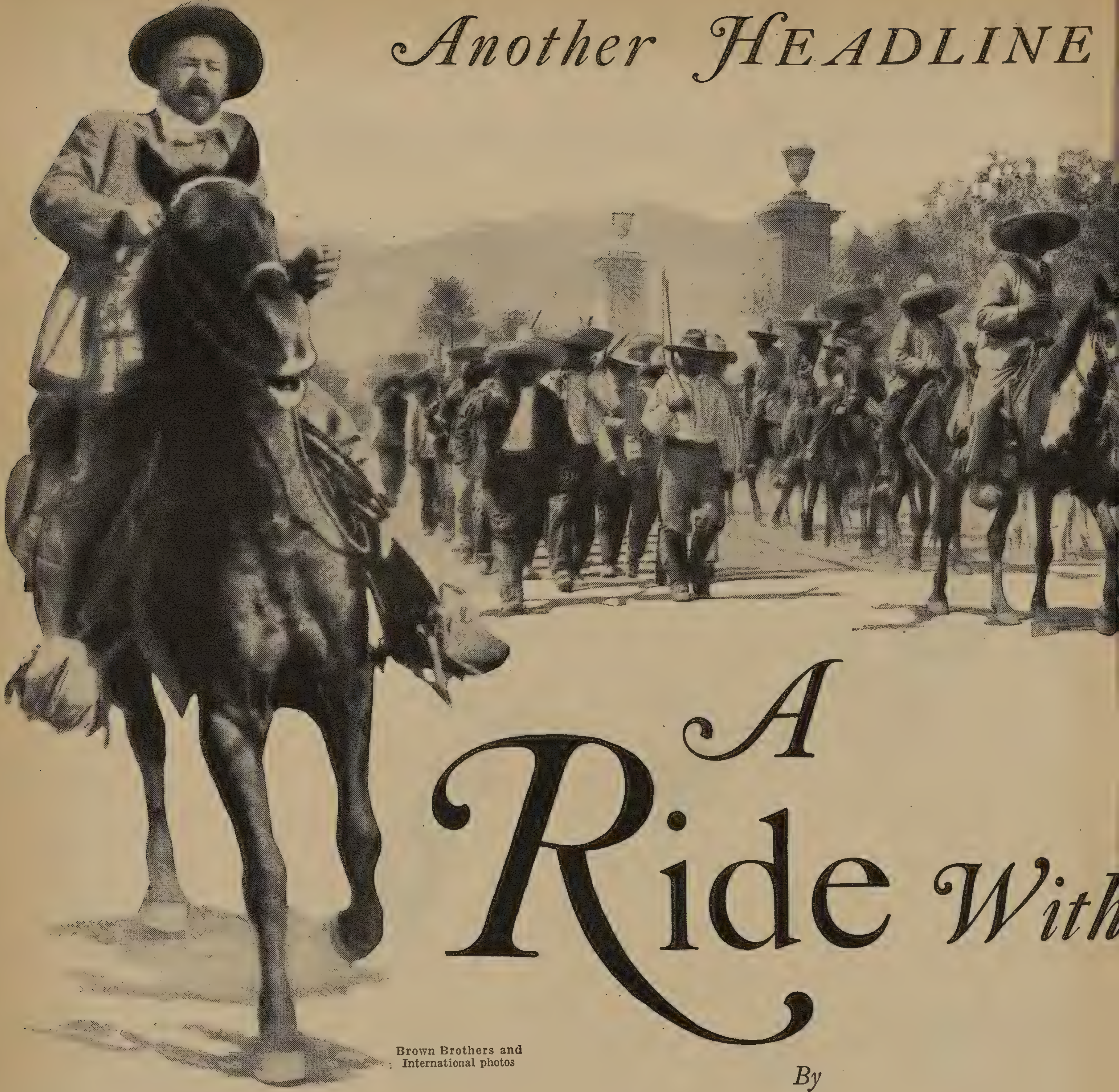
2. Use Pepsodent twice every day.

3. See your dentist at least twice a year.

Pepsodent

—the tooth paste which presents you with the Amos 'n' Andy radio program.

Another HEADLINE



Brown Brothers and International photos

A Ride With

By FLOYD GIBBONS

Pancho Villa and his troops on the march. At the extreme right, the rebel leader in a blither mood.

(Reading time: 18 minutes 32 seconds.)

HELLO everybody!

Villa is gone. Carranza is dead. That civil war is over. But of all the experiences I have ever had as a war correspondent, none brought to me more vividly the hardship, cruelty, brutality of war than my baptism under fire—my ride with Pancho Villa.

Pancho Villa has been described by some as a would-be George Washington, or a Robin Hood, trying, according to his own lights, to free a peasantry from poverty, superstition, and governmental oppression. Others called him a bandit leader, a scoundrel, a treacherous, cruel, foul robber, to whom no religion was sacred, no law majestic; who lusted in torturing and executing his enemies, double-crossing his friends, and violating the sanctity of women, whether they were the wives of his best friends or the sisters of a convent.

His enemies maintain that there was no crime he did not commit, that he took life or property from friend or enemy with the same indifference.

I knew Pancho Villa as a soldier and a general. He executed his enemies and even friends when he was in great fits of temper; he robbed, he was cruel—but to the other crimes attributed to him, I cannot testify.

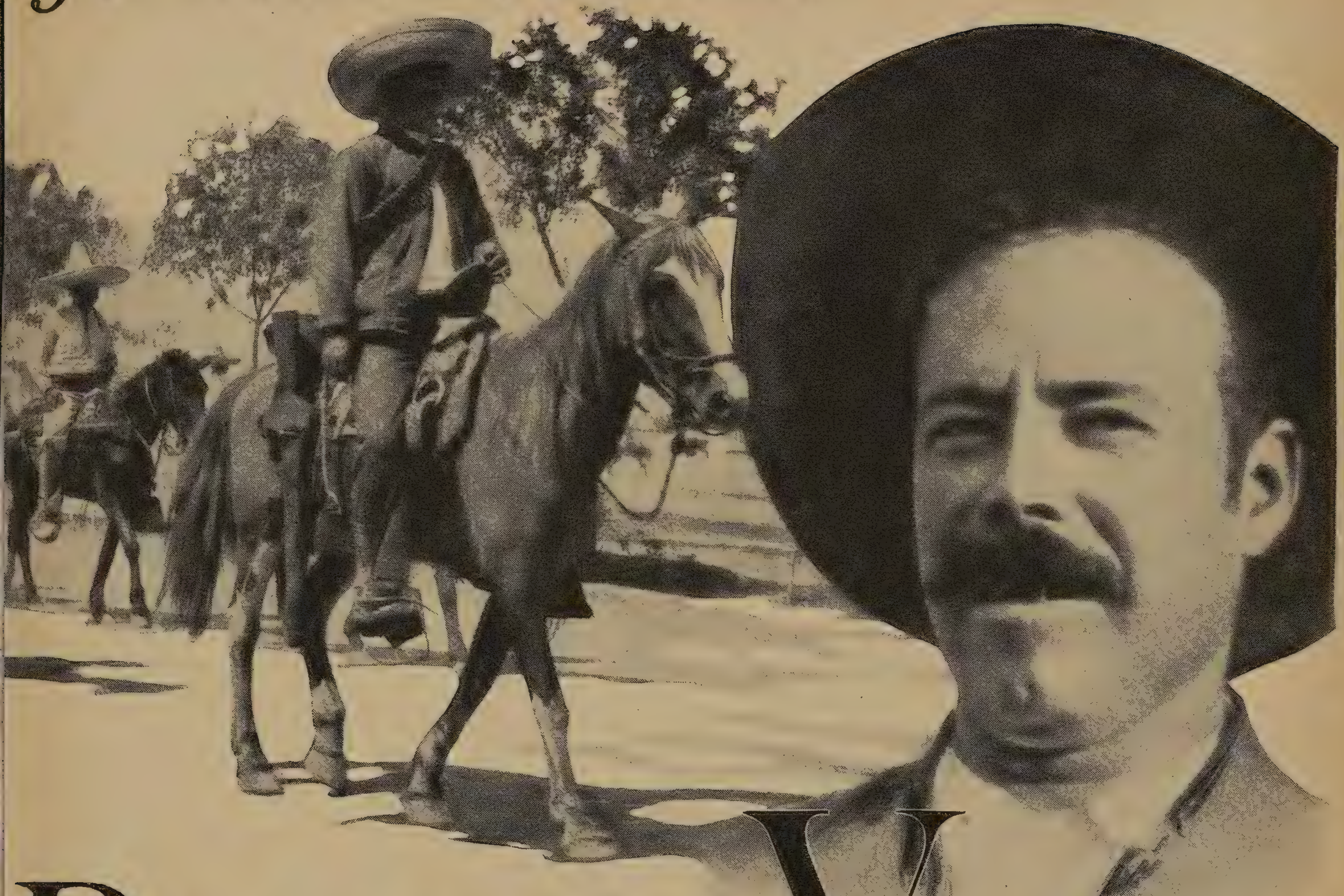
He was a unique character, a man of courage, action, decision—and one of the most picturesque men of modern times. Although self-made and self-tutored, he was no slouch as a soldier.

I first met Villa in Monterey, which is the capital of the state of Nuevo León. He had just driven the Carranzista forces out of the city and occupied it.

General Paul Madero arranged my interview with Pancho Villa in the latter's private car in the railroad yards at Monterey. General Madero introduced me to General Villa, and acted as interpreter.

Villa sat on the edge of a table in the office compartment at the rear of the car. He wore gray trousers, tan boots, and a heavy gray sweater which covered a soft yellow shirt with collar attached. He wore no necktie.

HUNTER Adventure



PANCHO VILLA

His attention seemed to be divided between my questions and an orange he was eating.

He extended his hand to me. The handshake was as firm as the hand was hard. His smile was almost boyish as he made some conventional acknowledgment in Spanish and smiled. Then he returned his attention to the orange.

General Madero was talking to him and I noticed Villa's eyes. He had a way of lowering them to your feet and then slowly elevating his gaze so that it took in your whole stature. He concluded the examination by looking me full in the eyes.

I HAD been told that his lasting impression of a man was usually the one he made upon his first examination. His first remark, as interpreted by General Madero, could hardly have been accepted as flattering for my impression.

"I have met a number of newspaper men," General Madero interpreted in the first person, "but my experiences with some of them have not been of the best. Some of them have written lies about me. I don't care what they write as long as it is the truth. If I make mistakes I want them to write about them as well as anything else I do, but I want all of it to be the truth. Some of the newspaper men I have met have not been truthful."

I hastened to reply that my object was to portray the general and the events of his campaign as truthfully as it was in my power to do so.

The general then asked what I wanted to know. I told the interpreter that I would like to know about the general's future plans, his aims for the people of Mexico, his opinions on the relations of the United States and Mexico, and his expectations for peace.

"I never talk about my plans," said General Villa. "I never say what I'm going to do. My fight is simply the fight of the poor people for a chance to live. We want conditions under which the children can be educated and brought up to be intelligent citizens."

"I have never been to school," Villa continued. "It took me more than a year to learn to write my own name. I would ask a man one day what was the first letter of my name and he would draw it for me in the sand. That night I would draw it over and over again in the sand.

"I would practice it for days and then I would find out about the second letter, until I was able to write my full name on the walls of caves up in the mountains where I was forced to live when the soldiers hunted me."

I grabbed the opportunity to ask permission to accompany him in the campaign and observe his deeds. He granted it.

Then, suddenly, as though he felt that he might have talked too much, he ceased abruptly. He extended his hand to me, with a "*Buenos dias*" (Good day) and terminated the interview. That was about the middle of March, 1915. Although Villa occupied Monterey, Carranza's forces held two important posts on the American-Mexican frontier, and also held the important oil town of Tampico.

Using Monterey as a base, Villa directed one column

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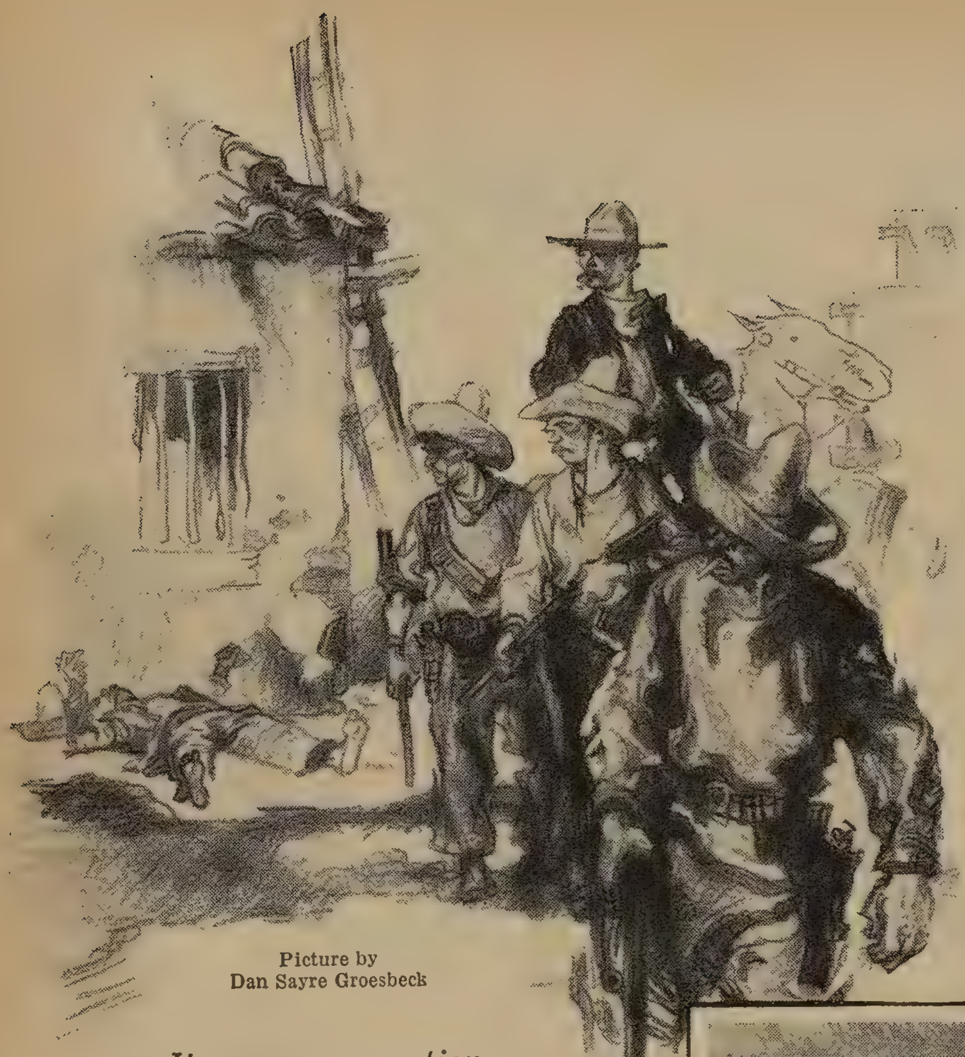

Picture by
Dan Sayre Groesbeck

It was an execution.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

into the northeast toward Nuevo Laredo, just across the border from Laredo, Texas. He sent another column directly eastward to Matamoros, which is just across the Rio Grande from Brownsville, Texas, and the third column he sent into the south with Tampico his objective.

I rode out with the central invading column early in the morning in company with staff officers of General Felipe Angeles, the former federal commander and now military technician of the Villa forces.

Major Jesus Aguilar, a member of General Angeles' staff, had been my companion through the three opening days of the campaign. Several years' schooling in the States and work in both St. Louis and Chicago had made him proficient in English.

Floyd Gibbons writing a dispatch in the field.

When we retired in General Angeles' private car in Monterey we were told to sleep in our clothes. Before three o'clock in the morning I had been routed out of bed, and shortly after that hour Villa's entire army of some 30,000 men were on the move. Of the entire number I had not seen one soldier who did not have at least one horse, and most of them led a spare one as a pack animal.

DAWN was just breaking as we rode through the little village of San Nicolas de las Garzas, and only a handful of sleepy-eyed old men watched us from the doorways of thatched huts as we passed through the village street.

Beyond the village the column turned close into the foothills of Topo Chico mountain, which pokes its jagged, saw-edged back above a fringe of cloud and mists.

The cavalcade stopped several miles farther on at the hacienda El Canada, where the British flag was flying above the overseer's office. Although several members of the staff had mentioned the fact that the small cup of coffee received on our departure was an inadequate breakfast, the column was on its way again before food could be prepared.

When the bugles sounded I returned to my horse, which I had tethered at the field ambulance in which General Angeles had established temporary headquarters.

We rode on at a faster gait. As we rounded the base of a hill from which the road wound downward into a broad green valley, I had my first intimation of the size of the column. For a distance of five or six miles ahead the varicolored serapes and sombreros of the horsemen could be seen bobbing up and down, while a morning breeze caught the white flags that punctuated the riding column.

"Why the white flags?" I asked Major Aguilar.

"It is General Villa's order," he said. "The Carranzistas accuse us of misusing the flag of truce, but General Villa says, 'My people will follow the white flag—it is a clean flag.' By the way, wrap your handkerchief around your left arm. That is our uniform for this campaign. It might save you trouble."

"Where is General Villa?" I inquired.

"Who knows?" replied Aguilar. "Villa is everywhere. Sometimes he is here. Sometimes he is there. Great men multiply themselves. No one knows but Villa."

THERE were fully half as many women in the army as there were men. They rode side by side with the soldiers and many of them carried rifles and belts of cartridges. Some of them rode side fashion, but most of them sat astride their horses, with blankets and bundles tied about them. With their canteens and camp kettles and earthenware pots bouncing about, they would jog along, apparently with the greatest comfort.

Many of them carried babies in their arms and still were able to hold a cigarette in one hand and the reins in the other.

By eleven o'clock the sun was high and hot, the dust from the galloping animals almost stifling. The sweating horses snorted and tossed their heads. The serapes and blankets had been removed from shoulders and were now carried about the waists of the bearers.

At the village of Zacatecas, called Zacatecas Chica (the small) to differentiate it from the larger town of that name, General Angeles talked with the old men at the side of the road while the troops were kept on the run.

Taking a road to the left, the general and his staff and bodyguard descended a winding path down a bluff of limestone, at the bottom of which was a brackish stream. The ascent on the other side of the bluff was more tortuous, but by scrambling and plunging, to the accompaniment of curses and lashings, the animals got up the steep side of the ravine.

From the small mesa thus gained, the staff made observations with field glasses, while the orderlies walked the sweating horses. I saw one member of the staff—a boy hardly eighteen, who had attended Notre Dame in Indiana—take a bottle of warm beer from his saddlebags and bite the metal cap off with his teeth. A dentist could not have witnessed this casual operation without a shudder.

Owing to the absence of breakfast, I had been hoping that a halt would be called, but again General Angeles and his staff mounted their tired animals and wheeled into a byroad, looking back to the road along which the main column was still moving.

The pace was increased from a trot to a gallop. The undergrowth beside the road grew denser, and thorns and creeping vines began to take the place of cactus bushes and other prickly growths which had torn clothing and

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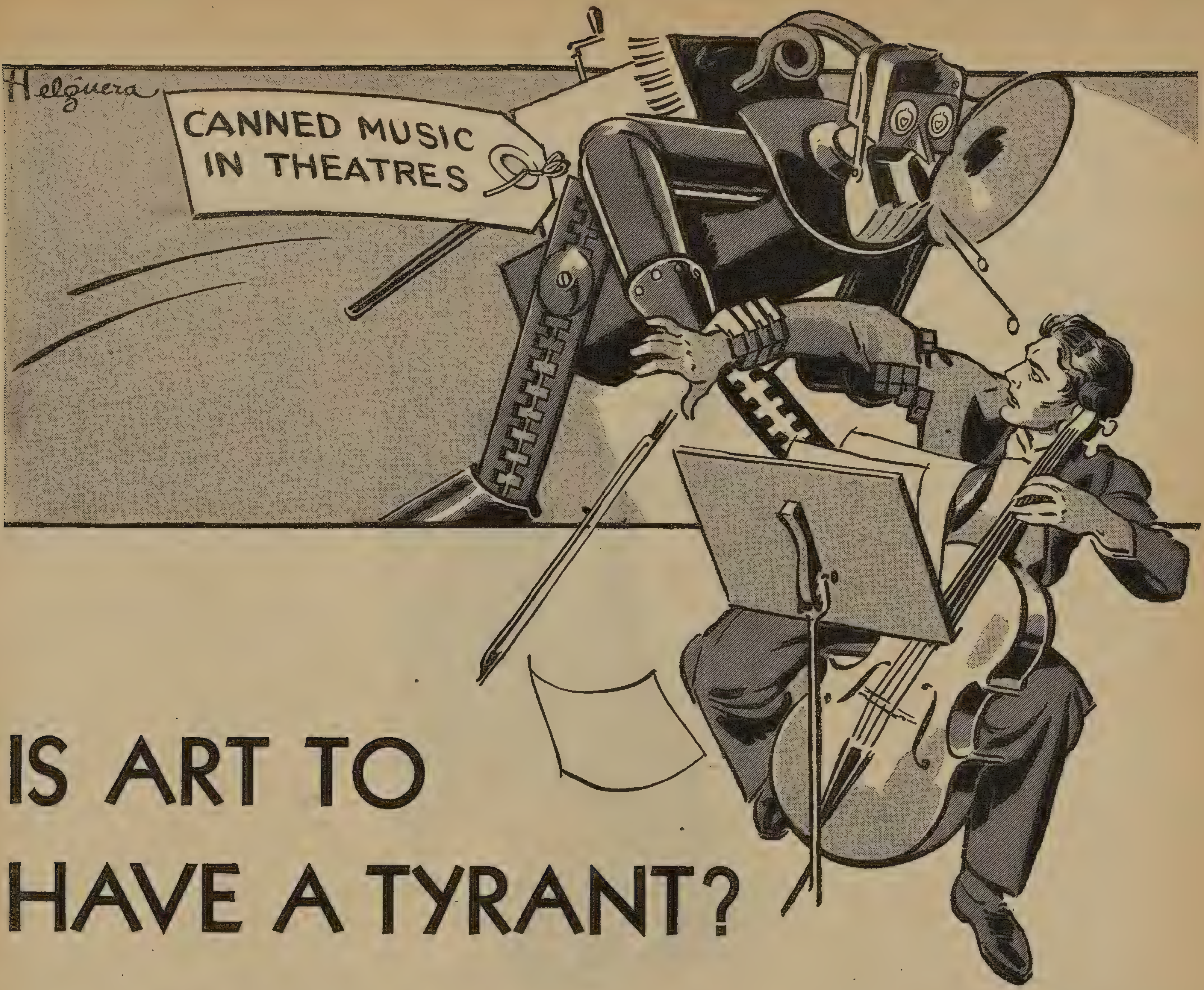

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JOSEPH N. WEBER, *President,* 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

scratched the faces of the unwary during the morning march.

Once on the hillside again, there could be seen, to the east, a white church surrounded by a wall of whitewashed mud. It was the town of Agua Fria, the soldiers said, and they hoped for a halt there. But they were disappointed. As we rode through the village the soldiers bought raw eggs from the old women in the doorways. Children stood on the walls beside the street and handed down earthen jars of water. The men would make holes in both ends of the eggs by tapping them on the saddle pommels and then suck out the contents as they moved along.

One of the few times Pancho wore a necktie. The lady is his wife.

Out from Agua Fria, the pace began to tell on the horses. I noticed a number of animals played out by the roadside. A number of swollen bodies of dead horses bore evidence of the hurried flight of the Carranzistas two days before.

Instead of the pace becoming slower with the weariness of the men and the animals, it was increased. Across the valley on the road which ran along the foothills of the opposite mountains another column could be seen racing in the same direction we were. The dust hanging above the cavalcade extended for more than two miles.

My horse was beginning to stumble. Without spurs or whip, I was trying to push him on to faster speed, when a leather quirt hummed through the air in back of my head and landed on the animal's flank. Another horse dashed by. I looked up in time to see a boyish face, framed by a lurid necktie, which I recognized at once. It was a knitted cravat I had given to an urchin with whom I had made friends while riding from Torreón to Monterey.

"Meester Compañero Americano!" he shouted. I replied in English appropriate to the occasion, but I don't know whether he appreciated it.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon and we had covered thirty-six miles when we reached the public square of a village called Pesqueira Chica. As I slid off the staggering animal, there was a rattle of shots at one side of the square. I looked in time to see six men, lined up in the middle of the street, lower rifles from their shoulders.

AS they marched to one side I saw the plaster dust from the wall of a house slowly sifting down on a crumpled object on the sidewalk. It was an execution. Before I could reach the spot the dead man had been divested of his cartridge belt, his knife, and hat. I noticed that one side of his face was lathered.

"We are up to the enemy," said Major Aguilar. "These are outposts of the Carranzistas. We caught six of them shaving in this barber shop. This fellow had one side of his face shaved when he stopped to take a shot at our advance guard. He'll get the other side shaved in hell."

Another one of the prisoners who begged for mercy was taken into a stable and executed with his face to the wall instead of facing a firing squad. It was explained to me that this was the extra penalty for cowardice. I was told that the other four prisoners were spared.

Aguilar shared with me his dried beef, crackers, and water, and in sheer exhaustion I lay down on the brick floor in the one-roomed house which General Angeles had picked out. The general stretched across the only bed. Other members of the staff selected resting places similar to mine.

I felt a boot in my ribs and awoke to find an Englishman standing over me.

"My name is Soloman," he said. "Canadian. Was in the Boer campaign. I'm chief of the veterinary department. Major Aguilar is going back with a detachment tonight. General Villa is here and we are moving on. The Carranza gang is just ahead somewhere, and the general wants to get them. Come on!"

It was five o'clock in the afternoon and we had rested but three hours. I told Soloman that my horse was a wreck and that thirty-six miles on the first day after an absence of six years from the saddle had made me little better. He promised to replace the wrecked horse if I could stand it.

I'll never wonder again why horsemen have such a shambling walk after spending many years astride. My first few steps after that brief rest made me wonder how they could ever walk at all. We started. Night came down in an hour and we rode on in the blackness of the valley hemmed in by fences of mountainous rocks.

We rode always at a gallop. Across streams whose bottoms were jagged rocks and up winding paths that curled around river bluffs the column pushed on, sometimes in single file and sometimes four abreast. In the darkness one lost all idea of direction and trusted only to his horse following the one in front.

IN their high-pitched undertone, the troopers sang snatches of their favorite marching song, La Cucaracha (The Cockroach), which recites throughout its numberless verses the various deeds of valor of Villa and his men, and in the chorus bewails the fact that poor Cucaracha can fight no longer, because he has no more *marihuana* to smoke.

It was cold, and the branches that brushed our sides through the narrow roadway were wet with dew. Soloman and I rode together and he showed me how to throw a blanket over my shoulders so that it would stay there. We talked above the jangling of the silver spurs and the clank of rifles and camp kettles and the nondescript collection of knickknacks that a gypsy band might collect and attach to itself.

I had lost all account of time, had given up all hope of ever coming to a stop on the tiring grind, had felt the riding pains replaced by a cooling numbness, when Soloman shook me in the saddle and reminded me that it would be some time before I would be able to sleep on horseback.

"How does Villa do it?" I asked.

"He rides like the devil," replied Soloman. "He doesn't seem to know what it is to tire. He is a man of action and 'get there.' About half of the command have dropped behind already. The animals are in awful condition. Except for that short stop in Pasqueira, they have been on the run since three o'clock yesterday morning."

"Yesterday morning?" I asked. "What time is it?"

"It's one o'clock of another day, old fellow," he replied in his accented English. "Cheer up, we're still going, but I think there's going to be something doing up ahead. The general isn't making this forced march for nothing."

I reconciled myself to my blisters and my inner thoughts. There was nothing else to do but to keep on. Soloman was using his quirt on both his horse and mine and the animals still maintained their swinging gallop. Their frequent stumbling in the dark told that weariness was overcoming them. My hands had grown numb pull-

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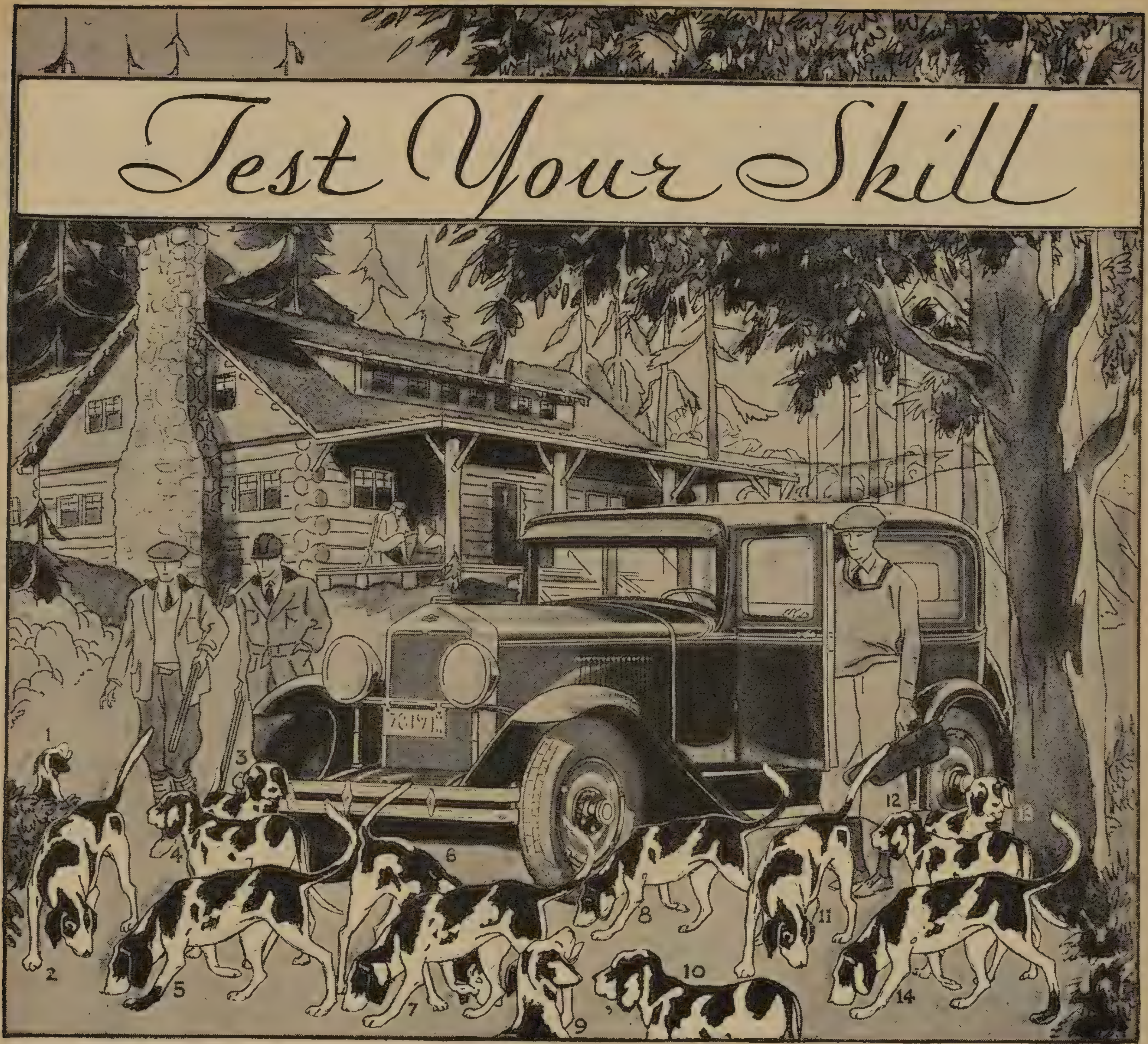

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Room 233, 54 West Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois

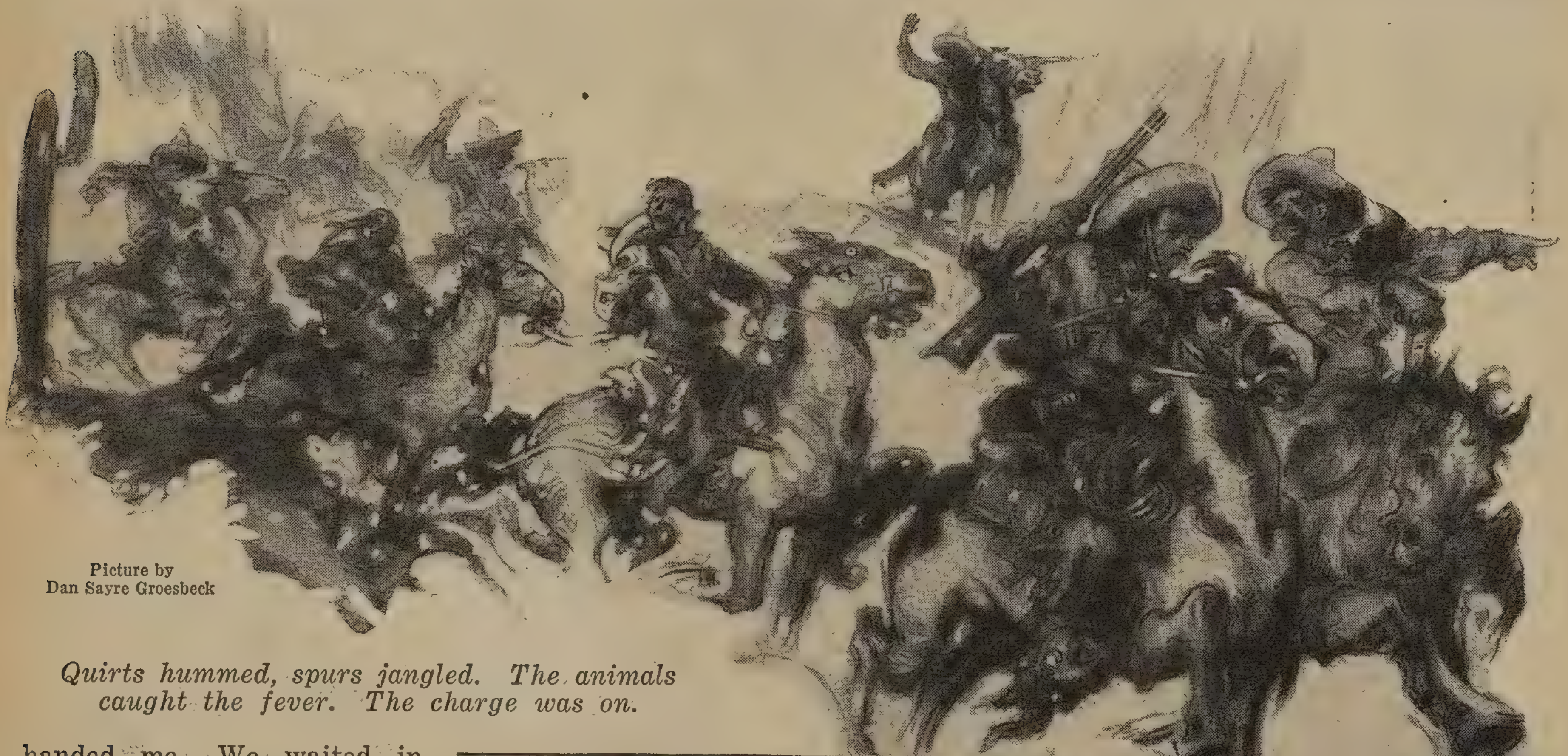
A RIDE WITH PANCHO VILLA
Continued from page twenty-eight

ing on the reins, but the thought of a possible fall in the dark and the galloping horde behind, helped me forget the cramped and swollen fingers.

Then we halted. In Spanish the word went back down the column for quiet.

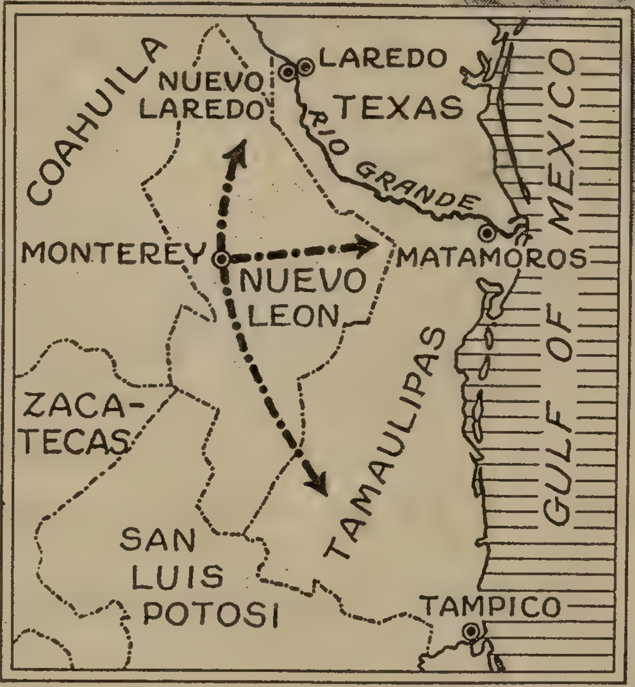
"I think the old man has found the other fellow," said Soloman close to my ears. "Now you'll see the fun. Take some of this."

I swallowed something strong from the canteen he handed me. We waited in silence. The darkness, the silence, the uncertainty were worse than the riding. The men were smoking their cigarettes under their blankets and talking in whispers. Occasionally a horse would become unruly, whereupon its rider would subdue it with mumbled curses and jabs of the spurs.



Picture by
Dan Sayre Groesbeck

Quirts hummed, spurs jangled. The animals caught the fever. The charge was on.



The map shows Villa's triple campaign in the spring of 1915.

A BUGLE sounded. It was the charge. Soloman shouted to me. Quirts hummed through the air, spurs jangled, bugles took up the call up and down the line. Everyone yelled. The exhausted animals caught the fever and reared and plunged. The charge was on.

As far as I could find out, no one near our position in the line had any idea what was being charged. I'm sure I didn't. But apparently it was up ahead somewhere and it was in that direction we plunged.

We swept past two wayside huts and I saw the startled face of a wrinkled old woman holding a lantern above her head as she peered out of the door. We passed more houses. Dogs began to bark, and I knew we were nearing a town.

Then the dull thud of the horses' hoofs changed to a sharp clatter as we rode up a stone-paved street. I thought at the time that an unexpected barricade across the street would have done as much damage to our plunging column as the sunken road at Waterloo did to Napoleon's men.

Shots were heard. We were nearing the square. Everyone was shouting. I turned toward Soloman, who had been at my side a minute before. He was gone. He had either passed me, or I had passed him. There was no order—no command—no formation—just a flood of furious, fighting fiends, surging onward through the narrow street.

The houses on the right suddenly ended and I was carried along in a movement in that direction. We were in the public square. It was bedlam. Mules were braying and kicking. Riderless horses flashed by whinnying.

"*Quien vive?*" I heard in front of me.

"*Vive Carranza!*" came back.

An officer's automatic revolver whipped out three stabs of flame. The holder of the weapon poured forth a volley of Spanish oaths or commands, I didn't know which. Guns were being fired all around.

I pulled on the reins and in some manner backed my horse against the side of a building. The animal was tossing his head, stamping his feet, and rearing. He reared backward and I heard a crash of wood as his full weight struck some object behind us. It was a door.

Then that horse executed what I consider the best maneuver of the battle. He backed through the door, into a room, through a clutter of chairs and tables and other furniture, and directly through another door on the opposite side.

When I raised my head from his shoulder, I found myself in a brick-paved patio in which there were peaceful palm trees and ferns and small chairs and tables whose white enamel made them stand out in the heavy darkness.

The light of a wax match brought double assurance of the safety of the location. I tied the best horse in Mexico to a palm, spread the wrinkled white handkerchief on my left arm, and felt my way back through the wreckage of the room. From a barred window I watched the mêlée in the square.

Lights were beginning to show. Several small fires had been started on the ground. On the other side of the square in front of a white one-story house, flashes of flame and rifle reports were to be seen and heard. From behind a row of stone benches on the edge of the square intermittent shots were being fired into the building.

Villa's "children" had cornered a group of the enemy in the white building. The fire was maintained, but the responses came fewer and fewer from the windows and doors of the house.

The tangle of men and horses and wagons and mules and women in the semidarkness of the square was indescribable. The noise was deafening. It was hysteria, madness, just like a wild dream where everything is snarled and awry. Some laughed and cursed. Many were shouting *vivas* and singing.

It must have been an hour before quiet was restored. Then the camp fires burned brightly in the street and the women were soon squatting before the coals, stirring the steaming contents of darksome pots and kettles, and the men were lying beside the fires, scooping beans with *tortillas.*

I struck a match to light my way out of the room, and for the first time became aware that there were other occupants. A woman and three small children were huddled on a pile of straw and blankets in one corner of the room. The woman began a supplication in Spanish as she gathered her children closer to her.

I found Soloman shortly afterward, and he told me the results of the battle. The name of the town was Ramones. The Carranzistas, to the estimated number of 2,000, had retreated to the place in the morning, upon learning of Villa's departure from Monterey.

ONLY Villa's personal bodyguard of 200 picked men and horses had been with us at the opening of the attack. All the rest had fallen behind as a result of the hard pace which had been made. Villa's forced march of ninety-four miles in a day and a half had taken the enemy by surprise and won another victory.

Some sixty Carranzistas were found dead and wounded in the streets and houses. The rest had fled in all directions, believing that Villa was accompanied by a large force. More than 300 of their horses were captured, along with a number of provision wagons and carts. On the railroad tracks near by, General Rodriguez captured a military train with four machine guns and 30,000 rounds of ammunition, together with a large quantity of supplies. Several of Villa's bodyguard were killed and a number of others received minor wounds.

As for myself, I suffered aches and pains from that battle for several weeks afterward. Each busted blister was a service stripe. I did not ride that horse back to Monterey. I went back sitting on a sack of hay on one of the wagons. For several weeks in Monterey I ate my meals off the mantelpiece at the American Club.

Next week Mr. Gibbons will describe another military action with Villa and that redoubtable bandit's method of extracting money from the rich to give to the poor.

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From STAGE to

Three More Old Plays Become New Talkies

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

Flirtation on the fairway: Dorothy Jordan and Robert Montgomery in Love in the Rough.

(Reading time: 8 minutes.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ LOVE IN THE ROUGH

CAST

Kelly	Robert Montgomery
Marilyn	Dorothy Jordan
Benny	Benny Rubin
Waters	J. C. Nugent
Virgie	Dorothy McNulty
Tewksbury	Tyrrell Davis
Gardener	Harry Burns
Johnson	Allan Lane

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Directed by Charles F. Riesner.

IN a previous incarnation Love in the Rough was a stage comedy known as Spring Fever. Now it is a screen comedy with a couple of songs added and Benny Rubin to give it hilarity.

Most of the action takes place at a golf club and there are some interesting shots of the course. There is a championship game to follow, as well as a love story.

It's a simple story. Kelly is the municipal golf champion. He is also head shipping clerk in Waters' Department Store. Old man Waters, a golf addict, invites Kelly out to his club to help him better his form.

Kelly meets and falls in love with Marilyn, the daughter of a millionaire. She thinks he is a successful business man in the shipping business. Waters, while discouraging his suit, won't permit him to disclose his identity until after the club match.

There is some fancy putting in the championship game.

Robert Montgomery's and Dorothy Jordan's singing of Go Home and Tell Your Mother is sure to make a hit of that number.

Let's Go Native provides some fooling for Jack Oakie and Kay Francis.

★ ★ LILIOM

CAST

Liliom	Charles Farrell
Julie	Rose Hobart
Madam Muskat	Estelle Taylor
The Carpenter	Walter Abel
The Buzzard	Lee Tracy
Marie	Mildred Van Dorn
Aunt Hulda	Lillian Elliott
Wolf	Bert Roach
Chief Magistrate	H. B. Warner

Produced by Fox.
Directed by Frank Borzage.

Since the screen offers greater possibilities for transmitting allegorical ideas than the stage, not being limited to three or four cramped sets, but having the whole range of earth and sky besides the illusionary lenses of the camera, I was prepared to find Liliom a more interesting movie than play.

I regret to say I was disappointed. Not because of inadequate direction. Borzage managed to transmit Molnar's idea, and he showed some imagination in the road to heaven over which Liliom travels after death. But Farrell's interpretation of the carnival barker lacks the divine spark that made Schildkraut's Liliom, when

Constance Bennett in Three Faces Eas

SCREEN

The allegorical drama, Liliom, enlists the art of Charles Farrell and Estelle Taylor in its film version.

Quaintness and curls, as exemplified by Bebe Daniels, in Dixiana.

Also Erich von Stroheim.

he played it on the stage, such a fascinating fellow. There was no spontaneity about Farrell's acting. Rose Hobart's Julie was a better characterization. Lee Tracy made the most of the Buzzard. Estelle Taylor as Madam Muskat fitted into the picture more snugly than into the mike. I doubt if this picture will have the great popularity of some of Farrell's others.

★ ★ THREE FACES EAST

CAST

Frances Hawtree	Constance Bennett
Valdar	Erich von Stroheim
Arthur Chamberlain	Anthony Bushell
Mr. Yates	William Courtenay

Produced by Warner Brothers.
Directed by Roy Del Ruth.

Shortly after the war, Three Faces East, by Anthony Paul Kelly, was one of the stage hits of the day. It was one of the first of the war stories to be presented to us. But so much of the war has been done since that this old favorite fails to absorb one's interest now, as it did originally.

I think, too, something must have happened to the love story in transition, as it is rather confusing as to whether the English girl agent loves the German spy, as she tells him, or whether she loves the English soldier who loves her.

★ ★ DIXIANA

CAST

Dixiana	Bebe Daniels
Carl Van Horn	Everett Marshall
Peewee	Bert Wheeler
Ginger	Robert Woolsey
Cornelius Van Horn	Joseph Cawthorn
Mrs. Van Horn	Jobyna Howland
Poppy	Dorothy Lee
Royal Montague	Ralf Harolde

Produced by R. K. O.
Directed by Luther Reed.

New Orleans in 1840 is the scene of Dixiana. It is a musical comedy written especially for the screen and gives Bebe Daniels a chance to sing charmingly and to wear the lovely clothes of the period. Although Daniels, Marshall, and Harolde carry the story, it is really Wheeler's and Woolsey's show. When the pair of comedians hold the center of the stage, interest quickens and the laughs come thick and fast. They are a great pair of clowns.

★ ★ LET'S GO NATIVE

CAST

Voltaire McGinnis	Jack Oakie
Joan Wood	Jeanette MacDonald
Jerry	Skeets Gallagher
Wally Wendell	James Hall
Basil Pistol	William Austin
Constance Cooke	Kay Francis
Chief Officer Williams	David Newell
Wallace Wendell	Charles Sellon
Creditor's Man	Eugene Pallette

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by Leo McCarey.

After seeing Let's Go Native, my imagination took me back to an office in the Paramount studio to post-view a scene that must have taken place there several months ago. I saw one of the executives pacing his office with a list of idle stars in his hand and rhetorically demanding of the Greek chorus in the background why there weren't enough scripts on hand for all his featured players.

While the executive was ranting and raving about the expense, and shouting, " Put them to work ! " along came George Marion, Jr., and Percy Heath with Let's Go Native, and all the idle ones were put to work.

It's one of those carelessly strung together musical pieces.

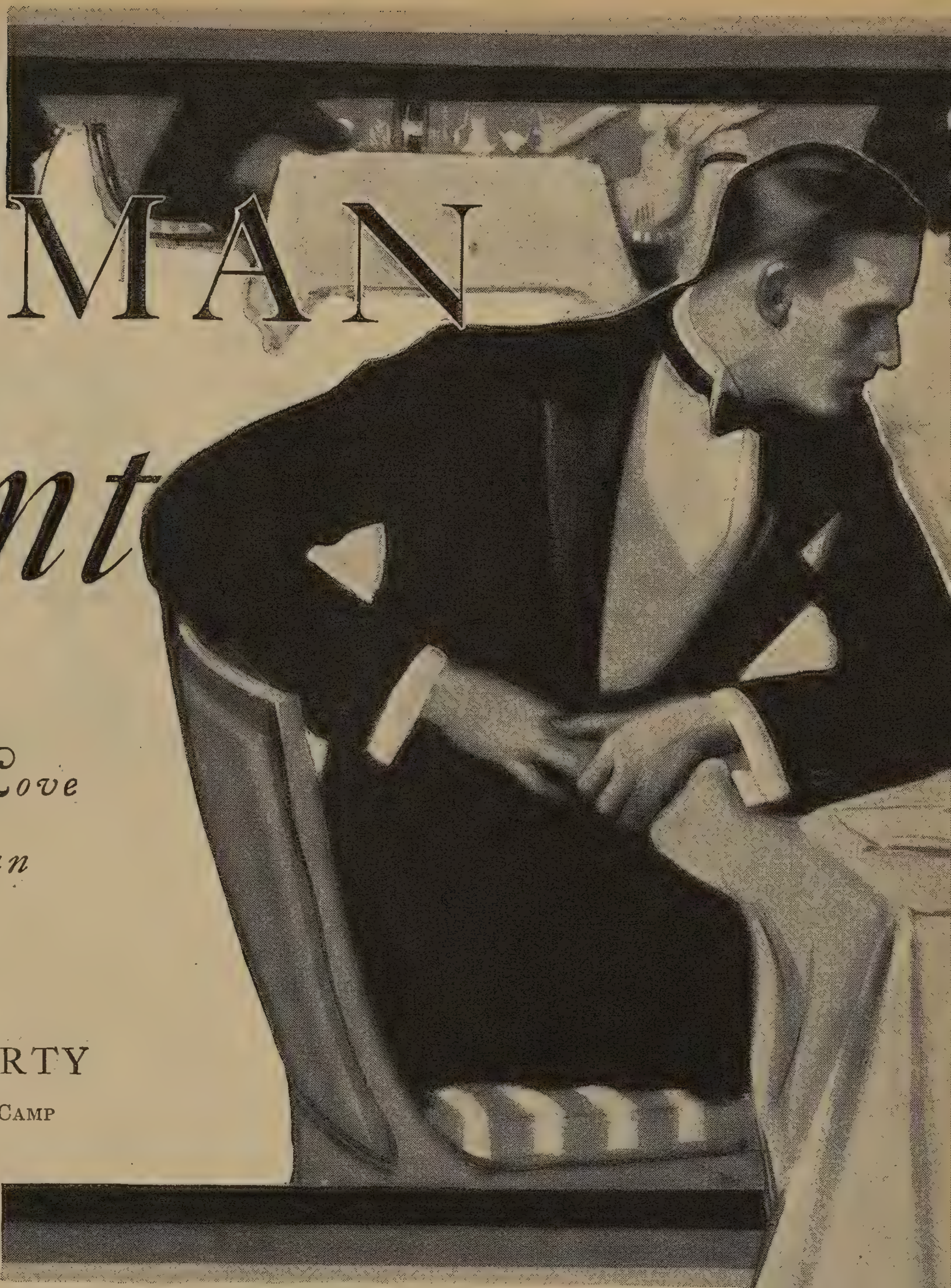
Do you know that—

D. W. Griffith, who has just produced Abraham Lincoln, once played the part of the great emancipator himself on the stage in a melodrama?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—Abraham Lincoln.
★★★—The Sea Wolf, Monte Carlo, Old English, Call of the Flesh, Moby Dick, Hell's Angels, Dancing Sweeties, Anybody's Woman, Rain or Shine.

The WOMAN Hunt



A Story of Love on Manhattan

By

EDWARD DOHERTY

Pictures by KENNETH FULLER CAMP

(Reading time: 29 min. 26 sec.)

TONY BOWEN, striding through Grand Central Station ahead of the red caps who drooped with his baggage, might have been a parade, considering all the attention he attracted. Suburbanites, hurrying to and from trains, noted the brim width of his Stetson, the sun tones of his face, the way he held his head and shoulders—as though to buck the wind—and stopped to stare until he passed.

He was a stranger, yet he led the red caps over the granitelike squares to the lobby of the Biltmore, tipped them with gold pieces, and registered as Hunter Anderson, of Tampico, Mex.

"I want the best suite you have," he said, "the best seat for tonight's performance of The Rajah of Rah, the best private detective in Times Square, and the best tailor in the five boroughs."

The clerk stared at Tony's back on its way to the elevator. "That guy's on a man hunt," he said. "Did you get a look at his pan? Tan an inch thick. And more dough than tan, I'd say. Dig him up a good dick, Joe. Jerry Dunne, I'd say."

New York hotel clerks are usually blasé. So are New York detectives. But even Jerry Dunne was somewhat impressed when he met Tony Bowen.

"You're a bit undersized, and not so ripe as I expected," Tony greeted him.

"Yet I should say I'm about three years older than you," the detective answered, sitting in an easy-chair and crossing his legs. "If it's someone on Broadway you're looking for—"

"Alta Crandall. Do you know her?"

"Who doesn't?" Dunne asked, uncrossing his legs and looking interested.

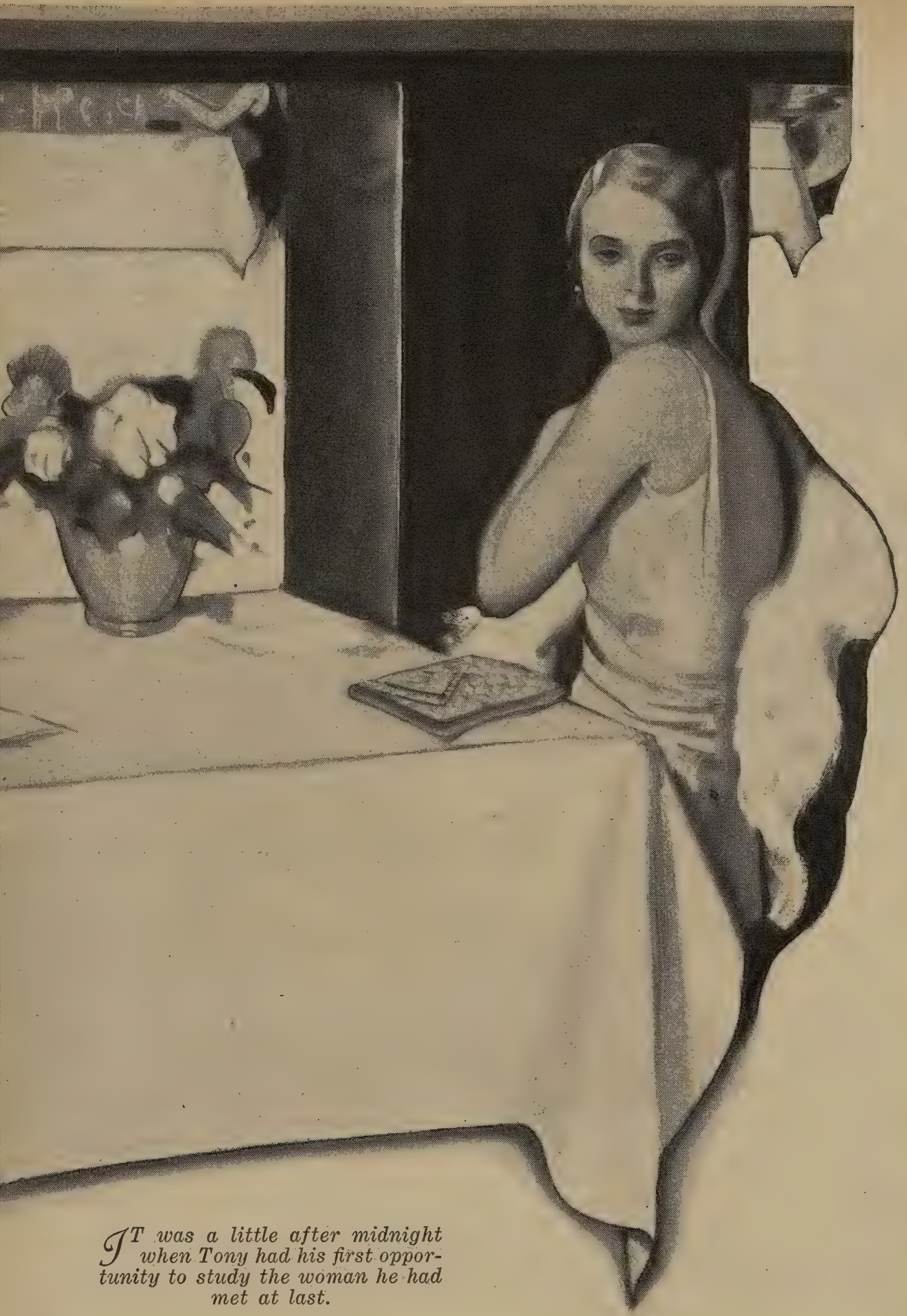
"Do you know her well?"

"Who does? They call her 'Broadway's most beautiful blonde,' but nobody knows much about her. She's one of the ladies of the ensemble of The Rajah of Rah. She's tall, queenly, touch-me-nottish, and lives by herself in a couple of rooms in Greenwich Village. The other girls call her 'The Duchess,' and have little to do with her. No Johns—but she does hit the night clubs and some of the usual chorus-girl parties now and then. She was married to Howard Arnold. He—"

Tony made a gesture of annoyance.

"I know about him. He went out to sea in a plane and never came back. I—I read the papers. How about his estate?"

"That was in the papers too." The detective grinned as though he had scored a vital point. "His estate's tied up. The law provides he won't be legally dead until seven



IT was a little after midnight when Tony had his first opportunity to study the woman he had met at last.

years after he vanished. She must wait a year or two now before she comes into his dough—and it's up in the millions."

"How soon can I meet her?"

The detective grinned. Tony Bowen's eyes seemed to have no effect on him.

"You're in a hurry," Dunne laughed. "Are you going to kiss her or kill her? Don't get sore—I have to know. A rich young man comes out of Mexico with trouble in his eyes, hunting a beautiful blonde. What's the answer? Marriage or murder? What has she done to you—without your ever having met her? I'm not running a lonely-hearts club. And I split no commissions with undertakers."

"Let us say I'm a sap with a lot of money, and I want to spend it on—well, education."

The corner of a thousand-dollar bill peeked through his fingers.

"Too fishy. You are an author studying rare types of Broadway womanhood, regardless of expense. That's for my books. Meet me at the show tonight. We'll be waiting at the stage door, The Duchess and I. I'll blow after I introduce you. The rest is up to you."

He stretched out his right arm, as though to shake hands. Tony gave him the bill and turned away from him.

"Good hunting!" Dunne said as he walked out. Tony did not answer. He was gazing at a picture of Howard Arnold, a snapshot he carried in his bill fold. . . .

HOWARD ARNOLD and Tony Bowen lived on adjacent farms in southern Kansas when they were boys. They weren't much as farms. Dry yellow fields they were, with clumps of sunflowers around the fences, dun-colored clapboard houses that were hot in summer and cold in winter, bleached and rickety outhouses, corncribs on stilts, gaping barns with the brick-red paint peeling, and everything powdered with dust. Hogs wallowed in drying mud holes. The dogs were lean and lazy.

The Bowens had a sorrel horse and two cows and twenty chickens. The Arnolds had a span of mules, a brood sow, and a tomcat with one eye. Tony had but to shut his eyes and see those two farms in every detail, to hear the wind in the corn, the noise of the pump when his mother drew water, the sound of the milk squirted from udder to pail, Howard calling to his one-eyed cat.

Howard was a few years older than Tony, but he was delicate and small, and afraid of many things. Perhaps that's why Tony loved him so. Tony was so brave and strong, so apt to fly into a rage. He considered himself a little less fine than Howard. He felt that he needed Howard, and that Howard needed him.

Tony never could explain his affection for the older boy. He didn't care to explain it. He was content to know that it never lessened with the years. The depth of this affection startled him frequently—sometimes frightened him.

He was ten years old when he first became aware of all that Howard meant to him. It was a day in August. Even the winds were hot and dusty. The boys had been to the brook and found it dried. But the mud was cool. They rolled their overalls up to their thighs and waded in it, and found it lots of fun. They came back through the stubbly fields, drank from the gourd, and sat on the bench back of Tony's home to rest.

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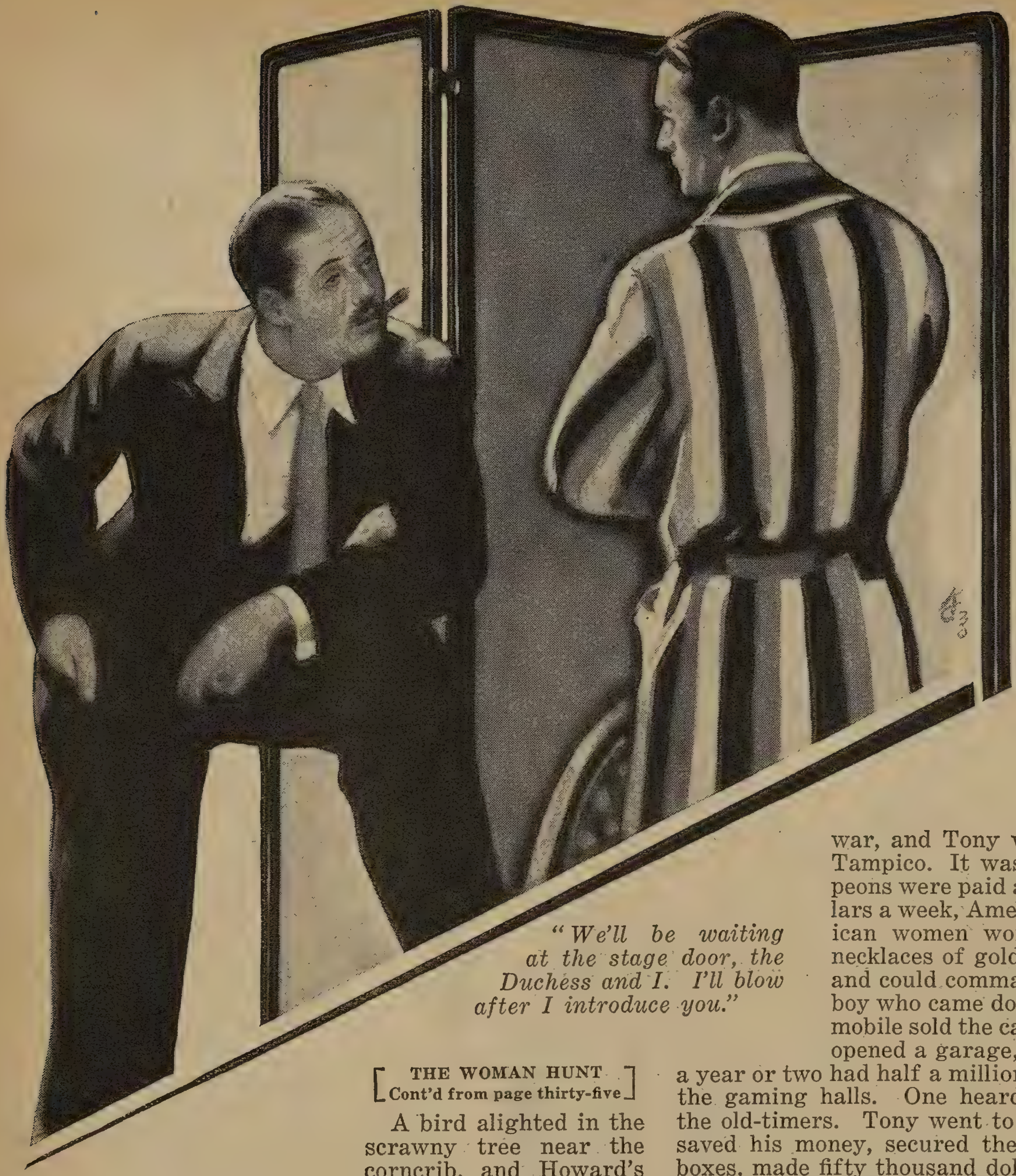

"We'll be waiting at the stage door, the Duchess and I. I'll blow after I introduce you."

THE WOMAN HUNT
Cont'd from page thirty-five

A bird alighted in the scrawny tree near the corncrib, and Howard's eyes grew big and bright with excitement.

"Look, Tony! Look!" he cried. "A scarlet tanager!" Howard knew all there was to know about birds and flowers and bees. He loved such things.

Sullivan, Tony's old dog, roused out of his slumbers by Howard's shrill voice, growled. Howard reached down to pet him.

"Don't!" Tony exclaimed, frightened for his friend. But before he could do more than shout that warning, the dog had snapped at Howard.

Tony was trembling as he seized Howard's hand and scrutinized it. Howard was trembling too and trying not to whimper.

"He didn't bite me, Tony," he said.

TONY stared at Howard for a moment, then walked into the house and got his father's rifle. He loved Sullivan above all dogs, but he was determined to kill him. Only his father stopped him. His father came in from the barn as Tony emerged from the house. He took the gun from him.

"You should have known enough not to pet that dog—day like this," was all he said. Sullivan whined and slunk away, deeply ashamed. Tony watched him go, raging because he could not kill him.

"Tony didn't do it," Howard spoke up. "I petted him, Mr. Bowen."

Howard's father died of a stroke the following week, while digging a well for water. A few days after his funeral the widow found oil in the hole.

The day Howard's father died, and the day Howard left for the eastern school his mother had selected, Tony went into the cornfield and stayed a long time. His mother watched him go both times, but made no attempt to follow. She had never seen him cry. She never wanted to.

Tony's father leased part of his farm to one of the hordes of oil men who poured into southern Kansas following the discovery on the Arnold place, and Tony followed Howard to the eastern school. They had two years together there, and two years more at Kelly Field during the war. They were attached to the air forces, but only as mechanics; Howard didn't want to leave the ground and so Tony also professed to be afraid.

HOWARD went back to school after the war, and Tony went to the oil fields near Tampico. It was the boom year. Mexican peons were paid as high as one hundred dollars a week, American money. Ragged Mexican women wore diamond earrings and necklaces of gold. White men were scarce and could command astonishing wages. A boy who came down from Texas in an automobile sold the car for three times its value, opened a garage, started an agency, and in a year or two had half a million dollars—which he lost in the gaming halls. One heard similar stories from all the old-timers. Tony went to work for an oil company, saved his money, secured the agency for electrical ice boxes, made fifty thousand dollars in a few months, and began to drill wells in wildcat territory.

The day after his second well came in—with a roar that could be heard for miles—Tony received a letter from Howard Arnold. He was in his dobe hut in Zacamixtle, busy with a hundred details of capping and piping, but he forgot everything when he recognized Howard's handwriting. He ripped off the edge of the envelope, and a picture fluttered out of it and fell face down on the mud floor. Tony picked it up with his oil-smeared hands and looked at it a long time.

"Good Lord, what a woman!" he said. "I didn't know they made 'em like that."

He read Howard's letter through before he found any mention of the girl. It was contained in a postscript on the back page.

"Tony," it said, "since I finished this letter I met the most wonderful girl in New York. And I've married her. She was Alta Crandall, featured in the Follies. It was so sudden I'm still dizzy. I'm inclosing a bum picture of her, because it's the only one I can part with. You've probably seen dozens of better ones in the magazines. I've told her all about you, and she's crazy to meet you. Scrub the oil out of your old hide and catch the first tanker. I mean the first train. I mean take an airplane."

Tony handed the picture to his drill boss, cynical, grizzled Hunter Anderson, with a beaming "What do you think of that?"

"Mumph!" Anderson cooled the air with a stream of tobacco juice. "Your gal?"

"My pal's wife."

"Sure purty. Purty as a pet sin. But prob'ly flatters her a lot. Chorus gal, I bet. Your pal rich?"

"We'll have to put her in a silver frame," Tony said. "Nothing cheap for her. Send one of the boys to Tampico tomorrow, and tell him I want a swell job done. And tell him if he bends that picture I'll fire him. Wait—I got oily finger marks all over it. Let me wipe them off."

Presently the picture shone on Tony's desk. Visitors to the filthy little hut used to josh him now and then because the picture was just beneath the lithograph of Monte Michaels, the bandit of the oil fields.

Tony let them laugh. He knew that Alta Crandall hadn't married Howard for his money. Women fell in love with Howard. But he wondered if this one understood him, if she mothered him when he was afraid. Somehow she didn't seem to be the mothering type. She was of the kind that needs a strong man. It might be, though, that she was just what Howard needed. She might make him forget his own fears in quelling hers. Tony wouldn't be surprised if Howard spoiled her. But it might make a man of him.

HE was drilling his third well when the courier from Tampico handed him Howard's last letter.

"The old son of a gun!" he said. "I've just written him we're down to blue shale. And he's writing me, I'll bet a hundred dollars Mex, to tell me he's got a kid. The old—"

But there were only a few lines.

> Good-by, Tony. We'll never see each other again. I'm going out in the dark, alone. It's better so. I hate to leave you like this—but I can't do anything else. Again good-by.
>
> HOWARD.

"Howie!" Tony shouted, trying to reach across the thousands of miles between the rigs of Zacamixtle and the towers of New York. "Howie! Howie!"

He had a sudden vision of the night Howard stayed too late at the Bowen home and he took him home. He could feel Howard's hand in his, feel it trembling. He could hear his own voice saying, "It's only the wind, Howie. Don't be afraid." He could see himself holding the lantern high, see the weird shadows dancing away from the light, see the sulphurous green eye of the thin cat under Howard's arm.

He was going out in the dark. What did it mean? Tony jumped into his car and drove fast over the atrocious roads to Tampico and the telegraph. Hours he spent waiting, but the wires from New York were silent. It was the editor of the Tampico Tribune who gave him the news late that night in the barroom of the Southern Hotel.

"Howard Arnold? Yes I did hear something about him. It was in the San Antonio Light. You see, we don't get any wire service. Such news as we print from the States we clip out

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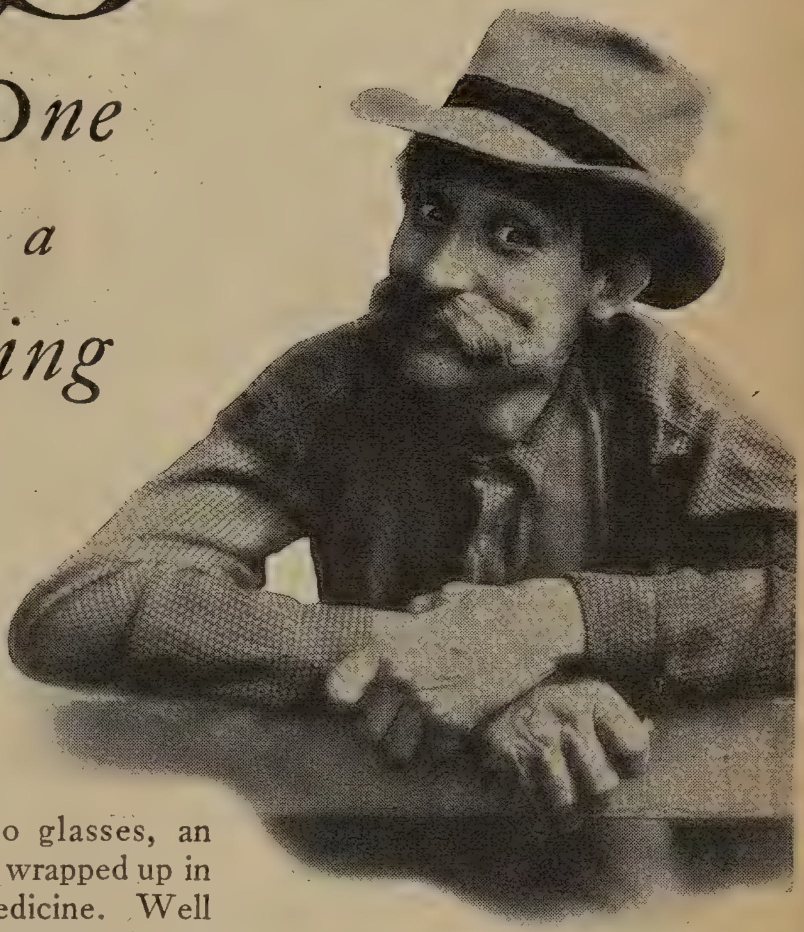

"Chic" Sale— [*Continuing a* NEW SERIES *by the Famous Author of* "THE SPECIALIST" *and* "I'LL TELL YOU WHY"]

The Specialist *tells a* New One about *a Traveling Man*

ME and Ed Smithers was in the smoker on the way over to Durham when in come a feller with two glasses, an orange, a lemon, a spoon wrapped up in paper, and a bottle of medicine. Well sir, wantin' to postpone swallerin' that mess as long as he could, he got to talkin'. Said he'd tried takin' it with sugar, sarsaparilla soda water, and lots of things. Said orange and lemon juice was the least worst.

Ed took a little tin box of chocolate tablets out of his pocket and handed the poor feller a couple. "Eat those and you won't taste the medicine," Ed said. The feller ate the tablets and said they sure was good. He asked Ed how they would kill the taste of his medicine. "Well," Ed sez, "I said you wouldn't taste that mess you was goin' to take and you won't. Jest throw it out the window. You don't need it now."

"Chic" Sale

LOTS of people used to postpone swallowing "that mess" as long as possible till "something" came along.

And that "something" was a delightful "little chocolate tablet" in a little blue tin box—called Ex-Lax.

That was more than twenty-three years ago.

Since then millions of people—young and old—have said "they sure was good."

Ex-Lax is a laxative so safe and scientific that doctors use it in their own families. Nurses take it.

Ex-Lax is gentle, yet effective. It doesn't gripe. It won't embarrass. It won't form a habit. All druggists sell Ex-Lax.

Keep "regular" with

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The *safe* laxative that tastes like Chocolate

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Kindly send me the free sample of Ex-Lax.

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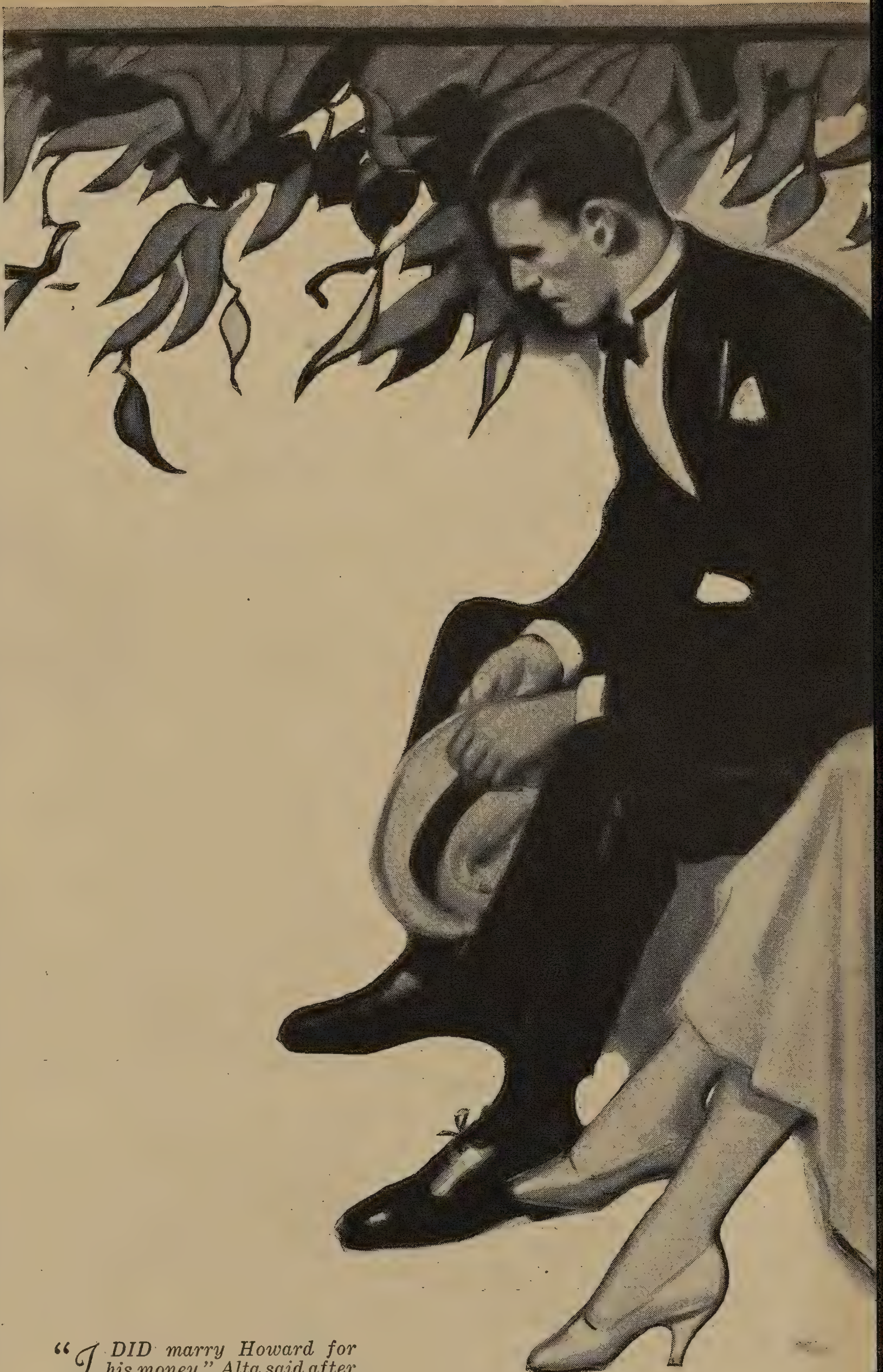
THE WOMAN HUNT
Continued from page thirty-seven



"I DID marry Howard for his money," Alta said after a time. "I was seventeen and I had been in the chorus a year."

of Texas papers. He was the young millionaire married to that Broadway baby, Alta Crandall, wasn't he?"

Tony nodded his head. The editor called for the barkeep.

"Joselito!" He held up four fingers, and waited until Tony had gulped his drink.

"They separated some time ago—over his money, I suppose. And he went nuts and bought a plane. He started across the ocean to Paris. A few days later some fishermen off the Grand Banks found a few pieces of one wing."

Tony went back weeks later, sober and grim, to the wells in Zacamixtle. He stared at the picture in the silver frame, and then at the lithograph.

"Poor Monte!" he said.

He smashed the glass that covered the lovely face, tore the picture to bits, and sprinkled them in the nearest sump hole. He threw the frame in after them.

"You can keep the silver," he said. "I hope you enjoy it."

He went on drilling. He worked night and day. He drove himself. He drove his men until they quit. He never seemed to sleep. He ate little and drank nothing. He was the luckiest operator in all Mexico, men said, because he was money mad. Everything he touched prospered—wells, leases, tank farms, concessions of all kinds. Even when he gambled he could not lose. He never spent a Mexican dime on himself. Yet anyone could borrow money from him.

JUST before salt water invaded the fields he turned everything he had into New York drafts. He gave a farewell party that is still remembered in Tampico, got royally drunk for the first time in a year, took a tanker across the Gulf to New Orleans, and caught the first train to New York.

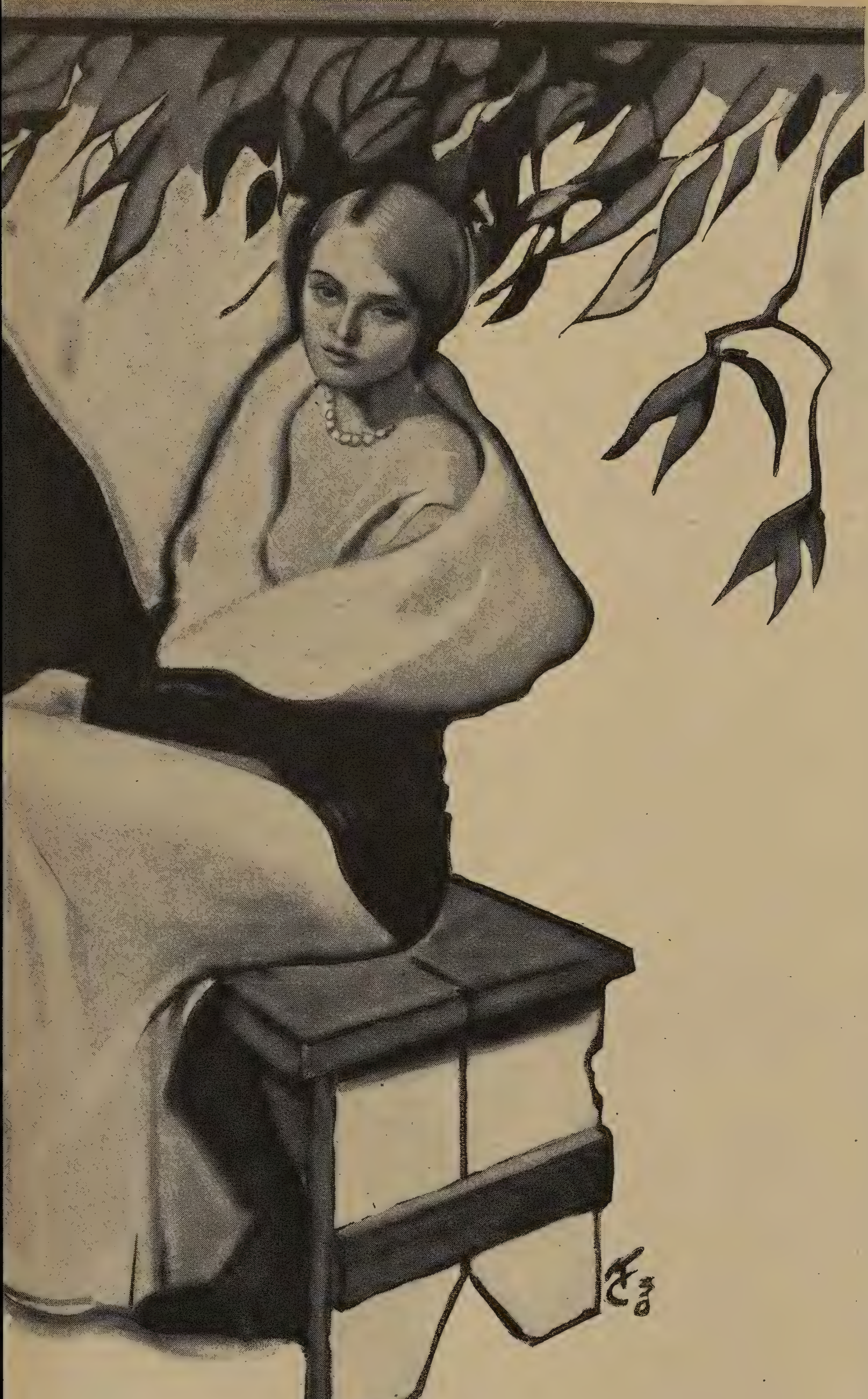
The best detective in Times Square had gone but a few moments when the best tailor in the five boroughs knocked on the door of the Biltmore suite.

"I want clothes," Tony said, "clothes that will make a gold digger spit on her hands and dig. I want morning clothes, afternoon clothes, business clothes, sports clothes, evening clothes—all the clothes a man can wear and stay a man. But unless the dinner clothes are done by seven o'clock tonight—no sale!"

At exactly seven o'clock the tailor helped Tony into his dinner clothes, tied his tie for him, and took his eight assistants home.

It was a little after midnight when Tony had his first real opportunity to study the woman he had met at last. They were seated across a table in the Château Arette. He had thought her young and lovely when he looked at her through opera glasses. At the stage door the light was poor, and Jerry Dunne kept talking all the time. He had not really seen her in the taxicab. But here, under the bright lights, he saw she was younger than she had looked on the stage, lovelier, colder.

Of course Howard would fall in love with a girl like that



She had only to smile as she was smiling now and Howard was unk! He compared her with the girls he had seen in La Mari-osa, black-haired black-eyed sirens, but warm, human, giving alue for value. Alta Crandall's hair was exactly as he had magined it, red gold. Her eyes were the shade of blue he ad expected, and when she hunched that left shoulder forward and looked straight ahead of her, she was the picture come to life.

It was uncanny. A few moments ago, it seemed, he was sitting on his cot in the dobe hut, the mosquito netting in his hand. He was about to blow out the light. Alta's picture shone on his desk. Monte Michaels looked from the gray walls, a sneer in his eyes. Outside the window the stars hung low, bright fruit of unseen trees. They hovered just over the tops of the rigs. There was the smell of chapapote in the air, the soft tinkling of Mexican guitars and American phonographs.

AND now he was in a crowded night club. An orchestra was playing. People all around him sat at tables, drank, ate, laughed, flashed jewels. And the girl's picture was looking at him, talking in a voice it had evidently studied, smiling a smile it had learned in the chorus; a picture turned as by magic into a hard, cool lady of the ensemble.

Involuntarily he looked above her head for the face of Monte Michaels; and found only the waiter looking down at him.

"Champagne," he said. "And plenty of it."

Alta played with one of the wooden swizzle sticks the house had provided for its guests.

"I know a girl who got a gold swizzler from her beau," she said. "It has a diamond in the top of it."

Tony read avarice in her eyes. She was not so clever, he thought.

They sipped their drinks and talked.

"And you are from Tampico," she said. "I read the book."

He had heard that chorus girls did sometimes read books.

"A fairly good yarn," he said. "But it didn't give me the color of the town. I didn't smell the smells of Tampico. I didn't see the Mexican men, with their brilliant serapes, sleeping in the sun; the fat, wrinkled women walking barefooted through the streets, carrying baskets on their heads; the pulque vendors; the blind beggar on the Calle Aduanal singing Cielito Lindo in his shrill voice of a woman, singing of a sky he never had seen and never could see. I didn't see the fish markets, nor the open-air meat and vegetable markets with the swarms of flies over everything, nor the sleepy plazas, nor the ships coming up the Tamesi or going down the Panuco. I didn't see the acres and acres of oil rigs out in the fields, standing like the bleached skeletons of ancient pyramids. All I remember of the book is the author's cabaret —the Luisian, is it?—and the dance-hall girls. You should have seen the girls in La Union district, and the soldados in their gay uniforms! Boys, most of them, holding guns with

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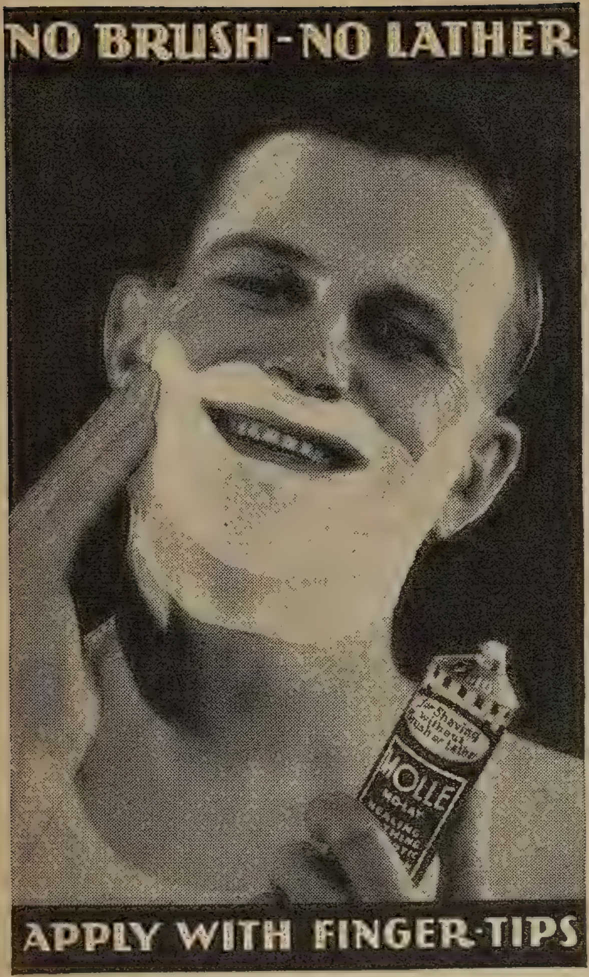

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Get a tube of MOLLÉ (pronounced Mō-lay) at your nearest drug store—shave ten times the MOLLÉ way—if you are not convinced that MOLLÉ is the best shaving cream you have ever used, return the balance of the tube and we will refund your purchase price.

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(1) *Wash your face—leave it wet*

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THE MOLLÉ COMPANY
Bedford, Ohio

MOLLÉ
FOR QUICK EASY SHAVING

THE WOMAN HUNT
Continued from page thirty-nine

long bayonets on them, keeping order."

Something of interest came into her eyes as she listened. Something artificial went out of her voice and her careful English. And her cultivated gestures became more natural.

He danced with her several times. She was light and easy to hold, but she didn't nestle against him nor did she abandon herself as did those Mexican girls he had danced with. She hummed and sometimes sang a snatch or two of the song. Her hair was faintly perfumed. No, Tony retold himself, he didn't blame Howard for falling in love with her. Any man might, not knowing what she was.

"Do you never wear jewelry?" he asked toward the close of the night.

"I hate it," she said.

He didn't believe that, of course. But he knew why she said it. She was more clever than he had thought her. She wasn't going to play for a few diamonds. She was going to try for his entire pile.

"You like orchids, though, and gardenias, and those long-stemmed roses they grow in hothouses?"

"Of course," she said, and laughed. "But do you know the flower I like best? You're going to think me an awful boob. But I adore hollyhocks."

Tony laughed. What a come-on that was! She was going to be an old-fashioned girl for him, was she? Suppose he took her at her word and dumped a ton of hollyhocks into her rooms! But a memory of hollyhocks growing against a dry green fence in southern Kansas, opened his thoughts into another channel.

"Will you let me take you out in the country tomorrow—today rather, since it's now today?"

"But not too early," she protested.

"Eleven o'clock," he said, taking a great roll of bills from his pocket.

HE walked from her apartment to his hotel. He could think best walking.

"I want the most expensive roadster in New York," he said to the night clerk who handed him his key. "Here's a check. It's signed. All you have to do is to fill in the amount. Buy the bus outright as soon as the bank opens. The car must be outside, waiting, at ten thirty. I'll drive it myself."

No young man had ever before handed that clerk a blank check and bade him buy anything with it. But New York hotel clerks are blasé.

"Yes, sir," this one said. "Any certain color?"

"Blue," said Tony. "Deep blue. A larkspur blue. Ever see larkspur?"

That ought to flatter her, he thought. Buying a car to match a woman's eyes was a silly thing to do, but she'd love it. She wouldn't let him give her any jewelry—not yet, anyway. But she would want to ride in the car, and the car was essential to his scheme.

At eleven o'clock Tony Bowen drove up before Alta's apartment in a car that was larkspur blue, and found her waiting on the sidewalk.

"It's gorgeous," she said. Her eyes gleamed. He had her now, he felt, as he helped her into the seat beside him.

"It's gorgeous," she said again. "But look at me." She was in a print dress, a riot of marigolds and poppies, and her bright hair was crushed under a floppy brown straw hat. "I don't fit in a blue car at all."

They breakfasted in a quaint little place on the Boston Post Road a little after noon, both confessing they hadn't eaten since some time yesterday.

"But then," Alta explained, "I usually eat about this time. Chorus girls never get up before noon. They work late, you know, and they can't stand going right home and tumbling into bed. At least, I can't. There was a time. But that was long ago—before Howard died."

"Howard?" Tony leaned forward as though to blast her for the use of that name; and remembered he must do nothing of the sort—not until he was ready. He pretended that he did not understand.

"Howard was my husband," she said. "Howard Arnold."

"YOU are married?"

"My husband is dead," she said. "He tried to fly the Atlantic. Five years ago, that was. You must have read about it."

There was no emotion in her voice. At least, he could detect none. She stirred the sugar in her coffee, and looked up at him.

"That's too bad," he said.

"Yes," she answered.

For weeks Tony Bowen studied the girl and waited for the right time to strike. They were together day and night, every moment possible. Every day began with a ride somewhere in the larkspur car. Every day ended in some night club. He learned many things about her in these weeks. She was burning with ambition, but she didn't know whether she wanted to be a great dancer or a great actress. She had come from a small town in Indiana, and felt herself fortunate to get into the ensemble. She did know something about books. She knew a great deal about plays. He didn't know anything about her morals. She never said anything out of the way. But, then, neither did the girls in La Mariposa. She was a poseur—but not with him. She was in love with him.

It was a Saturday evening in September when Tony decided that the time was ripe. Alta was on the stage, and Tony was looking at her through his glasses.

"She's hooked!" he told himself. His mind was cool, analytic, deadly accurate. "She loves me more than I hoped she would. I won't hate her when it's all over. I suppose I shall pity her and hate myself—as I did when I took down the gun to shoot old Sullivan. They told me no man could understand a woman. What a chestnut that is. I understand this woman. If I didn't I would not hate her so, would I? If love is blind, hate is clear-eyed. That's why I can see her falling deeper and deeper in love.

"Her hardness is gone. It cracked like enamel and began to drop off a few days after we met. She's more genuine. She's brighter, gayer. Look at her now, the happiest girl on the stage, and no fake happiness either. She'll be miserable tomorrow night. She hasn't dug at all, either. Clever kid. She just thinks she's going to dig and dig and dig—when we're married. Married! I'm not Howard. She'll never marry me."

"Alta," he said in the cab hurrying to the Château Arette, "I know a picturesque tavern in Connecticut. Let's go there tomorrow night for a late supper."

"There's no show tomorrow night," she said.

"A long ride in the fresh air will give you an appetite, and supper will be waiting when we arrive. I'll phone old Linkhaus tomorrow morning. He owns the place, and guests must order by phone. What would you like? Game? Turkey? Fish? Steak?"

She nodded her bright head up and down quickly.

"We'll start with caviar. All chorus girls love caviar. Soup. Say consommé. An endive salad. The steak well done. A thick steak. Artichokes. Golden Bantam corn —and you can eat it with your fingers too. Potatoes. Potatoes for me—I forgot you are sort of dieting. Orange ice. Or would you rather have baked Alaskas? And all the wines the old fellow has.

"It's as old as the country, this tavern. Its walls are covered with relics of the Revolution, rusty firearms, swords, bayonets. And there's a tattered British flag carefully preserved in a glass case. The tavern keeper's ancestors captured it single-handed from a regiment of redcoats. But, funny enough, the holes in it were made by moths."

IT seemed suddenly a tragedy that he must smite this happy girl so hard. And yet—had she not broken Howard and sent him out to die? She loved him, and she was so defenseless against him—but Howard had loved her and suffered for it.

He called for her late Sunday evening.

"I'm going back to Mexico tomorrow," he said when they were halfway to the tavern.

"To stay?" she asked quickly.

"Perhaps not," he said. "I'm not sure."

She was silent after that, looked out at the trees and the bushes that flew by. He knew what was in her mind. She thought he was too shy to say good-by to her, with a kiss and a promise to come back. She would make him propose to her tonight if she could. And she thought she could.

They spoke seldom during the dinner, though she laughed merrily at times, at little jokes she had made. They were alone in the dining room, and Linkhaus waited on them himself, with deference.

Tony moved the bowl of roses from the center of the table to one side, because it obscured the lower part of Alta's face. He knew he would remember that face all his life, and he wanted to transfer it to his mind now, while it was still smiling.

It was midnight when the dinner was done.

"Let's go straight home," she said. "Do you mind? No night clubs tonight."

"All right," he said. "I'll settle for everything and get some gas. We'll be ready to roll in a few minutes."

He left her and went to the garage. "Now," he kept saying. The thrill of the hunter was on him—the hunter who has sighted his prey and is ready to pull the trigger. His face was grim when he placed her beside him. Now! He shifted gears and stepped on the gas. Now! The blue car flew down the asphalt. It slowed. It slewed to the side. It stopped. Now!

Tony gave the car's performance a grunt of surprise. He hoped it was convincing.

"Plenty of gas," he said. "Wonder what's wrong."

He jumped out. He opened the hood.

"Connection broken," he said. "Isn't that my luck?

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

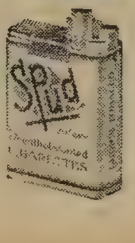
DOES TENSION TAP YOUR TOBACCO APPETITE?

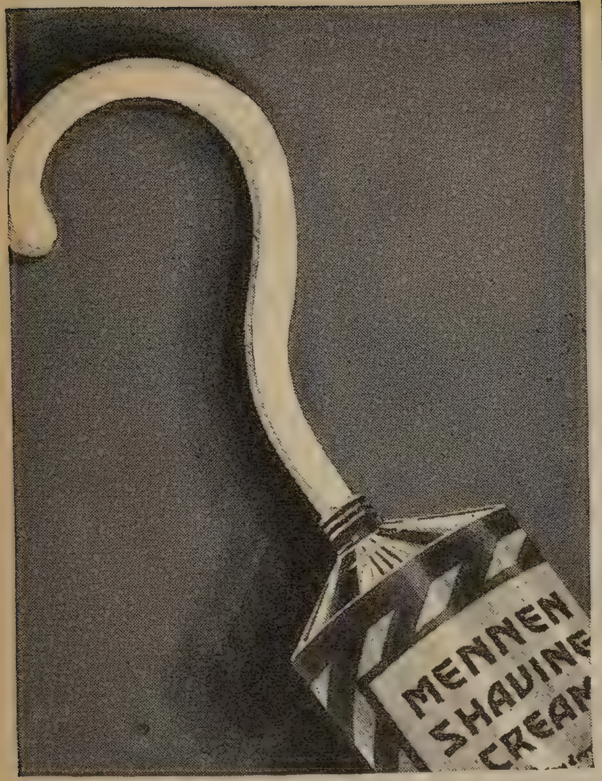
AIM FOR "HAPPY-MOUTH" WITH COOLER SMOKE

When you're all keyed up and waiting for something... do you live through the seconds with cigarettes? That's a great time to try Spud! In those one-after-another smoking sessions you realize how Spud's cooler smoke always keeps your mouth and throat moist-cool and comfortable. You experience the joy of Spud's clean, cooler smoke as it holds, and heightens Spud's full tobacco flavor. Finish your first Spud pack, and come to this inimitable new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Incorporated, Louisville, Ky.

MENTHOL-COOLED SPUD CIGARETTES

JUDGE SPUD . . . Not by first puff, but by first pack. Surprise soon forgotten... continued coolness heightens enjoyment of full tobacco flavor.





These few words about my 2 MORE Shaves per Blade Guarantee are

for Doubting Thomas only

IF YOU think the only difference in shaving creams is in the colors on the tube—you're the man to test my Mennen guarantee of *two more good shaves per blade.*

Of course, those 2 more shaves per blade aren't so important in themselves. But they are proof of Mennen superiority. Mennen lather soaks all the toughness out of whiskers, leaves less work for the razor. Result: no yanking, scraping, no irritation of facial nerves. Longer blade life. No wear and tear on the skin. *That's* why I can make my money-back guarantee.

Mennen lather relaxes taut skin, too...penetrates the pores, floats out oil and dirt, preventing embarrassing pimples, blackheads and muddy looking skin. Mennen lather is antiseptic. Leaves skin clean, healthy, good-to-look-at.

2 Kinds: Bigger Tubes

We make two kinds of Mennen Shaving Cream (1) Menthol-iced for skin that likes arctic coolness in shaving lather...(2) Mennen without Menthol, smooth, bland lather without the icy feature. Great shaves, both! Bigger tubes, too! Test my guarantee, now! Shoot in the coupon for a trial tube.

Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

To complete the skin treatment, apply Mennen Skin Balm, after your shave. Protects against dirt, dust and weather. Non-greasy. Skin completely absorbs it. Styptic, healing and bracing as a cool sea breeze.

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAMS
Menthol-iced **Without Menthol**

THE MENNEN CO., Dept. L-8, NEWARK, N.J.
Jim Henry: Show me, Jim. Send me a trial tube. I'll take a new blade and count the shaves.

Name..
Address............................ City..........................
Send me Mennen Menthol-Iced ☐
Send me Mennen Without Menthol ☐

THE WOMAN HUNT
Continued from page forty-one

Not a garage or a house in miles. No telephones except in the inn. I'll walk back and phone for help. But I hate to leave you here alone."

"Let me walk with you," she said. He knew she would say that. He had counted on it.

When they had returned to the inn they would find Linkhaus ready to close it. Linkhaus would be very sorry, but he would assure them there wasn't a garage in five miles, and, anyway, it would be impossible to get a mechanic at this hour of a Sunday night. He would offer them the shelter of his inn.

"I have a very beautiful room upstairs," he would say. "With bath. I should be honored to have you and Mrs. Anderson as guests. We'll have the car fixed before breakfast. And such a breakfast I can give you!"

And then—

Alta was tripping beside him, humming a gay tune into which, now and then, she scattered words. But the moon rays found nothing gay in her face.

"Alta," he said, stopping, "I can't go through with this."

"I knew you couldn't," she said.

"You knew?"

"I suspected." She looked up at him. "There isn't any broken connection. You drained the gas tank, didn't you, when you went to the garage?"

"Yes. I was going to frame you."

"Why didn't you? It would have been so easy."

He could not answer that.

"WHY do you hate me so, Tony Bowen? Is it because of Howard?"

"How did you know I was Tony Bowen?"

"From your pictures. I have a hundred or more in my flat. They were Howard's. You do hate me, don't you?"

"Of course I do. I hate you like I hate a snake. And you love me."

"Shamelessly," she admitted.

She held up her face to him, and he kissed her.

"You still hate me?"

"I've kissed Mexican women I liked better—because they were honest."

They walked together to a tree whose branches sheltered the road, and sat beneath it.

"I did marry Howard for his money," Alta said after a time. "I didn't love him, though I was fond of him. I liked the way his eyes shone when he was excited. I liked his manners, his gentleness. And I liked his loving me. I was seventeen and I had been in the chorus a year. Do you know what the chorus does for a girl, Tony Bowen? It puts ideas into her head. She learns to defend herself from men, to give her favors only to men with money or influence, to sell herself if the bargain is bright enough, to marry a millionaire if she can. It's more than a game. It's more than a business. It's more than a competition between pretty girls to see who gets rich first. It's the very life of the chorus."

She lifted up her face and laughed, but Tony saw her chin was trembling.

"Alta Crandall bares all," she said. "Why don't you laugh? You know I'm pitying myself. You know I'm whining for mercy. You know I'm trying to explain myself away."

"Go on," he said. "Spill it all."

"I thought I had done something big when I married Howard," she continued. "So did all the girls I knew. But I found out what I had done. You get tired shopping after the first week. You get tired of many things. You wake up and learn that nothing matters but love. I knew we could never be happy, and that I could never make anything of myself, so long as we stayed together. He must have the bright lights every night—dinners, dances, parties, night clubs. He wouldn't stay home. It wasn't his fault. It wasn't mine. He was afraid. He was afraid of the dark—even with me. He must have the lights turned on, and kept on, all through the night."

"HE had to have the lamp burning by his bed all night when he was a child," Tony said.

"We quarreled all the time. And Howard wept. I thought the best thing to do was to leave him. It might make a man of him. I thought he'd come, he'd hunt me—as you did, Tony Bowen—and find me, and make me love him, make me come back to him. If he did that, I thought, he could get over his fear. But he didn't. He was afraid—afraid he would never win me back. He gave up, Tony Bowen, and tried to fly the ocean, knowing he would die.

"I told you about him once, and you pretended you didn't know. But I didn't tell you then what I tell you now—that since he's dead it is I who fear the dark. Sometimes in the dark of my room I see him falling, falling, shooting out of a dark sky into a dark sea, crying for me, crying for you. Sometimes in his sleep he used to say your name. I see it, and I hear it, and it's real, and I can't stand it.

"Oh, I don't wonder you think me a cheap little chorus girl who would go to the night clubs with any man. It's true. I would. I went with you, didn't I, after a mumbled introduction? I didn't know your name. I didn't see you, really. You were just a man to me, until you talked of Mexico. And then I knew you, and knew why you came to me. I knew you hated me. I hated you, too—because I knew what was in your mind. But I fell in love with you. Do you still hate me, Tony Bowen?"

"Yes."

"Then I must tell you more. When Howard died I looked at his will. It gave me everything. But he wasn't legally dead, and the estate couldn't be touched for seven years. I swore I'd never take a penny of it. If I had lived with him to the end, I would have taken it. But I left him. And when I left him I forfeited everything that was his. I have fixed it now, legally, so that the money will go to someone who loved Howard better than I could, someone he loved more than he loved me."

"Are you bribing me not to hate you?" he demanded, his voice hoarse, his hands clenched.

"You made me tell you!" she cried. "I was going to let you go, hating me, let you find out you had no reason to hate me—when it was too late for you to find me again. But I can't, Tony. God help me, I can't! You mustn't hate me. I love you so!"

"I don't want the money," he said savagely. "And I do hate you. You sent him out to die, didn't you? Without a word."

"No! No! You must not think that." She seized his hand and held it. "I didn't know he had a plane until I read in the papers that he was going to take off the next morning from some place in Maine. I didn't know that he could fly. I didn't think him brave enough to fly. I was frantic. I tried long distance and couldn't get him. I knew there wasn't time to reach him by auto or by train. And I had no money to hire an airplane. But I wired him, Tony."

"What did you say?"

"I said that I loved him, that I was wrong to leave him. I told him I had cried for him every night. I begged him not to fly to Paris. I begged him to fly back to me."

"And he didn't answer?"

"He didn't answer. Mine was only one of a dozen telegrams that were handed to him as he was about to take off. I don't know that he read any of them. But, oh, I've hoped so many times that he did read mine!"

Tony Bowen groaned.

"Alta," he said, "when I heard of Howie's death, I made up my mind to punish you. I made myself millions of dollars. I came to New York to find you and dazzle you. I hoped you would fall in love, first with my money, and then with me. And when that happened, I planned to—you know what I planned. Then I was going to tell you why—and leave you forever. I didn't suppose you would love me so much—I had no right to suppose that—for I didn't think you capable of deep love, nor myself deserving of it. And here we are—in love and lost. Both of us.

"I LOVED you a long time ago—in Mexico, when you were only a picture. When I tore up that picture I thought I tore up my love. I hated you when I first saw you. That is, I thought I did. You were cold, inhuman, greedy, I believed. I was wrong. I thought you let Howard go, knowing he meant to die. But you gave him a lantern when he went out into the dark—that telegram. Of course he read it. And he wasn't afraid, believing you loved him. He died happy."

"And you don't hate me any more?"

"I hate myself. I never hated you. I knew that when I kissed you a little while ago. It was no part of my plan to love you. I tried to punish you—and it's only right that I've hurt myself much more than I intended to hurt you. Will you kiss me again, Alta? For good-by!"

"I'll spend all my life kissing you."

"No, no! I must go back tomorrow."

"That would be punishing me too," she said. "If you're thinking of—of your trying to frame me, that was nothing."

"It was pretty bad. But I was thinking of Howard. He will not be legally dead for two more years. We'll have to wait that long to marry, and I love you so much that— Oh, damn it! Why can't I grab you and carry you off with me and forget everything else but you?"

She laughed and drew his head down close and kissed him. "I'd go with you," she said. "I don't want anything in the world but you. But we don't have to run. We can be married now, any time. There's a law made just for us, and lovers like us. It's known as the Enoch Arden law. Even if Howard were alive and returned to claim me some day, our marriage would stand. You see, when you invited me on this nice ride, I called up my lawyer and asked him if I could marry you. He told me I was a fool if I didn't."

"You knew that I loved you?" he asked.

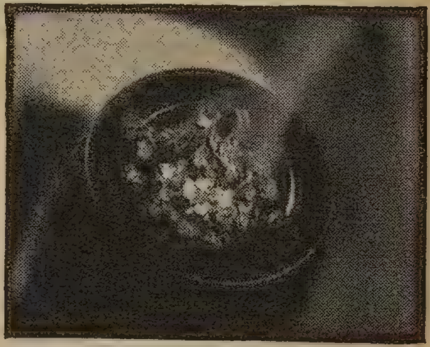
"Of course," she said. "A woman in love always knows when a man's in love with her."

THE END

FILL IT

TAMP IT

LIGHT IT


ENJOY IT

Nothing tells the whole truth about tobacco like a good pipe

IN a pipe, tobacco gets its real chance to let you know what sturdy, robust comfort smoking *can* mean. In a pipe, tobacco can breathe and live. It can smolder down evenly and slowly, as it should. Only thus can you get the true relish of good tobacco, the joy of rich, cool smoke.

And another thing, you know probably that the choicest leaves and the choicest blends are selected for pipe tobacco. That's because tobacco *is itself* in a pipe. It can't fool you. Your pipe tells you the full truth about the tobacco you burn.

Get a good pipe and pack some Edgeworth in it—that fine old burley blend whose flavor never changes. After a few pipefuls you'll understand why men throughout the world are Edgeworth's lifelong friends, once they get acquainted. And we'll introduce you. Send us that coupon at the bottom of the page. We'll send you a generous, glad-to-meet-you packet of genuine Edgeworth, free. That's how sure we are you'll like each other.

EDGEWORTH
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Tune in on WRVA, the Edgeworth Radio Station.

Dixie Spiritual Singers every Monday evening, 10:30 to 11, Eastern Standard Time.

Edgeworth is a combination of *good* tobaccos—selected carefully and blended especially for pipe-smoking. Its quality and flavor *never change.* Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready-Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes—15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin. Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

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HIGH GRADE
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LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va.
I'll try your Edgeworth. And I'll try it in a *good* pipe.

My name____________________

My street address____________________

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Now let the Edgeworth come! B-41

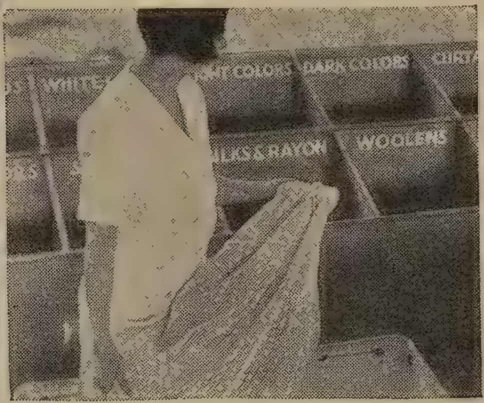
LAKE FOREST'S WAY can be your way!

America's aristocrats . . . by overwhelming majority . . . endorse this convenient, safe method of handling home's most burdensome task.

BEAUTIFUL Lake Forest, north of Chicago, is outstanding among the nation's smart suburbs for its magnificent estates.

To learn how Lake Forest women meet the washday problem, an impartial investigator called upon 125 Lake Forest homes, picked at random. Of these, 71 send the entire washing—regularly. And this fact is interesting—*every one* of the 125 families sends all the men's shirts and collars to the laundry!

8 million women have adopted the laundry way to washday freedom. It's easy—it's economical—it's dependable. Make it *your* way. Start with this week's washing! *Sponsored by the Laundryowners National Association of the United States and Canada.*



(Above) The present-day laundry gives millions of women leisure to entertain—and by eliminating washday strain and worry protects precious, youthful charm.

(Right) After being classified by color and fabric, your clothes get maximum protection while washing through the multiple-suds method.

Let the LAUNDRY do it!

© 1930, L. N. A.

Red Loves Gwen

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

BALLS whanged against the school-yard walls. Skipping ropes hummed in the air. Stones clattered between hopscotch lines. A red kite was draped in a maple tree. And even the sparrows had fled from the din.

"*Agnes! Agnes!*" A teacher was trying to make herself heard from a window. "Telephone! Telephone!"

RED LOVES GWEN

This week's cover picture.

Three Agneses with scared faces stopped playing ball in different parts of the yard.

"Me?" asked one with flying yellow braids.

"Me?" asked another with black kinky pigtails.

"Me?" asked a third with red wisps caught between elastic bands.

"Agnes Doolittle's mother wants her," the teacher called. "She wants to tell her what to get at the grocer's." And down came the window with a bang.

"What a name!" Gwen told all the children in the yard after the doomed Agnes had disappeared inside. "If I had a name like that, I'd get christened again at Halloween and change it. I'd hate to get called for cocoa or something and see two other Agneses trailin' along for my food. That'd be worse than bein' a twin or a triplet or a giblet."

"Giblet?" one of the Agneses piped up. "D'you mean to call me a giblet?" And she clenched one fist.

"No, I didn't," Gwen flared back. "I hate giblets. Agneses and giblets don't belong around here. They belong upside down in gravy."

The two Agneses were very mad.

"I'll tell you the name I like," one boy shouted.

"Don't bother," Gwen laughed. "Play ball. I bet I can bat higher than the chimney. I'll bat so high that you'll all get stiff necks an' have to spend ten dollars for stiff-neck lemonment."

This sounded like a hot-weather drink, but none of the children dared to say so. There was a great murmur as though all the bees in the world were holding a convention there in the yard, and then two husky boys stepped up to Gwen. They had a bat and a baseball.

"The chimney?" one asked. "That's too near the ground for me. You watch the gymnasium water tank."

Everybody watched it. The ball spun away from the bat and landed in a wire basket.

"Oh, gee!" Gwen yelled. "Since when was a scrap basket on the ground a water tank way up in the air?" And she grabbed the bat and slugged the other boy's ball—high, high, higher—until it hit the peak of the roof.

"You're good," she was delighted to be told. "You can play ball, all right. Where's Red Hancock? He oughter see you bat." And there was a general turning around of necks in the direction of the gym door.

"Ha-ha!" Gwen said, lifting her chin. "Red has seen me fight. That's all he wants to see me do. Red? Red? Where are you, Red?" And she slipped into her coat.

"Waitin' for you," Red said, quietly appearing. "Waitin' to carry your books home."

"Waiting for her!" they all yelled. And two boys ran out of the yard ahead of them. "S-I-S-S-Y!"

"You're sure nice and polite," Gwen said as Red escorted her around the corner. And she laughed through her front teeth when she saw the artistic hearts which the two boys had just drawn on a billboard.

"Gwen! Red!" they were jeering. "Red loves Gwen!"

(Next week's cover adventure: Chewing Gum)

Out of the Rough at Nineteen

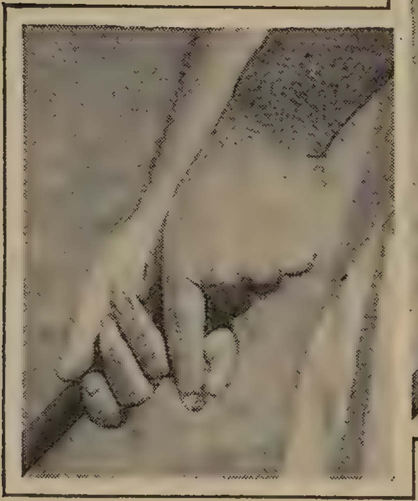
By

HELEN "BILLY" HICKS

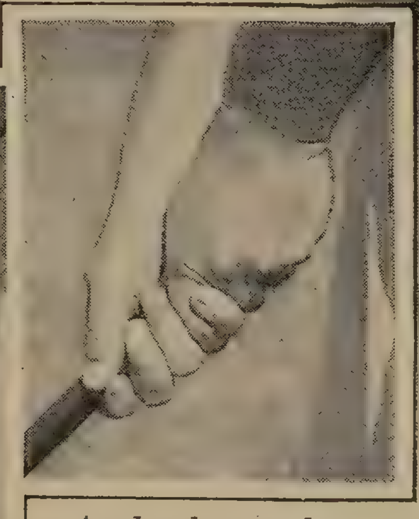
Who Says She Never Had a Real Golf Lesson in Her Life!

P. & A. photos

Meet the author, who at 15 won her first champion's cup, at 17 was defeating famous players, and now has fourteen golf championships to her credit.



Helen Hicks takes her interlocking grip . . .



And shows how the club is grasped for smooth and sure execution.

(Reading time: 20 minutes 48 seconds.)

MORE hokum, I suppose, has been written about golf than about any other sport, not even excepting baseball.

To judge from those who usually write about it, one would imagine that to attain a fair proficiency at golf one must be a sort of combination of Grecian athlete, physicist, higher mathematician, and Babe Ruth. One would suppose, to listen to some of the so-called experts, that a flair for golf is a gift of the gods.

That's pure haywire. Most caddies could beat the players for whom they tote bags. Why? Because they have not been given a golf complex by reading all the highfalutin tosh about the inner mysteries and sacred

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

OUT OF THE ROUGH AT NINETEEN
Continued from page forty-five

secrets of the royal and ancient game. They just place the ball on the tee and swat it with the club. They have neither inhibitions nor repressions to annoy them.

I got into golf quite naturally, and if this little autobiography provides the slightest inducement to any other girl to take up the glorious game, then I shall regard my literary efforts as having been well repaid.

I have always been fond of games, even as a kid. They used to call me a tomboy. I got my first experience with games in company with my two brothers and a sister with whom I have always played. Business has forced my brother Byron, now thirty, out of all sports except golf. The younger brother, Jarvis, or "Chubby" as we call him, is just as crazy about golf as I am. Dad can play a good game, too, when his woods and his irons are working properly and together.

P. & A. photo

The American women's team at Sunningdale, England. Top row, left to right: Fritzi Stiefel, Louise Fordyce, Virginia Van Wie, Helen Hicks, Maureen Orcutt, Bernice Wall, Virginia Holzderber, Mrs. Hazel Martelle, and Mrs. Lee Mida. Bottom row: Mrs. O. S. Hill, Edith Quier, Marian Bennett, Glenna Collett, Mrs. Stuart Hanley, Mrs. Leo G. Federman, Peggy Wattles, and Rosalie Knapp.

I was born in Cedarhurst, Long Island, on February 11, 1911. My father is Jarvis S. Hicks, vice president of the Long Island City Savings Bank. As a little girl I did not have much use for dolls. I was much happier playing baseball or other games with the boys. My real athletic career began, I suppose, when I entered Lawrence (Long Island) High School at the age of twelve. The first term I played basket ball. This rather strenuous game made a strong appeal to me. The first game I went in as a sub forward, but two weeks later I was a regular. I can tell you, this rapid advancement was the result more of hard work than natural aptitude.

When the snow cleared away the next spring I had to make up my mind what I would do next. I decided to try for the track team. I must admit that I was not much good at running, but I did not do so badly at broad jumping. My mark for the latter was 15 feet 2 inches. Then I went in for swimming and, later, tennis. I also did a little golf as a side line.

BY the time school let out I had been bitten by the golf bug. I spent all that summer knocking a ball around. On my thirteenth birthday I got one of the biggest thrills of my life—a bag of clubs consisting of a driver, brassie, and four irons, a present from dad.

Before it was time to go back to school I could hit quite a good ball, or at least I thought I could. I had had no lessons, but just went along my own way, swinging the clubs as I saw the best players handle them, and as it felt most comfortable. I think, after all, that this is the best way to pick up the game, at least when you are young. Youngsters are like monkeys. They are great imitators, and for some reason or another have the knack, at least in golf, of picking up the best points in the methods of the experts.

It was not until 1925 that I really got into the game seriously. My love of all sports had hardened my muscles and nerves so that I was fit at the start of my golf career. I must confess that when I first handled a club I used to grip it as if it were a baseball bat. Then one day I was playing at Inwood with dad, Chubby, and Jack Mackie, Jr., son of the pro. I seemed to be doing pretty well for a youngster, but, of course, most of my long shots fell far short of those of the three men.

At the end of the first nine holes Jack came up to me and told me that I would never become a good player unless I learned to hold a club properly. He then showed me the famous Vardon overlapping grip. He also gave me some good pointers on timing. The next nine holes were a revelation to me. For the first time I felt what it was to really play golf. I can tell you, as soon as you are able to give the ball a good biff of 200 yards or so, you are a confirmed golfer. Then nothing but old age or infirmity can keep you off the links.

I BEGAN to get quite cocky about my game, and wanted to get into a real tournament. Dad and Chubby laughed at me. In Golf Illustrated I read that the Metropolitan Junior Championship tournament was to be held at the Englewood Golf Club in New Jersey. So I sent in my entry without telling anyone about it.

I then put in many days of hard work practicing on the links. I did not want to make a mess of it the first time I appeared in public. Of course, I had to let my father into the secret finally, so that when the tournament opened on September 14, he drove me over to Englewood.

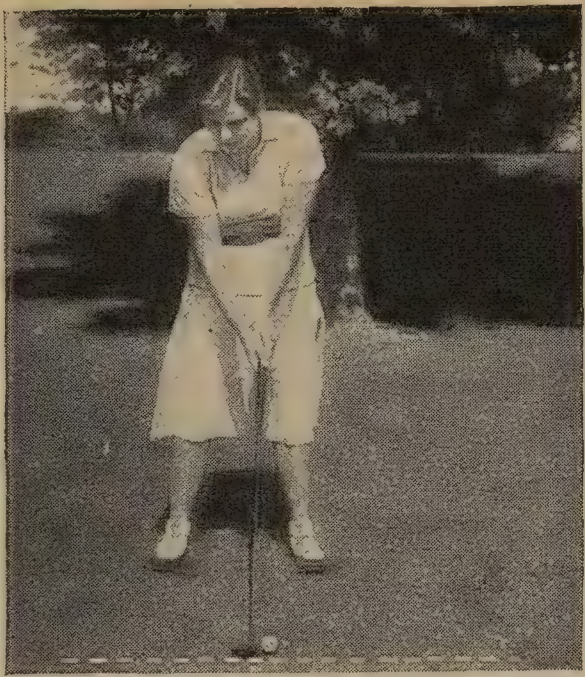
I was paired with Ruth Brill, from Inwood, who was in a way quite a veteran of these junior championships. I did not do so badly. I went out in 47 and coming up to the eighteenth tee I had a chance to win with a par three for a 93. There was quite a gallery around the eighteenth green, and another big crowd on the club veranda. My! How thrilled I was!

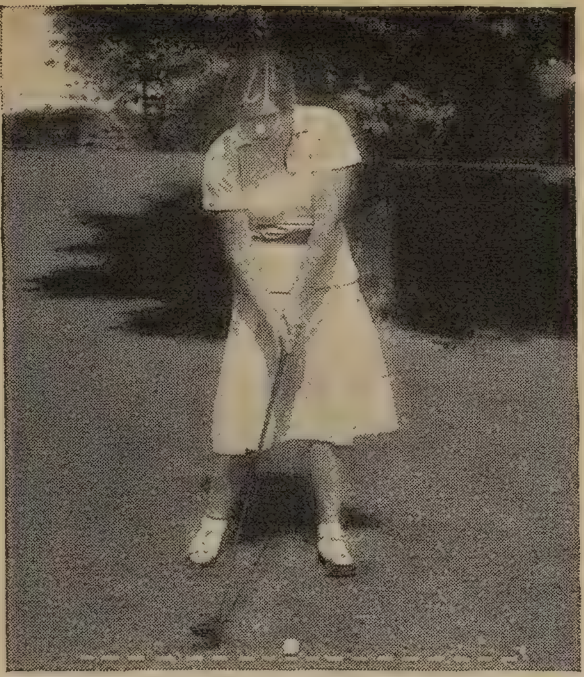
The last hole at Englewood is a short one—about 165 yards. I took my brassie, hoping to land on the green. I was short, and my ball landed in the sand with the green far above me. I drew out my niblick and took a mighty swing at the ball. It rose beautifully out of the pit—and landed in the long grass on the far side of the green! It took three more shots to get up on the carpet. Then I had a chance of at least making a six if I could hole out a long putt. I missed it. I was so embarrassed at this beastly exhibition that I picked up the ball and fled to the clubhouse.

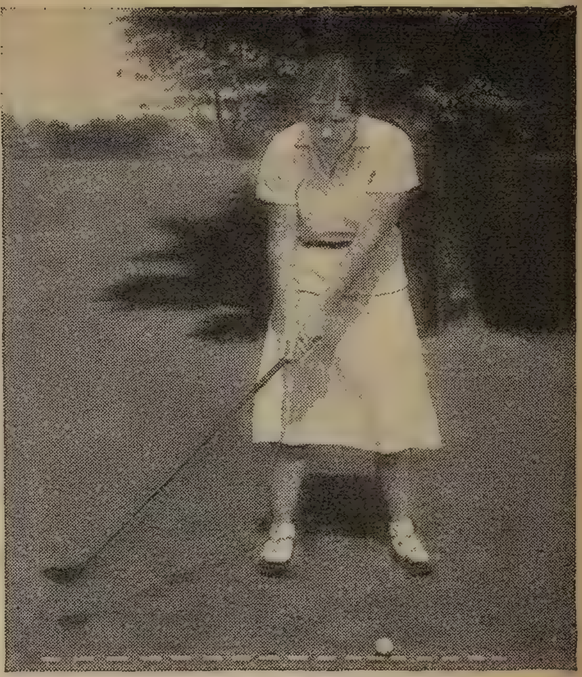
Right there I got my first lesson in championship golf. According to the rules of the United States Golf Association, in medal play every stroke must be holed out or a penalty of two is incurred. This gave me a 98, of which I was not ashamed.

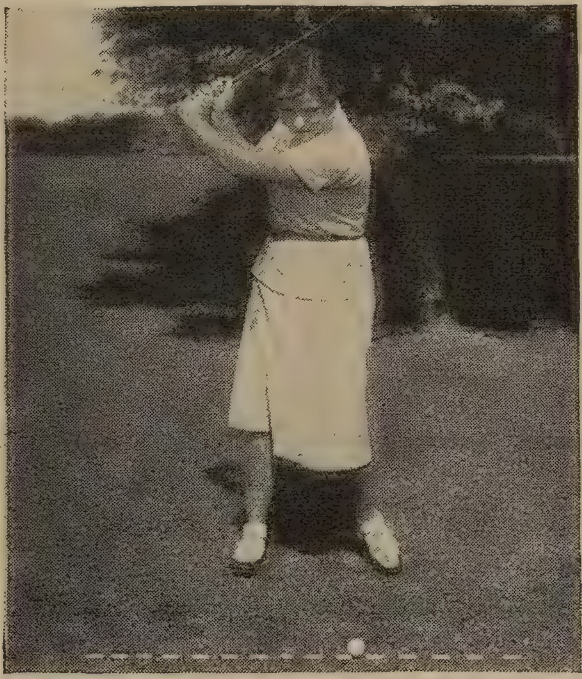
Dorothy Smith, from Pomonok, had 94, which was low, and won. Ruth Brill had a 96, and my 98 took third place.

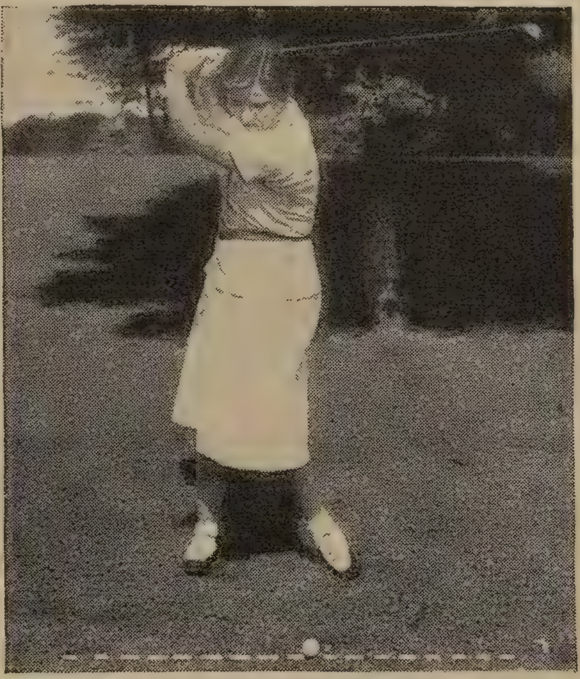
Believe me, when I got back home I commenced to study the rule book, and before the time came around for the championship next year I knew it backward. All that

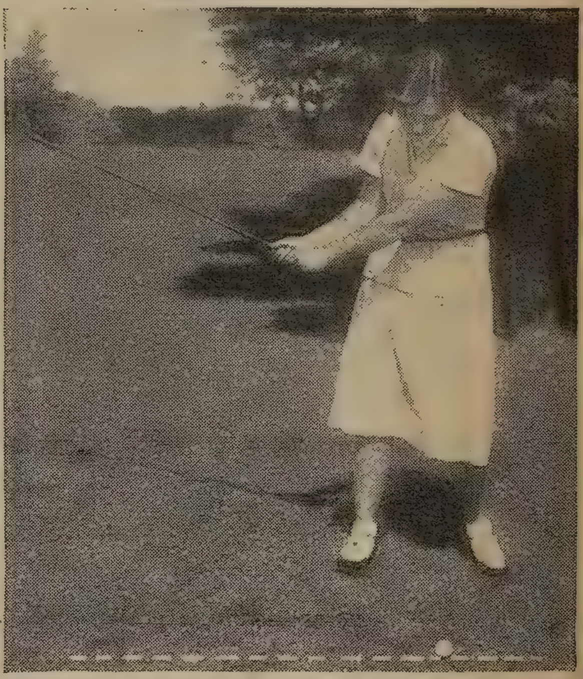

How Helen makes those wonder shots with a wood. She takes her stance . . .

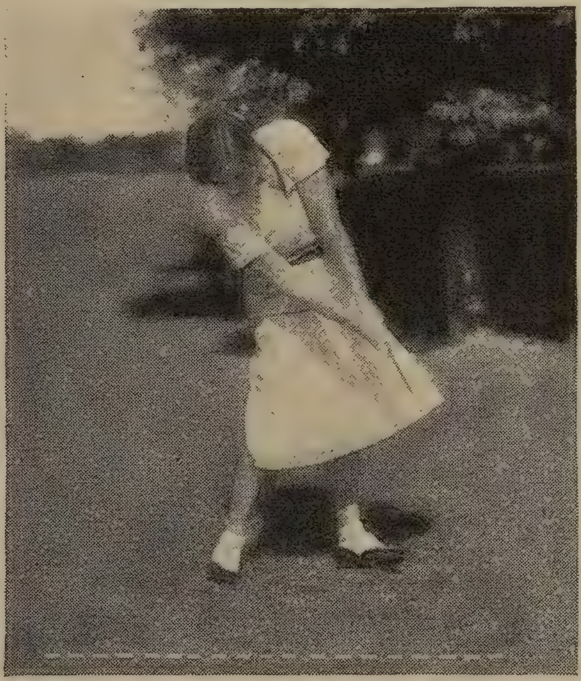

And, addressing the unsuspecting ball, waggles the club a little, before . . .

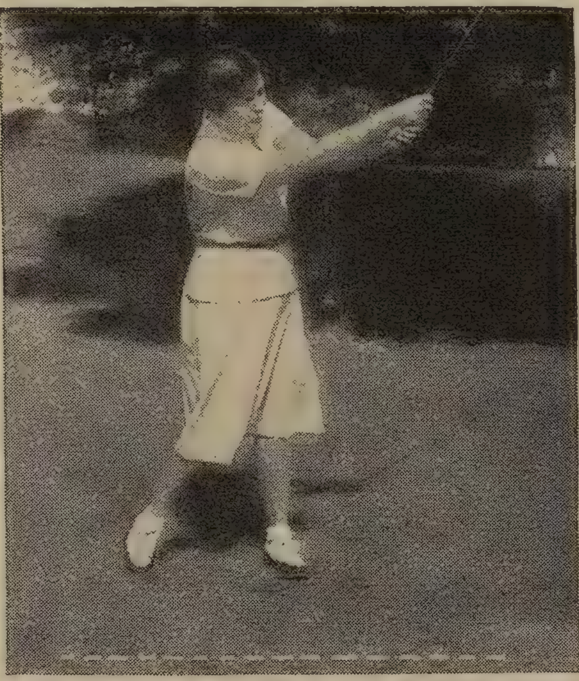

Starting the club back. No sway of body or turn of wrists in evidence.

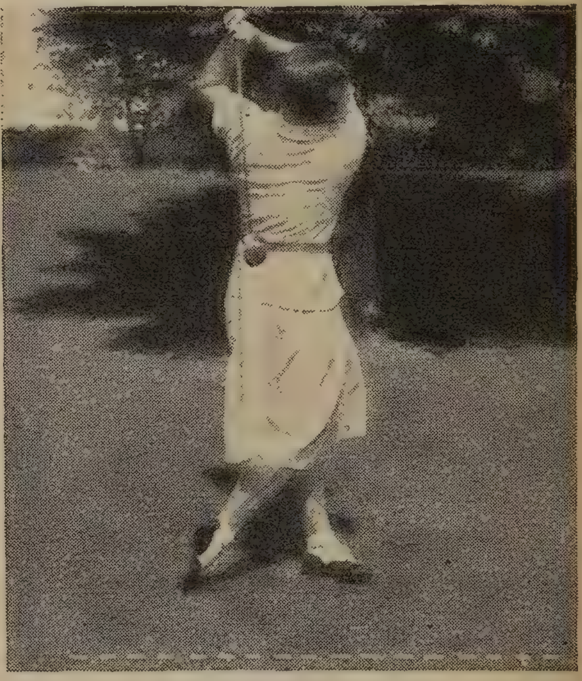

Slow and graceful does it. See any signs of her trying to kill the ball?


Perfect rhythm and balance are characteristic as she reaches top of swing.


Down she comes with the club. Left arm in control; body turning, not swaying.


Well struck! And the club is too fast for the camera. Right hand's in charge.


Following through. Not until after the impact has her right hand turned over.


And the finish, with her whole body pointing in line with the whizzing ball.

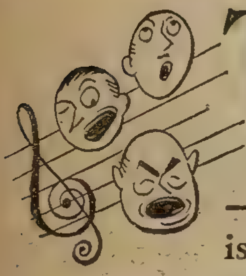
P. & A. photos

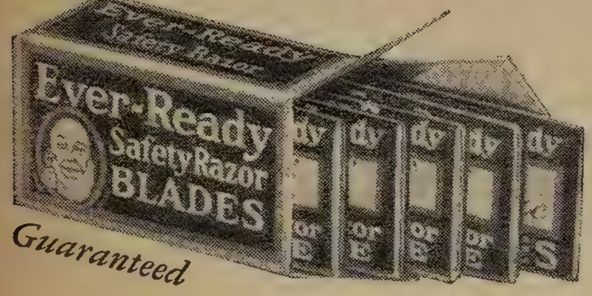
summer, too, I practiced my shots. The result was that in 1926 I won the championship.

I won this junior event three times, and then automatically graduated from the kid class.

My advice to girl golfers is to enter all the tournaments they can. Only in this way can a girl acquire a true fighting spirit and gain experience. Of course, golf

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]





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Tenors, baritones, basses—a new crop of soloists is springing up in American homes. These Singing Shavers learned to sing by using the Ever-Ready Blade. It is so keen that whiskers fairly float off before it. It is so durable that each blade gives many more shaves. Join the Singing Shavers. Buy Ever-Ready Blades today.

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Also makers of Ever-Ready Shaving Brushes

Ever-Ready
BLADES

[OUT OF THE ROUGH AT NINETEEN
Continued from page forty-seven]

should not be taken too seriously. It is only a game, but it is lots of fun playing with topnotchers, and the only way a person can get in with the first flight is to become used to the ordeal of a major event.

I played in my first major tournament in 1927. This was the Women's Long Island Championship at the Timber Point Golf Club, East Islip.

I qualified in sixteenth place in a triple tie with Rosalie Knapp and Elvie Hollins, with 100 as a score. Marion Hollins, former National champion, won the qualifying round with an 85. I started match play with Mrs. C. D. Smithers, of the Women's National Links. I lost, and perhaps it was my own fault, for at the twelfth hole, on which there is a water hazard, while waiting for Mrs. Smithers to play her shot I picked pebbles out of the sand in which I had landed and threw them into the water. Mrs. Smithers called the hole on me.

OF course, I had done wrong. According to the rules of the game one must not touch anything in a trap. Believe me, even if I should see a diamond ring resting in a trap I would never touch it—until the shot was played.

Mrs. Smithers was a good sport. As we walked back to the clubhouse she said to me smilingly, " I am glad that I beat you today. I shall never be able to do it again."

That was the sort of encouragement I needed.

I did not play very much golf that summer, although I did enter three Metropolitan one-day tournaments. At North Shore I had a 96, which was only one more than the score of Mrs. James McMillan.

I am afraid my scores were pretty high that year, but I won at the Lenox Hills Club with an 85. True, I had a 7 handicap, and my opponent, Miss Lillian Holland, a 3. Miss Holland took the low gross score, and I took the low net prize.

I decided to enter the Woman's National Championship at the Cherry Valley Club at Garden City, Long Island. Since this club is near my home, I went over the course every day for a week or so before the championship started, to acquaint myself with the course.

When the opening day came I found myself paired with Mrs. Ellen Paterson, of Massachusetts, who had been playing in the National every year since 1900. We had quite a large gallery when we started off at 9:45—because Glenna Collett was to tee off at 10!

I did not do so well. My drives were long and true, my brassies kept out of the rough and traps, but there was everything the matter with my putting. I did not make the championship flight. I was nosed out by one stroke. Ninety-one made it, and I had a 92.

Miss Ada McKenzie won the qualifying round with a 77. Our Metropolitan champion, Maureen Orcutt, and Miriam Burns Horn, from Kansas City, were close on her heels with 78s. Virginia Van Wie, Mlle. de la Chaume, of France (who is now Mme. René Lacoste), and Glenna followed with 82, 83, and 85 respectively.

The finalists were Maureen and Miriam, the latter winning by 4 and 3.

When the handicaps for the 1928 season were published I found my handicap had been reduced from 7 to 3. I was now playing in the 80s.

The young lady shows her medals trophies Helen Hicks has

Nothing much happened that summer until September, when I defended the girls' Metropolitan Junior Championship at Englewood. I won by 20 strokes with an 88. I might mention that Miss Margaret Mackie, the thirteen-year-old daughter of the Inwood pro, won the driving contest.

A FEW days later mother, dad, my sister Marion, and I set off in an automobile for Hot Springs, Virginia, for the Woman's National. For three days preceding the tournament it poured, so we played over a heavy and soggy course.

I made the championship flight with an 89. Maureen Orcutt came in with a low score of 80, and Miss Kathleen Wright, from Pasadena, was second with an 82. On the first day of match play I drew Miss Wright, and won 1 up. The next day I drew Miss Dora Virtue, from Canada. Dora is a little bit of a thing, but she can certainly hit a long ball. We had a neck-and-neck struggle all the way, and I finally lost on the nineteenth hole. Putting, they say, wins championships, and it was putting that put me out at Hot Springs.

I was a senior in the Lawrence High School in 1928, and had to pass six subjects to graduate. Much as I loved my golf, I did not want to fall back in my studies, so you may imagine I had a strenuous year.

At the beginning of that year the boys at Lawrence had organized a golf team. I tried to get up a girls' team, but I seemed to be the only one of the "weaker sex" who was interested in the great Scottish pastime. There was only one thing for me to do, and that was to get on the boys' team. The boys laughed at me when I put this suggestion up to them. However, I was told to show what I could do. I went out and gave a sort of exhibition game. I made the grade, and played second position. Billy Myers, the 1927 Long Island Junior champion, was first. We had a lot of fun that summer playing inter-school matches, only one of which we lost.

P. & A. photo

—or, rather, cups. Some of the won in her brief career.

THESE school games got my picture into the papers for the first time. I was regarded as a kind of freak, and the New York newspapers played me up as a rival to a girl out west who captained a boys' baseball team.

One of these days most athletic teams will be mixed when a team is being picked to represent a school, a college, or even the nation, whether it be in swimming, polo, golf, or tennis. The powers that be will throw the competition for places open to all—men and women.

Another thing about this summer of 1928 was that I first really appreciated the pleasure of playing with the crack women players of the country, and right here I would like to say that there are no finer sportswomen than the ranking lady golfers. They are always willing to help out. One afternoon I was playing in an important match with Marion Hollins, former National champion. She had a one-inch putt for a 6, and I had a ten-foot putt for a win and the match. Naturally I was very anxious. Miss Hollins saw this, and as I was looking over the line of the putt she came up behind me and said:

"Take your time, kiddie; sink this one and it will all be over."

Of course, this steadied me, and I sank the ball and won. It's nice to know that not long ago Marion became several times a millionaire through an astute business stroke.

One of the rewards of playing good golf is that you get invitations to play in all parts of the country, and even abroad. I was terribly excited when it was suggested, in 1929, that I go to Bermuda for my first tournament outside of my native land. I went down to the steamship line and collected all the maps and charts and booklets about Bermuda I could lay my hands on.

My companions on the trip included Louise Fordyce, Edith Quier, Ada McKenzie, and Maureen Orcutt. In the final of the Bermuda turnament I beat Ada 1 up, and so won the championship. I received a gold medal for the qualifying round, a year cup presented by the Bermuda government, and a cup presented by the Riddles

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Millions love its keen, fresh flavor, its satiny smoothness, its mellow quality and its kindly aid to digestion.

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM *aids digestion*

OUT OF THE ROUGH AT NINETEEN
Continued from page forty-nine

Bay Club which I was told I might keep. I won several other matches in Bermuda.

When I got home dad met me with a big grin. He told mother and me to pack up our suitcases and we set off for the tournaments in Florida. I started my Florida campaign at Miami. Down there I met three professionals—Jack Hagen of Salisbury, Jack McAllister of Queens Valley, and Jack Flaherty of Woodway. These three pros were very good to me, and I played with them for four days before the tournament. Thanks to all their helpful hints, I won the championship of Miami by beating Mrs. John Arends, of Chicago, 7 and 5.

From Miami we went on to Palm Beach. It was here that I won my first match from "Gino" Van Wie. It was for the Florida state championship. That night we had a grand time when the prizes were presented. There were speeches, and we were nearly blinded by the cameramen's flashlights.

Tournament Victories of Helen Hicks

Metropolitan Junior	1926, '27, '28
Bermuda	1929
Miami	1929
Florida State	1929
Absecon	1929
Long Island	1929
Flossmoor	1929
Canadian	1929
Berthellyn	1929
Mid-South Open	1930
St. Valentine	1930
New York State	1930

A few days later I was playing in the beautiful old Spanish town of St. Augustine for the Florida East Coast championship, where I witnessed one of the most sporting acts of my life. I had drawn Madge Miller, of Detroit, for the first round. Unfortunately, the night before I had an attack of ptomaine poisoning, and the news was spread around that I was out of the tournament. Madge heard the rumor, called me up on the phone, and said:

"If there is any defaulting to be done in the morning I'm going to do it; you've got to go out and play a good round against Glenna"—Glenna being the defending champion.

Then, when the doctor had given me permission to play, I went out and beat Pinkey Vahey, of Boston, 4 and 2. This gave me my first chance to meet the great Glenna.

OF course, the match with Glenna drew a big gallery. I don't think anybody was particularly interested in me, but nevertheless it was quite exciting to be trailed by a big crowd, which, incidentally, included Walter Hagen and Johnny Farrell.

There was not much difference between our drives. But when Glenna landed her second shot with a brassie dead to the pin I wondered whether she always did it that way. However, I managed to pull myself together and, after trailing most of the way, squared the match at the thirteenth hole. We halved the fourteenth and the fifteenth, and I won the sixteenth, which made me 1 up for the first time. I won the seventeenth, which made me 2 up. Glenna good-naturedly picked up the two balls, and heartily congratulated me on my victory.

Right here let me say that Glenna is a 100 per cent American sportswoman. As good a player as she is, she does not take the game too seriously.

I think this game with Glenna was the turning point in my game. I learned a lot from watching her. I learned, for one thing, not to be bothered by big galleries, not to go awry with my putter just because I hear the click of cameras. I might add that the women at the top hardly ever mind galleries. They have learned to concentrate on the matter in hand.

SCHOOL basket ball and field athletics have ended my fear of large audiences.

While I am discussing crowds, I might add that the average golf gallery is composed of the most considerate people in the world. On a golf course we never have bottles thrown at us. We are never razzed. In fact, when a golfer is about to make a shot it is seldom that a sound can be heard. The worst we suffer from galleries is on the greens, when everyone pushes closer to see "the last putt drop." I don't believe that in the 300 years or more of golf has a player ever been subjected to the treatment meted out to the temperamental Bill Tilden at Forest Hills. Golf galleries are traditionally polite. Golf is a gentleman's game, and everyone seems to know it.

Last spring I was invited to be one of the team of American golfers to go to England. I wondered where I was going to get the money to pay for the trip. You know, it costs about a thousand dollars to go over to England for four or five weeks of golf, and I didn't feel like asking dad for it, as I hoped to go to California in the fall.

The gods smiled on me, for at the same time a business proposition presented itself to sell real estate at Pinehurst, North Carolina. I was pretty successful selling lots. In fact, in the three months I made more than my fare to England and back in commissions. We hope that the U. S. G. A. will see fit to make arrangements for the women as it does for the Walker Cup team.

We sailed on the Berengaria April 22, and for many of us it was our maiden voyage, and we had a knockout time. I believe if we had had a few more days to acclimatize ourselves in England chances for victory over the English girls would have been greater.

However, we had a glorious time in England. We were treated royally from the very moment we landed at Southampton. They even stopped the special express boat train to London at Sunningdale so that we might get off for a little practice before the opening matches of the following day. The boat docked at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and we were practicing by 3 o'clock.

The greens troubled the Americans very much at Sunningdale. We found them exceptionally large and particularly fast. My Scottish conqueror, Jean McCullouch, putted me right off the greens. We lost the team matches, eight and a half matches to six and a half.

Although an American failed to win the British championship, I might say that all the American girls profited by their experience abroad.

The English girls are delightful to play with, but are not very communicative. Perhaps, after all, that is not because they are golfers, but because they are British.

At Formby I was eliminated in the sixth round by Miss Enid Wilson in the British Championship. Enid is a strapping girl who can hit a ball a mile. Glenna reached the final, only to bow down to Diana Fishwick.

The weather bothered us quite a bit. I am not trying to give an alibi, but those cold, raw winds that blew over the Formby links from the Irish Sea certainly cut us to the marrow. We had to pile on sweaters, dig out the heaviest stockings from our trunks, and if we only had had them with us, we would have put on our woolies, too. Most of us had gone straight from Florida to England. It was like jumping out of the frying pan into the ice box.

BUT, after all, this is golf. No course is the same from one day to another. Even at St. Andrews, the greens may be as fast as lightning one day, and as soft as lambs' wool the next. A good golfer knows how to change her style according to the wind and weather conditions of the day. We must not kick. We must consider the misty, cold winds of Formby as just one of the " rubs of the game."

Before I leave the British Isles I must say one word about Gleneagles in Scotland. The course there is one of the most beautiful I have ever played. But the day we played there was a ninety-mile gale, hail, and plenty of rain—a good sample of English weather.

Two days after the English Sportsman's Club in London had given the " American lady golfers " a luncheon at the Savoy Hotel we left for Paris. Crossing the English Channel was no joke. I might have been on rougher water at some time, but I can't remember when. The hour and ten minutes it took to cross seemed like a year, and there was no distinction between the stronger and weaker sexes.

We were as cordially greeted and as royally treated in Paris as we had been in England. We played the French ladies at St. Germain, a suburb of Paris, and won, 8½ and 2½, so we felt a bit as if we'd squared ourselves for the defeat in England. We sailed from Cherbourg on the Mauretania May 31, after six weeks of very enjoyable experience.

There were many invitation tournaments after our return. However, after our strenuous activities abroad I decided a good rest would be the best thing for my game. I played only in the first Woman's New York State Championship at the Oakhill Club in Rochester and defeated Maureen Orcutt in the final.

As an encouragement to girls who might hesitate about taking up golf because of the expense and trouble of expert tuition, I might say I have never had a real golf lesson in my life. I cannot help thinking that any normal girl who has not sapped her vitality and wrecked her nerves by too many late parties can learn the game herself by careful observation and honest effort. As I said at the beginning, a lot of hokum has been written about the mysteries of golf. There is nothing mysterious about the game. Supernatural gifts are not needed to hit a little white ball with a golf club. All that is needed is a healthy body and a clear mind.

Don't run away with the idea that I spurn advice. I have always been ready to listen to the words of wisdom of the great exponents of the game.

I have been fortunate in having been able to play a

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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HAND IN HAND WHITING & DAVIS CO MESH BAGS WITH FASHION

[OUT OF THE ROUGH AT NINETEEN
Continued from page fifty-one]

great deal with men. The men players, both amateur and professional, have always been very kind and helpful to me.

For instance, I remember one day, playing with Leo Diegel, I got into the rough and made a mess of it getting out. Leo walked over to me and remarked, "Get your hands up higher, Billy, and you will do better."

Since that day getting into the rough (which I often do) doesn't rattle me. I keep my hands up higher, and so get more power behind the club.

Another time Gene Sarazen, who had been watching me, observed that I had been playing with "too much open stance," so I readjusted the angle, and found that I could pivot more easily and so get a longer ball.

Jack Mackie, pro at the Inwood Club, has been a constant help from the beginning in all phases of the game, and I always turn to him for advice when difficulties arise.

It was Doctor Willing, the famous golfer of Portland, Oregon, who pointed out to me the importance of putting. There is not much good getting on the green in two and then taking three putts. Doctor Willing told me always to putt for the hole. "Don't putt safe," he said, "unless it is necessary, as for instance on a rolling or very fast green, but play for the hole as a general thing. Never up; never in."

WHICH reminds me, in England Horton Smith was asked by a Londoner: "Will you have a drink, old man?" "No, thanks," replied Horton. "Have a smoke?" "No." "Not even a cigar?" "No." "Or a cigarette?" "No." "Haven't you any bad habits?" "Oh, yes—I'm short on my putts sometimes."

Golf is the cleanest game in the world. Judges, referees, linesmen, and foot-fault detectives are not needed on a golf course. Golf teaches poise, grace, concentration, and good sportsmanship. The old saying "a sportsman and a gentleman" might be "a golfer and a gentleman."

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In Bobby Jones we have the greatest golfer the world has ever known. There are more good golfers in this country at the present day than there are in the whole of England and Scotland. And this formidable army of linksmen is getting bigger every day.

And that reminds me—

There is enormous interest among the millions of golfers as to what effect on their game the new and larger ball will have. This new ball is supposed to help the duffer and not handicap the crack player too much. Here's my own experience.

ON a perfect golfing day I played with Doc Sowers, a fine golfer, at Inwood. We both started with the new ball, and got results much the same — carry, roll, direction, control. For the first five holes we were even par.

A severe thunder shower came up and we quit for half an hour or so till the sun came out again. There was then a heavy wind as well as heavy turf. Doc Sowers changed to the old ball and I continued with the new one as we resumed play.

The game changed immediately and surprisingly. The Doc outplayed me now, outdriving by at least ten yards and achieving at least a club's-length difference on the green.

Personally, I can't see that the larger ball will give the mediocre player any advantage. True, it does sit up a wee bit better in the fairway, but in a cuppy lie, a clover lie, a flat lie, or even a good lie, it's going to be very much the same on the next shot as the old and smaller ball. And in the wind the beginner's pet slices and hooks are going to be greatly emphasized, the new ball being somewhat featherlike in a gale.

I have been asked about miniature golf. I can't say I think it much of a game, except for amusement. It is no more golf than ping-pong is tennis. However, it is making hundreds of thousands of young people "golf-minded." The people who have been spending their evenings on Tom Thumb courses will want to swing a club out in the great wide open spaces.

THE END

The GREENHORN

A Short Short Story

By

CORREAN KIRKHAM SANDBERG

who was born in Indiana, put in three years acting ingenue rôles in Hollywood, and now is married and lives in Chicago. This is her second appearance on this page.

(Reading time: 4 min. 58 sec.)

PRACTICE makes perfect, even in crooked deals, and Tim Porter was past master at the art. He surveyed the map beside his desk with malicious satisfaction. Nothing remained to be done now except to break the news to Swen. He seated himself at the desk as the outer door opened and a blond young man stepped into the room.

"Sit down, Swen. Sit down. Might as well make yourself comfortable since we will be having quite a session here this afternoon. Just you and me, Swen—you and me." Tim's smile was somehow too friendly. Swen watched it stretched across the harsh lines of that cruel mouth like the misfit it was. Gingerly he seated himself upon the straight chair beside the desk. And even as he did so the smiling mask dropped from Tim's face.

In a brusque, businesslike voice he said, "Well, I guess we better get this little matter of the Point over with."

"Point? What Point?" A puzzled look spread across the young man's honest face.

"What Point? Why, your Point, Swen." Porter's laugh had a sharp edge to it. "It's like this: you remember that deed I gave you four years back for that peninsula, Swen?" Swen nodded vigorously. That deed represented his dreams for the future. Hadn't he chopped down trees and built that neat little log house all alone? Hadn't he grubbed out stumps and made a garden that would be the delight of his beloved Ingrid when she came to America in the late fall?

"Well, that deed wasn't any good, Swen. I faked it. So you don't really own that Point at all."

The room was still. Not a sound. Swen continued to stare into Porter's face. At last the eyes of the older man fell before that straight look. He fumbled about among his papers on the desk and then ended gruffly: "I hate to tell you this, Swen, but I have my orders from the head of the company. You have to get off the Point before the week is out. The gang will be in there next week to set up camp, and I told the lumber boss that he would find a nice little cabin there he could use for his headquarters. They plan on taking the timber off in three weeks."

THE clipped words fell into the silence of the room like staccato raindrops on an empty pan. Cautiously Porter drew the desk drawer halfway out. An ugly-looking gun lay within his reach.

Stillness. Not a word from Swen. The young man still sat motionless. Still keeping his right hand upon the gun, Porter half turned his head and pretended to be studying the map on the wall. Wouldn't do to let the greenhorn suspect he was even slightly uneasy. At last a low chuckle broke the silence. Porter's head swung about. For an instant he thought the Swede had lost his mind. One look into that smiling face gave the lie to that, however.

"Don't be taking out dat gun, Tim," Swen managed between laughs. "I ain't no vild man, you know dat."

"What is there to laugh at, you fool?" the lumberman snapped.

"I'm yust laughin' at the kindt off a greenhorn you tink I am. Dat's all," Swen retorted.

Porter's small eyes glinted angrily. "Come out of it, Swen. I mean business. You gotta get off that Point and damn' quick, too."

Swen nodded agreeably. "Yah. Yah. But dere iss anoder little bissness, Tim, dat I got vit you." He edged nearer to the desk and Tim saw a little piece of folded paper in one clenched hand. "You sold me dat Point. I paid you all I hadt for dis little paper. I haff vorkt hardt. I get retty for my vife. Now you tell me dat house an' garten, all dose years, are for notting?"

Tim Porter shrugged his shoulders as though he were really quite helpless.

"Business is business, Swen."

SWEN nodded slowly, and then, with that hint of laughter creeping again into his voice, he said, "Vell, dis iss anodder kind of bissness you an' me got to do today, Tim. No cheating bissness, eider. Honest kind. Funny kind for you, yah? I took dat deed you giff me to Lars Saunders. You know him?"

Porter knew him. Smartest young lawyer in northern Minnesota.

"I showed him dat paper you giff me. He knowed right off it vas no goodt. An' den he tought of a vay to make you vant me to keep my Point, Tim."

"Huh?" Porter's face was a masterpiece of bewilderment. "A way to make me *want* you to keep that Point? You're crazy, Swen."

"No, I ain't crazy." Swen rose, and, stepping to the map which showed his beloved peninsula and the surrounding country in stark relief, he traced slowly with his finger the course of the river which carried the logs down to the mill from the upper lake. His blunt finger stopped in the lowlands at the river's bend not far from his point of land.

"See dose meadows, Tim?"

"Sure I see them. I ain't blind."

"It's marked government land—ain't it?" queried Swen.

"Yep."

"Vell, it ain't belonged to the government for a long time. I bought it. I own it," Swen concluded mildly.

Porter's laughter filled the room. "You bought 'em? You're a bigger sucker than I thought for, Swen. Why, man alive, don't you know that when we raised the river to float down the logs that all those low meadows were flooded? That land's no earthly good, Swen."

Swen turned on him. "Yah. An' don't you know, Tim—smart faller like you—dat you can't flood a man's land vitout his permit?"

Porter sprang to his feet. "What you trying to pull here, anyway?"

Swen chuckled. "Notting, Tim. I yust said—you can't flood a man's land. An' I came here to tell you to take dat vater offen dose meadows damn' quvick."

"You know we can't afford to dam that river—nor drain those meadows, Swen."

Swen shrugged. "Take your pick. Or Lars Saunders says we gotta good case for court."

Porter sank back in his chair. He drew a roll of bills from his pocket and began thumbing them.

"I guess I know when I am beaten, Swen. What's your price for those damn' meadows?"

Swen smiled. "I vant a good deed for dat Point—an' de sale price for dose meadows ain't so cheap, neider!"

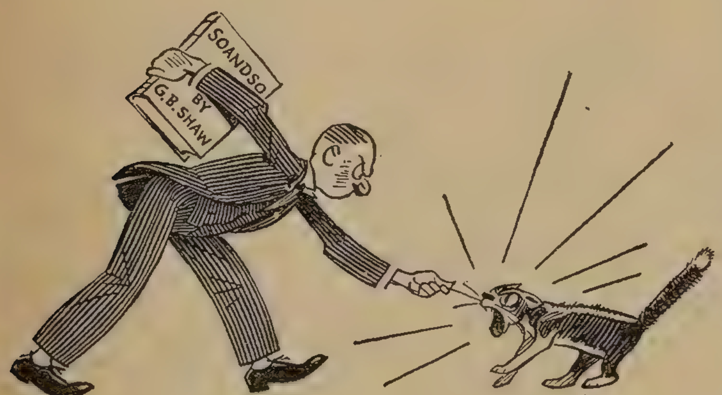
THE END

Vox

Sapient Reflections Suggested by an Interview with Mr. Shaw

New York, N. Y.—Somebody has said that whatever George Bernard Shaw writes is like an olive, or absinth, or New York, or an oyster, or a trip to Coney Island: you either like it or you hate it.

Well, a lot of the things Shaw says and writes make me so mad that I usually go right out after reading them, and pluck a whisker out of the jaw of the nearest cat.



But I'm here to state right here and now that your article, "Mr. Shaw Speaks Out," delighted me—that is, most of it did. With G. B. S. it's a case of "the older, the bolder."—*Still Another George.*

Leonia, N. J.—"Everything I don't eat has been proved indispensable to life." This is given by Hayden Church as one of G. Bernard Shaw's great flashes of wit. It may be, to some, but to most it will seem pure nonsense. One of the things that Shaw does not eat is cyanide of potassium.—*W. Ball.*

We'll Watch Our Step

Minneapolis, Minn.—In spite of a few old cranks who insist Liberty's stories are demoralizing and leading this good, high-minded country straight to the hot place, what keeps up your circulation? We'll tell you.

It's the humanness, the modern outlook of your magazine and most of all the spice of naughtiness which appeals to every living soul in America today. (We say *living* soul.) You seem to speak the language of our generation.

Now, come on—cut out this trend toward uplifting our minds and give us what we want. We're saying right now, for the majority of the public as well as ourselves, if Liberty is going to turn educational we're going to turn to other magazines.—*The Frat.*

It Just Seems as If We Can't Get Away with Anything

Chicago, Ill.—Why offer so many prize contests, when you know Liberty Magazine would go bankrupt if they ever paid out a stingy dollar in prize money? Perhaps you have succeeded in fooling 2,249,999 readers, but you'll have to get up earlier in the morning to fool me.—*Bill Popin.*

Albany, N. Y.—One dollar apiece for any question accepted and published. Five hundred dollars a week for Funny Faces. Five dollars apiece for any Bright Saying accepted and published. Five hundred dollars a week for limericks. One hundred dollars for each short short story published.

And not one cent paid out!

How do I know? Well, a little birdie saw one of your own artists make all of the faces funny, saw the editor himself write, accept, and publish his own twenty questions, limericks and short short stories, and write, accept and publish his own Bright Sayings.

Now, this little birdie was kind enough to fly right back and tell me about it.—*May B.*

No Sooner Submitted than Printed

Macon, Ga.—Why not offer a prize for the best short short short story? I'll submit one here and now. This one is a short short short story of a woman's life:

Hatched.
Matched.
Dispatched.—*Shorty.*

Some Day, When You Are an Editor, You Will Learn that You Can't Tell an Artist Anything

Cleveland, Ohio—What are you trying to do to me, drive me batty? I fall for a gal in a double page illustration of your story, "Blonde," by Douglas Newton, because she's got a face I could love, and I grab your old mag with both hands to read about this ten-carat beauty, and strike me blind if the author doesn't say that "she gave the mind a complete sense of nothingness," and that "her face seemed pudding all over; her nose was too broad, yet her mouth beat it." And, a piece down, I read that she's a "meek, flat-spirited, homely dump of a girl."

Have you made up your mind, Lib, not to let your right hand know what your left hand's doing? Even so, you ought to tell your artist, Ralph Pallen Coleman, to read that story some day when he's got time. It's real good.—*Puzzled.*

But Dot—We Might Like Having You Bite Us

New York, N. Y.—Couldn't you publish a happy story, even if you tried? I get Liberty every week but start crying before I have read two stories. About the only good thing is Kate Cameron's page. Please print something happy or I'll go mad, and bite you.—*Dot, an ardent kicker.*

Where?

Tarboro, N. C.—Your lament on publishing "The Biography of Loar" was much ado about nothing.

The author got it out of her mind by writing it.

The publisher got it out of his mind by publishing it.

Bloser got it out of his system by copying it and sending it to Liberty.

And Liberty, thinking it was good stuff, paid for it and got it into print as quickly as possible.

So there you are.—*Pro Bono Publico.*

Well, You Could Practice on Ours

St. Joseph, Mo.—According to my way of thinking you should stop asking us twenty questions every week for the following reason:

Most of your readers are adults trying to raise little children up to be adults. Said children can and do ask fifty questions while you're thinking up one.

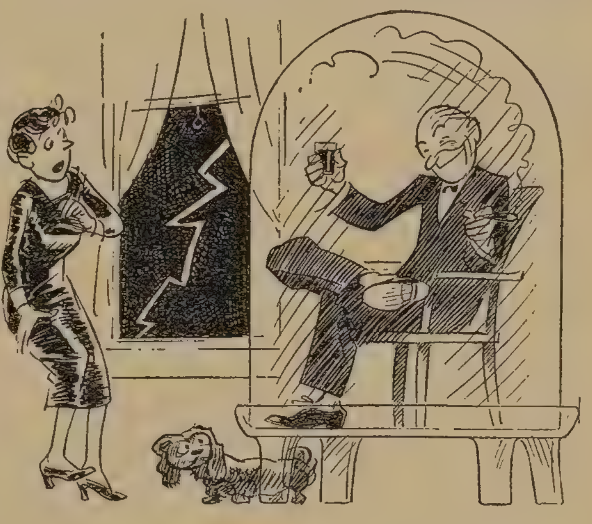
And what questions! They make yours read like a primer.—*B. R. O. D.*

Aw, You Big Mushroom!

St. Louis, Mo.—Where one man has broken the trail, another man may follow.

In other words, since Robert Benchley has come right out and admitted that he's a coward, in his article, "The Truth About Thunderstorms," I feel free to confess that I'm a shrinking, quivering, lily-livered jellyfish where lightning is concerned.

I am one of those men who has fought to conquer the dread of thunderbolts all his life. At last I gave up. Instead of continuing to squeak like a mouse whenever the thunder rolled, I determined to do something about it. Says I to myself, "Glass is a non-conductor. I'll have an insulated glass case built for myself—one plenty big enough to hold me—and climb in when it starts to storm."



Believe it or not, I did it.

I now sit serene even though the heavens fall.—*Another Man Who Fears Lightning.*

Pop

We Had a Better Idea. We Stopped the Pictures

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Below your "What's Wrong Here?" picture for September 13 you stated: "The artist made ten mistakes in drawing this picture. Try to find them," etc.

That got my goat because I claim that more than ten mistakes were made. The picture showed a schoolroom, and the clock in it showed that the hour was seven o'clock. What would the pupils and teacher be doing there at seven?

Also, the little girl at the desk had a book marked "History," but there were arithmetical calculations written on it. Another thing: there was no groove for pencils in the upper part of the tilted, flat tops of the desks.

None of these things were listed as mistakes. But you put down, as one of the mistakes, the fact that the boy at the blackboard was writing with his left hand. If you're right about this, my life—yes, I'm left-handed—must be one long error!

So be your age! Do better. But if you can't, I've got an idea. I own the sweetest puppy that always wags his tail when he sees food. Let's tie a brush or a pencil to his tail, back him up against some canvas or a sheet of paper, and let him do his wagging. He'll give us better pictures than the one that made me mad.—*The Left-Handed Girl Critic.*

We Publish Other People's Biographies: Not Our Own

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Before the editors of Liberty were editors, they must have been bartenders or comic strip artists. —*Jenkins.*

A Southerner Speaks

LIVINGSTONE, TENN.—In "Corsair" Walton Green lets one of his characters make the statement that "California is nothing but transplanted easterners, just as the new south is a lot of transplanted New Englanders."

The second part of this statement indicates that Mr. Green is one of those who harbor the delusion that the progress now evident in the south is due to a late advent into this country of dynamic men from the north. Only in the case of Florida has northern influence helped the south; and, as has lately been demonstrated, Florida has in the end been hindered more than helped by the northern invasion.

The greatest influx that the north has sent to the south was that of the carpetbaggers, following the Civil War. The damage done by that predatory group was typical of the "help" which the north has rendered the south since the Civil War.

The new south has more favorable prospects for the future than any other section of the country. Its morale is excellent, and it has the best climate and most abundant natural resources in America. It has risen by its own efforts from the depths of 1865 to its present prosperity *in spite of the north.—Charles Reeves.*

For Mr. Thrasher

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I'm telling you I'd buy Liberty if it only had a cover. Why, I just can't wait to see what Leslie Thrasher's next cover picture is going to look like.—*Carolyn Bauer.*

MINOT, N. D.—We think big peepul aw full silly not to like Gwen and U. We are so glad U got found We coudnet sleep while he was lost. thank you With love yours truly—*Rosie and George Janigita age 8 and 7 year.*

We All Make Mistakes

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—Liberty will doubtless experience a decided drop in its circulation since it published "On the Long Beaches," by Beatrice Grimshaw. The story was almost decent.—*M. E. Heynes.*

CINCINNATI, OHIO—Did some one put in Philip Gibbs' story by accident, or couldn't you find any more of your usual moronic stories?—*R. E. T.*

And Furthermore

NEW YORK, N. Y.—"Fellow Prisoners" was indeed an excellent piece of work—genuine, as only Sir Philip Gibbs' stories can be. My sincerest felicitations, Mr. Gibbs. I know a good story when I read one. 'Nuf said.—*Sada K. Spector.*

Yep. It's that Kind of a World

CHICAGO, ILL.—It would please me, a loyal American citizen, to believe that the people of our country love superior intelligence.

But when I begin to entertain such ideas I am saddened by the contemplation of the national popularity of the Republican Party, miniature golf, Rudy Vallée, and Liberty.—*W. R. Odell.*

She Didn't Sign Her Name, but By Golly, She Sent the Dollar!

SOUTHPORT, N. C.—Last Sunday morning my husband lay, a clammy green—praying to die. So I tried some of those "Hangover Hall" dishes.

The old man opened one blighted eye on a raw beef and onion sandwich and swore. Wouldn't touch the tomato juice either. So I just set them down beside him and started reading Mr. Frank Leon Smith's story, "Skyrocket," in Liberty, pitching my voice louder than his groans.

After a while the groans dropped into chuckles, the chuckles melted into munching. The tomato juice and sandwich disappeared.

Said he later in the day—"I think everybody who reads that story ought to send a dollar to buy a medal for the guy who wrote that story—why, it saved my life—funniest thing I ever read and don't that boy know the psychology of a hangover! Write Vox Pop and send 'em a dollar to start a Smith Medal Campaign on, and ask 'em to say when there's going to be another story by Mr. Smith."

Here's the dollar.

Of course his life isn't worth but .95—but it was worth more than a nickel to me to get him to laughing so he would stop groaning—and I thank you kindly.

Excuse blotches. My husband would pick his teeth with the only pen in the house last Sat. night.—*A Wife in a Million.*

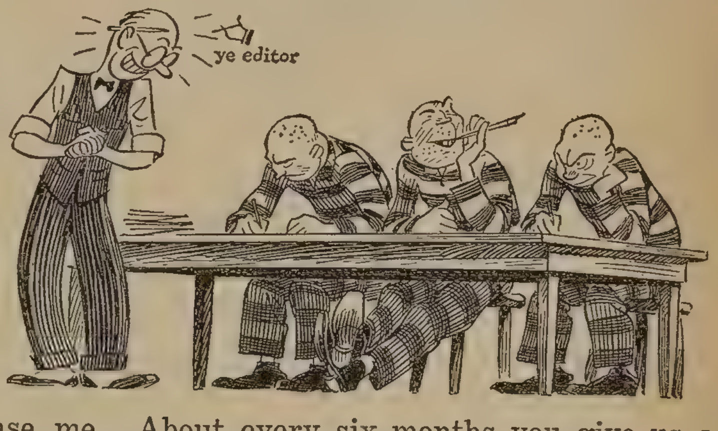
There Are Some Things a Man Must Decide for Himself

NEW MARTINSVILLE, W. VA.—I ask to know.

Is Robert Benchley's stuff really supposed to be humorous? If so, when do we laugh?—*J. W. H.*

Plea for Some Decent Stories

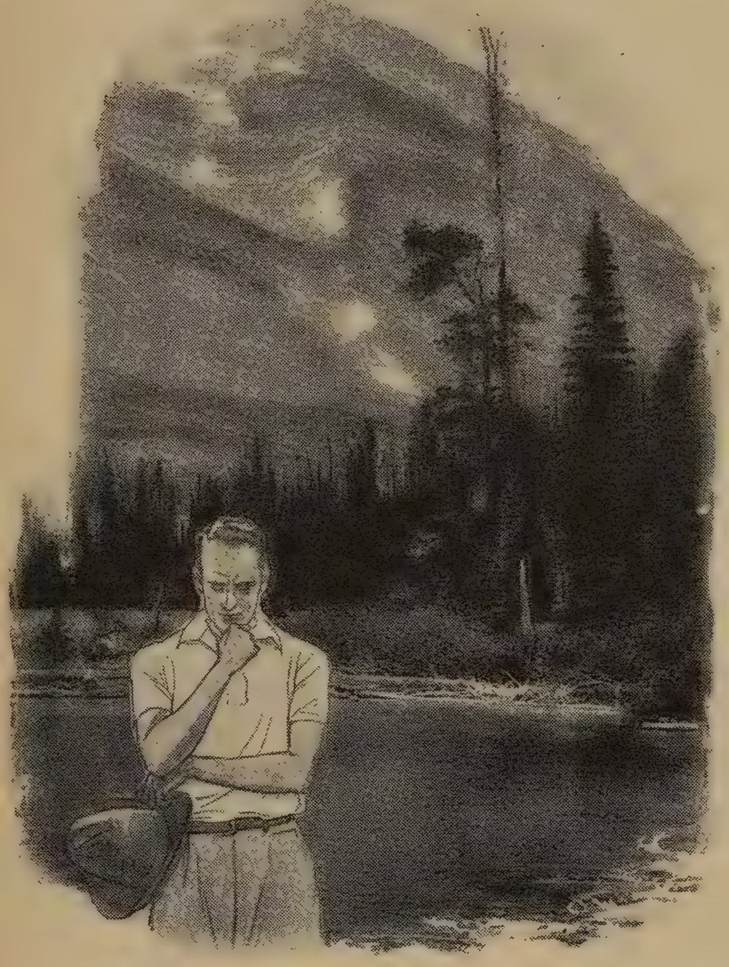
ROCK ISLAND, ILL.—Who ever told you guys that you had a good magazine? About every six months you give us a break and give us a good story by one of these Heist Guys. If you can't find anything else that's worth publishing, bust into some jail and get a bunch of them guys out, and make 'em sit down and write for Liberty. By doing this you might get some decent stories for a while.—*An Ex-Booster.*



Problems of Conduct

What Would You Do?

Here Is This Week's Question



You are obliged to spend one week above the timber line in a dry season, going on horseback and returning the same way at eleven o'clock on the night of the seventh day. There is no vegetation except inedible foliage and the only water is a spring fifty-four feet straight below.

The following equipment is offered to you: a safety match; the safety-match box; an ordinary match; a blanket; oats; bag for the oats; a horseshoe; a flashlight; a rope fifty feet long; a raw steak; a watch with a luminous dial; an ordinary watch; a bucket.

You are to choose only five of these articles. Which five would you take with you?

Answers to this question must reach us before midnight, October 25. They should be as short as possible—brevity will count in their favor. In no case should they contain more than 1,000 words.

$100

Each Week for the Best Question

$100

Each Week for the Best Answer

NEXT week we shall begin publishing the "problems of conduct" we have been inviting Liberty readers to suggest. At the same time, in next week's issue, we shall publish the best of the answers received for the problem which appeared in Liberty for September 20.

And the sender of each—the problem chosen for next week and the best answer to the problem printed September 20—will receive $100.

This will go on as long as you can make it interesting. Let's see what you can do.

The idea is to suggest "problems of conduct" similar to the questions asked by Thomas A. Edison in his famous intelligence tests. Liberty will print one of these each week, and pay $100 for each one printed.

And another $100 each will be paid for the best *answers* to the problems which appear in Liberty.

For this week, we furnish the problem ourselves. Beginning next week it's up to you.

Simple, isn't it? Well, let's go!

THE RULES

1. Liberty invites its readers to submit problems of conduct similar to the problem which appears on this page. One of these will be published each week, and for those published $100 each will be paid to the persons who send them in.

2. Liberty invites its readers also to submit answers to these problems as they are published. For the answer which, in the judgment of the editors, is the best submitted each week, $100 will be paid, and the prize-winning answer will be published.

3. Problems and answers should be written on one side of the paper only—typewritten if possible—and should be brief. Problems stated in 150 words or less are preferred. Answers should not in any case contain more than 1,000 words, and should usually be much shorter than that. Brevity, always, will count in their favor.

4. It is understood that the decision of Liberty's editors will be final, both as to prizes awarded for problems and those paid for answers.

5. Entries—both problems and answers—should bear the sender's full name and address, and should be sent to PROBLEMS, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.

MELLOWED A HUNDRED MILLION YEARS

Long, long ago in PENNSYLVANIA

MILLIONS of years ago in the Devonian Age—while the world rocked with earthquakes and mighty, armored fish swam the seas—Nature stowed away in the Bradford-Allegany District of the Pennsylvania field her most valuable crude oil.

Most crudes refined for motor oils today are millions of years younger than Bradford-Allegany crude. A few are older. *But among them all this Bradford-Allegany crude was formed at a time when earth conditions were 100% favorable—so favorable that a hundred million years of filtering and mellowing have brought this crude to the highest known point of lubricating quality!*

That is why Sinclair has built at Wellsville, N. Y., the largest single refinery devoted exclusively to the manufacture of Pennsylvania grade motor oil. Here, under the careful supervision of laboratory experts, Sinclair refines Bradford-Allegany crude into Sinclair Mobiline.

Ask for Sinclair Mobiline today—use the grade recommended by Sinclair dealers according to the Sinclair Law of Lubrication. At draining time notice how the used Mobiline comes out of your crankcase still rich and oily—positive, visible proof of protection for the last mile as well as the first.

Send us your name and address and a list of states where you intend touring and we will send you road maps and the Sinclair Law of Lubrication booklet, free. SINCLAIR REFINING CO., Inc., 45 Nassau St., New York, N. Y.

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35¢ *per quart*

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Corsair

A Novel of High Adventure—The Love Story of a Modern Buccaneer

By WALTON GREEN

Pictures by HARRY T. FISK

(Reading time: 24 minutes 45 seconds.)

What Has Gone Before:

JOHN HAWKS had fallen into the habit of expecting bouquets from women. Wasn't he the great light half back of the middle west? On the evening of the day of his greatest triumph, the day when, in the Yale Bowl, his swift feet had carried Hammers College to victory, Johnny got a surprise. He was snubbed by a girl!

The maiden who dared was Alison Corning. He had met her at a New Haven dance. She was the daughter of Stephen Corning, multimillionaire banker. She treated John first to disdain, then invited him to drive down to Long Island. Johnny went—and found Alison had further surprises for him. Casually she suggested that, after his graduation in June, he come east and take a job under her father. And, with equal casualness, she kissed him, at parting, square on the mouth.

Well, he went east after graduation, and got the job, but, refusing to put through a shady deal, he was fired. Alison was little short of insulting to him—told him he lacked guts. He took the defeat standing up, and returned to the old Iowa farm: the farm his surplus earnings had shored up while he worked his way through college.

Just as he had made up his mind that the farm's prospects were nil, a note arrived from Alison demanding that he stop sulking and come back. And on the heels of this he read in a Des Moines paper that Stephen Corning had been arrested for smuggling champagne! But what did arrest matter to him? There you had it. You couldn't put a million dollars in jail. To the ruthless belonged the earth.

Not many days later Hawks was in New York, seated at a small restaurant table opposite James Sherrill Hermann, an able all-round crook. "If you want to come along tomorrow," Hermann was saying, "I may get a chance to show you the rudiments of the game." Now go on with the story.

PART FIVE—A STRAIGHT CROOK

JOHNNY HAWKS nodded casually to the detective-doorman in the outer hallway of Corning & Co. and walked smartly through the offices to the anteroom of Mr. Corning's suite.

"What's the chance for just three and one-quarter minutes with the chief?"

Johnny's salesman manner was working at its best, and the crooked smile was thoroughly disarming.

"Hello, Mr. Hawks," said Potts vaguely and not in the least disarmed. Potts never forgot a name or face, but he couldn't quite remember why or when this young man had left them. "I don't quite know. What did you want to see him about?"

"About three minutes—unless he keeps me longer," snapped Johnny with pleasant effrontery. "Tell him I'm going to sell him something, and that I give him my word of honor that he'll want it."

"Some opening," observed Potts dispassionately, fixing John with a fishy eye. "Where you been keeping yourself lately?"

"Back on the farm."

"You didn't learn that line on any farm."

"No, I learned it here."

Potts grunted and left the room. A moment later he was back.

"I told him what you said, and he said if you didn't make good he'd fire me. Go on in."

Stephen Corning looked up the instant that Johnny entered the door. He always got through the preliminaries before his man had reached his desk. And he had none of the silly pretentions of the near great who go on signing letters to impress and depress the visitor.

"Hello, Hawks," he rumbled pleasantly and giving him his full attention. "Sit down."

"I'll put three hundred cases of vintage champagne in your cellar at Sandy Head at ninety a case—no cash until you've sampled every last case," stated John without preamble.

If Corning was surprised he did not show it.

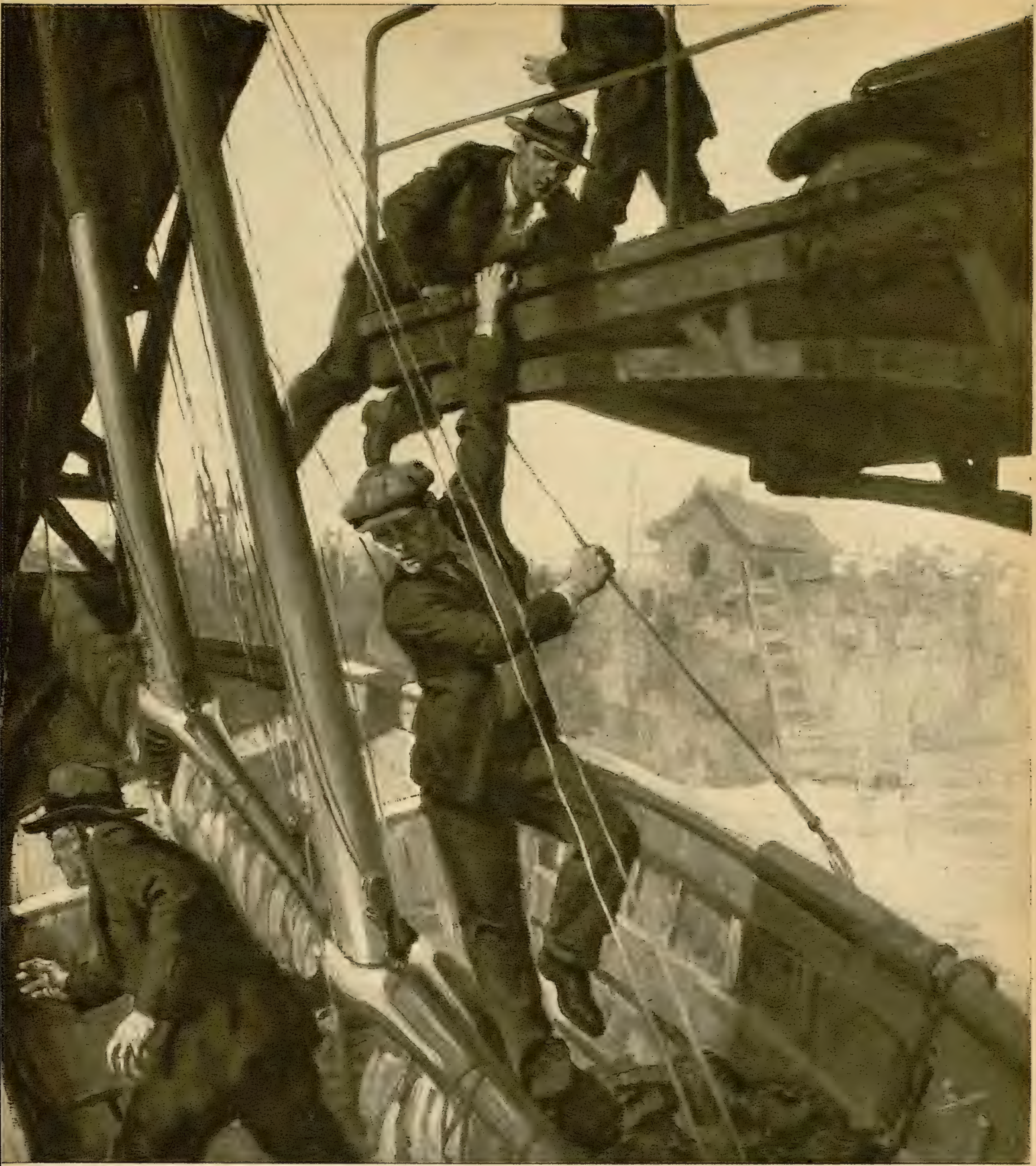
"New line for you, isn't it, Hawks?"

"Yes, sir."

"There hasn't been a bootlegger or wine agent near me since I got in the papers."

"That's why I came," said Johnny simply. "Couldn't be a safer time than right now for you to lay in a stock."

The party rushed back.



They scrambled to the deck of the scallop boat by way of her rigging. In another moment the leader yelled again.

"Huh?" growled Corning, and considered for an instant. "By God, I believe you're right. Very well. Fix it up with my butler and Potts—no, with Miss Herrick outside—women like that sort of thing. Potts bungled the last shipment. Good-by, Hawks."

Johnny walked out.

"Did you sell him?" demanded Potts.

"I did," said Johnny, looking at his wrist watch. "Two minutes and a half. And my orders are to go into executive session with Miss Herrick—Mr. Corning doesn't care to trust you with the details," he finished sweetly.

Potts grinned amiably.

"You've got a nerve."

"Yes," said John, "and where will I find Miss Herrick?"

"Through that door. She's the chief's new confidential."

Johnny spent twenty minutes with Miss Herrick, an

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CORSAIR
Continued from page fifty-nine

acidulous and moralless spinster of much ability. Then he walked briskly uptown, took a bath in the dark and clammy shower of the Y. M. C. A., redressed carefully in his best and last suit of clothes, and fared forth to pick up Mr. Charles Hopping at the Ritz.

An hour later they were seated at the little iron-topped table in the restaurant in the lower Fifties.

"—and it was just twelve days ago tonight that I sat at this same table with Slim Hermann," John was saying.

"Good *hors d'œuvres*, but rotten cocktails," observed Mr. Hopping, spearing a very oily anchovy. "I could make a better side-car with my eyes shut. The cointreau is faked and the absinthe is plain paregoric. The—"

"Listen, Chub." John was earnest. "Do you get what I'm saying? I'm not kidding, I tell you. I'm—"

"Sure I get what you're saying," interrupted Hopping wearily. "And I get what you haven't been saying, too. You've been crossed in love and you're desperate, or you're happily engaged and desperate to make a home for the loveliest girl in the world and all the sweet kiddies that will cluster around her beautiful knees—I mean—"

"Oh, shut up, you little bum," grinned John with a touch of pink in his cheeks.

"—and you've been gadding around with a lot of gangsters and cutthroats, and you want me to come along and put up the capital and keep you out of jail, and it's an utterly ridiculous thing to ask me to do—and I'm going to do it," he ended unenthusiastically.

"Good old Chub," said John gratefully.

"Good old fiddlesticks! I'm tired of sitting around the mill and drawing down a salary for watching the old man grind the heel of capital into the supine neck of labor and all that rot. I'm bored stiff. I'm against everything in the world and everybody—except you and a life of crime. When do we start for jail? I've got to have some excitement or I'll shrivel up. How much capital do you want? I'm still on an allowance, you know."

"I don't want any capital," said John slowly. "We're going to steal our capital."

"Fine," agreed Chub listlessly. He gulped his cocktail, shivered slightly, and ordered another.

"I DON'T get any lift out of liquor these days," he explained sadly, his cherubic little face heavy with woe. "Who's this Slim Hermann?"

"Lower your voice and don't use names," cautioned Johnny; "there are all sorts of people in here. Well, he's an all-around racketeer and crook—'thief,' I should say—that's the word they use among themselves; they don't like 'crook.' He's about thirty-three or -four years old, I'd say; done everything, from crooked cards and stealing automobiles to stickups and safe-cracking—"

"Box-opening," corrected Chub.

"Box-opening," accepted John laughingly; "but where did you get it?"

"I am not unversed in the argot of the underworld," said Chub moodily. "Go on with your story."

"Er—well, that's about all. I've kicked around with him and some of his mob for a time, and got the general hang of things in the bootlegging game. He's winding up a job of his own just now, and won't give a final answer about coming in with us until next week. I suppose he's getting more of a line on me."

"But how about this Corning business?"

"Not so loud," admonished Johnny, "and call him Mussolini, or Mr. X, or something. Well, that's just the point. I don't want to wait for my friend—and I've got something in mind that looks like a setup, as he would say. Also, it won't do any harm to start something on our own—go out and get a reputation—d'you see?"

"Yes," agreed the fat little man doubtfully, "if we can finish it." And then, more seriously: "Perhaps it's none of my business, John, but I wish I knew what has started you on this slant. I thought I knew you pretty well, but you've changed a lot in a year. You're cynical and hard, and—and a lot quicker—if you don't mind my saying so. Now, with me it doesn't matter. I'm not worth the powder to blow me to hell—as the governor is always reminding me, and then offering to buy the powder," he added parenthetically. "But with you it's different. I don't know just how to put it. I've got no ideals or standards or anything for myself, but I sort of did have—for you. I thought you were straighter-minded than the rest of the bunch. I don't mean Y. M. C. A.-ish exactly—but— Oh, hell! I don't know what I do mean. What's it all about, anyway? If it's money—if you're up against it—why, I—I can see you through anything in reason."

It was a long speech for young Mr. Hopping, and delivered with unwonted earnestness. Johnny listened carefully and did not answer immediately. When he did speak it was with deliberation and with an undercurrent of harshness.

"MONEY'S only part of it," he said slowly. "It's a lot deeper than that. Maybe I have changed, and for the worse, as you seem to think. I've kicked around with a good many people here, and I've reached certain conclusions—which I don't care to go into now. But I'll tell you this much! I'm going ahead with this, and I'm going to make my big stake, and I hope you'll play along. And nothing you can say will stop me. I'm—"

"Forgive me for having been serious for a moment," interrupted Chub with a return to his normal manner. "I'll never do it again."

"—I'm going to play their own game in their own way," continued John. "I'm going to take what I want out of the world and I'm going to do it in two years and by the directest way I can see. I'm going to steal from the crooked underworld and sell to the crooked upperworld, and I'm going to do it with my own hands and take my own chances of punishment. I'm not going to hide behind a mahogany desk and a lot of pious phrases and rotten bond issues, or run a gambling house with margin clerks instead of croupiers and commissions instead of double zeros.

"I'm going to be a straight crook, and not a sneaking, white-collar crook supported by the losses of thousands of widows and orphans and clerks and small-town speculators. A straight crook—direct action—*vi et armis*—and let the costs abide the event, as the lawyers say. And when I've made my pile, I'll reform and buy me a country house and a racing stable and endow a dozen beds in a charity clinic and let the Prince of Wales play on my private golf course when I don't need it myself. And if you don't like it, you can lump it."

"Gee," said Chub admiringly, "and I used to think the young man was inarticulate. All right, boss. Where do we go from here?"

"Back to your hotel. We'll walk, and I'll give you the details. One thing, Chub—did you drive down?"

"Yes, the old Packard touring."

"Are you willing to lose it—in a pinch?"

"Been trying to for three years," said Chub tranquilly.

"I don't need money, but I do need the car," continued John. "Have her serviced and ready for the road Thursday morning at ten. Well, let's go."

Every strong man has two sides to him, and the worst lies near the best. Scratch a Russian and find the Tatar; scratch a banker and uncover the brigand; break a stockbroker and make a bum—or a burglar. It is only the weak who lack the greatness of their defects.

Thursday evening found John Hawks and Charles Hopping dining at the Paugus Inn on Long Island, a hundred yards west of the Pollock Bay canal. They had spent a good part of the day in the Packard, tearing around the eastern end of the island—all the way to Montauk light, back to Bridgehampton, over to Sag Harbor, and across to Southampton again. Hopping drove, and John examined a road map, checking distances and locations against a list in his notebook. Except in towns, where John stopped several times for long telephone talks, they never halted and never left the car the entire day.

It was a flying reconnaissance.

Johnny had explained very little detail in advance, content, like a good commander, to give his orders as each situation developed. But during the day he spoke from time to time on the general aspects of the adventure.

"Chub," he began at one time, "they say that in the war it was only after the convoy system was adopted that the Allies began to keep ahead of the submarine losses. Well, the bootleggers have adopted the convoy system, because it takes just as many gunmen to protect a single truck as a dozen."

"I know all that," said Chub mildly.

"Oh," said John. "Then I suppose you also know that at this end of Long Island there are two or three bottle necks through which trucks must pass. That drawbridge across the canal that you can see from the window is the bottle neck for the whole South Shore. There are several roads converging on it from the east, and many roads diverging from it toward New York. Nothing can reach New York from any part of the South Shore of Long Island east of Pollock Bay canal without crossing that drawbridge. There are hundreds of inlets and coves to the eastward where the stuff is landed, but this is the only place it can get through to the city."

"I GET that," said Chub. "But what I don't see is how they land a whole convoyload of liquor from the rum fleet in one night."

"They don't," replied Johnny. "I went out with 'em twice last week. It comes ashore night after night in small boats, and then is hidden out in barns and cellars until they start a convoy for the city. The cargo in which we are interested tonight, for instance, has probably taken 'em a week to bring ashore from the big tramp steamer that brought it from England; but every case on that vessel—and she carried something over half a million dollars' worth, New York prices—was consigned by an English syndicate to a New York syndicate. Organized, wholesale stuff nowadays, my son. None of this case-at-a-time, over-the-side, rum-peddler business any longer. Big risks, big money, big bribes. It's easier and safer for both parties to slip a prohibition agent a few grand to be off the job for half an hour while a big convoy goes through, than it is to let him shake you down piecemeal for twenty separate trucks at twenty different times."

"Twenty!" murmured Mr. Hopping dispiritedly. "I thought you said there were only four tonight."

"Only four tonight is right. They're rushing it up for the holiday trade as fast as it hits the sand."

"And with a couple of shotgun artists on each truck, I suppose," suggested Hopping nervously.

"No, that's all changed. They just have three or four birds in a cover

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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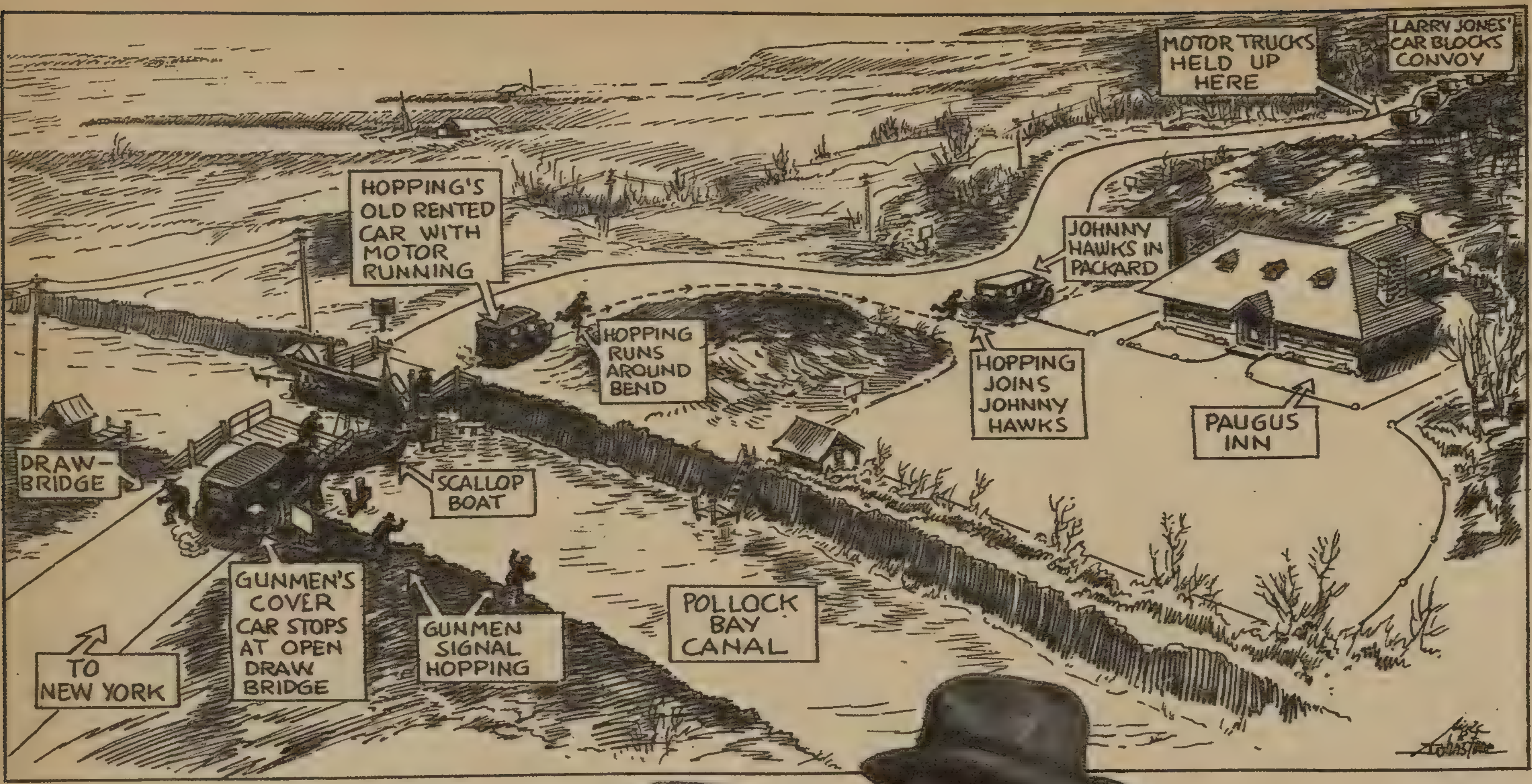
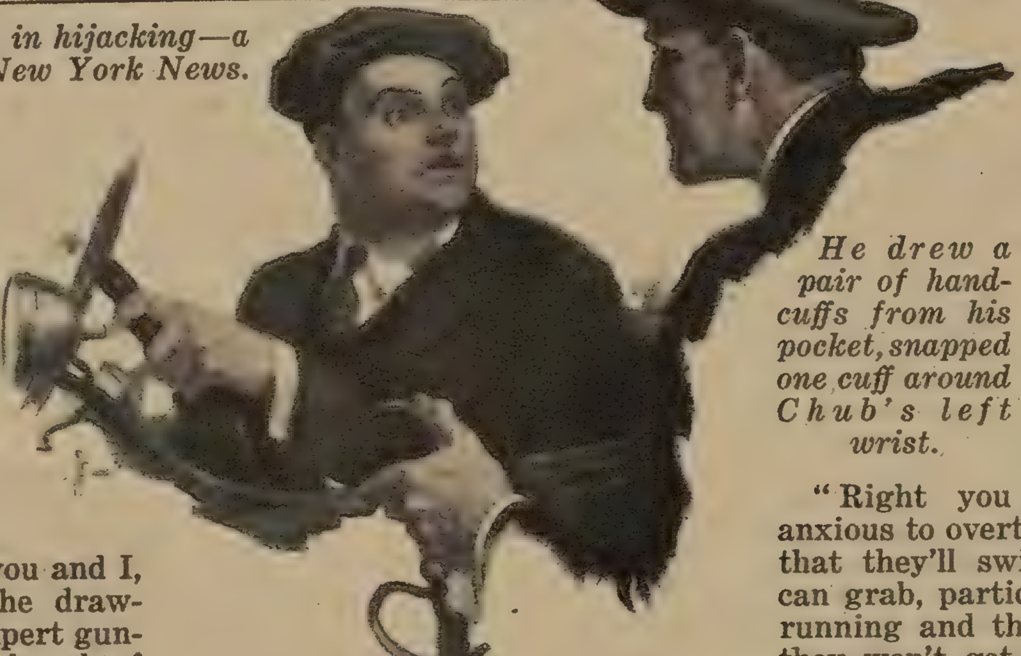

MOTOR TRUCKS HELD UP HERE
LARRY JONES' CAR BLOCKS CONVOY
HOPPING'S OLD RENTED CAR WITH MOTOR RUNNING
JOHNNY HAWKS IN PACKARD
HOPPING RUNS AROUND BEND
HOPPING JOINS JOHNNY HAWKS
PAUGUS INN
DRAW-BRIDGE
SCALLOP BOAT
GUNMEN'S COVER CAR STOPS AT OPEN DRAW BRIDGE
GUNMEN SIGNAL HOPPING
POLLOCK BAY CANAL
TO NEW YORK

John Hawks' first exploit in hijacking—a picture diagram in the New York News.



He drew a pair of handcuffs from his pocket, snapped one cuff around Chub's left wrist.

CORSAIR
Cont'd from page sixty-one

car that follows at fifty to a hundred yards. I know this stuff. I've driven this route several nights lately."

Mr. Hopping sighed gently and looked out of the window toward the drawbridge.

"I see it all now," he said resignedly. "I suppose the program is that you and I, single-handed, blow up the drawbridge, kill half a dozen expert gunmen, and then hypnotize a bunch of truck drivers into handing over four vanloads of booze. And what do I do? Do I continue the honor of driving the commanding general's car?"

"You'll drive the car most of the night, but at the outset you've got a small assignment to pull off. Listen, Chub. It's now eight fifteen. Between eight thirty and nine o'clock four trucks are going to cross that bridge; they'll be followed by a seven-passenger cover car. It's our job to stop that cover car and keep it stopped for about an hour."

"Sure," Chub broke in bitterly. "And how do we do that? I suppose I step up and ask 'em if they realize they are breaking the law and will they please desist and disperse."

"NO," grinned Johnny; "it might irritate them to argue. Your job is much simpler. All you've got to do is to sit in that old closed car over there, and then run away. The car belongs to us, by the way—at least, we've rented it. You can see it from the window; it is ten yards from the New York end of the bridge, and in plain sight from across the canal. And all you got to do is run."

"Can I start running now?" asked Hopping hopefully.

"No," said John seriously. "Don't start running until the men in the covering party see you. Run around the bend in the road, where you'll find me in the Packard."

"Thanks," said Chub very simply. "And while I'm doing this world's record sprint, do I get shot, may I ask?"

"Probably not—if you zigzag across the road. Start your motor when the trucks have crossed the bridge, but don't start running until the gunmen can see you for certain. And when you do go, go in a hurry; leave the engine running and the door open."

"Don't worry," breathed Hopping earnestly. "Far as I can see, I'm just the red rag to call attention to the real bait, which is the old hired car."

"Right you are. They'll be so anxious to overtake their liquor trucks that they'll swipe the first car they can grab, particularly if they see you running and think it's our car. But they won't get far in that old car—I've set the brakes and cut the brake rods. By the time they've located the trouble and are running back to the inn for another car, we'll have a few minutes' start. That's all we need right here. Later on we'll hold 'em up permanently."

THEY paid the dinner check and wandered out. As they passed the head waiter he stopped Johnny and said something in a low tone. John nodded and passed on. Chub, breathing fatly, took his station at the wheel of the closed car. John walked leisurely to the canal and joined the bridge tender.

A scallop boat was approaching from the north, and the bridge tender was standing by to raise the counterbalanced central span of the draw.

For five minutes nothing happened. Then everything began to happen at once. Four trucks hove in sight and started over the bridge. They were at about thirty-yard intervals. As the last one cleared the bridge, Hopping started his motor and looked back at the canal. A large touring car dashed on to the bridge—obviously the covering party—but the New York half of the center span rose in its face, so to speak, and the car came to a stop with brakes squealing. Johnny Hawks dog-trotted past Hopping's car, chuckling and lighting a cigarette as he jogged along.

The scallop boat drifted into the mêlée, caught her wire forestay in a projecting piece of bridge structure, swung round broadside to the racing ebb tide, and settled herself down for the night, plumb in the center of the draw.

It was Hobson's Merrimac exploit on a small but neat scale. The cover car was immobilized.

But not so its occupants. The men piled out cursing, and ran along the canal bank looking for a boat. Of course there was no boat. Hawks had provided against that. It was still light enough to see, and the five men from the cover car caught sight of Hopping. One of them began yelling and waving his arms. Then the whole party rushed back to the bridge. They scrambled to the deck of the scallop boat by way of her rigging. Hopping —frightened and pink—waited resolutely. In another moment the head of the leader showed on the New York side, and he yelled again. Chub took this as his cue, and retired as per orders and with a speed which was not assumed. He ran around the bend and jumped into the Packard with Johnny. They were off.

" How did you leave our friends? " asked John.

" Scrambling across the scallop boat to this side," Chub panted.

" Fine. All we gotta have at this point is ten or fifteen minutes. Later on we'll hold 'em up for two hours. We ought to find the trucks any minute now. I allowed Larry Jones nine minutes to pull off his holdup and change drivers. He's had seven minutes already."

HARDLY had John finished speaking when they rounded a curve in the road and overhauled the tail end of the convoy. " Hello, Ted," called John as they drew alongside the last truck. " Hello, Jack," as they passed the next. All four trucks were being driven by someone whom Johnny addressed by his first name. He had not spoken idly when he told Slim Hermann that he had good connections.

Chub Hopping mopped his brow and lighted a cigarette.

" How did you get rid of the original drivers? " he asked.

" Cinch," answered John. " Each of these guys—they're mostly polo players I've sold bonds to—took his own car and his own chauffeur. Larry Jones, who is in charge, blocked the trucks by parking across the road around a turn. Then each of our men tackled the truck I'd assigned to him. I told each man to do it his own way, providing there was no actual shooting or noise. Those hired drivers are so scared of hijackers they'll reach for the moon the minute they hear anyone say ' Stick 'em up.' Anyhow, they all got away with it, because here are your professional huskies."

Chub flashed his pocket torch as they passed a closed car. There were six men in it.

" They're in charge of Tod Hunter," said John complacently. " He has 'em all handcuffed. I told him where I want 'em later tonight."

BY now they were traveling through a deserted piece of country—no villages, no farms, only scrub oak and sand, and an occasional large pine. Hawks, who had been watching the road, soon pulled out to the side and turned off his motor.

" This," said he, " is the wildest patch of country west of Bridgehampton. It's three miles back to Pauguston and four miles ahead to Northampton, and no telephone short of those places. Now we just got to wait for the trucks."

They smoked and watched the time. The moon was well up by now.

At the end of ten minutes the convoy hove in sight. John jumped out, took a twelve-pound sledge and two six-pound wood wedges from the tonneau. " Start your motor," he ordered, and disappeared into the woods. As the trucks roared past there came the heavy metallic clink of iron striking on iron; four light taps, then silence. Then, as the last truck cleared them, eight ringing blows, a prolonged rushing swish, ending in a booming crash that made the ground tremble. A big pine lay across the road not forty feet behind the Packard.

Almost simultaneously with the fall of the tree, Hawks was back in the car.

" Full speed ahead," he ordered. " And I guess that will hold 'em for a while. It'd take those birds an hour to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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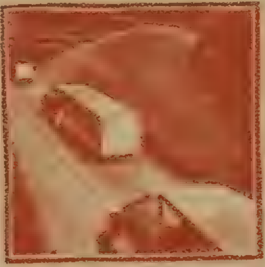
CORSAIR
Continued from page sixty-three

clear away that eighteen-inch pine, even if they could find axes and saws—which they can't. And they'll have to hunt a good deal longer to find a telephone and call up the big boss in New York. Trick I learned when I was lumbering in Oregon, by the way. Last night I sawed that old pine three-quarters through—only took a dozen taps on the wedges to drop it just now."

"Yes," agreed Chub, "you got away with it; but suppose a storm had come up since last night and blown it down."

"I thought of that. We'd have found it out on our down trip today and I'd have cut another, that's all. And now, Chub," he broke off, "take your next left two hundred yards ahead. Slow down. Here we are—it's a wood road and hard to see. Turn off all your lights. I'll sit on the front mud guard with the hand torch until we get through the woods. Take it slow. There's no hurry now, but I don't want any lights showing."



They turned in between a pair of dilapidated brick gateposts overgrown with vines and shrubbery and almost invisible. Then for upward of a mile the road wound and twisted through dense woods—oak, pine, and great elms. It was evidently the hundred-year-old approach to a once great estate, but now forlorn and deserted. Presently they came upon a large open space. And there was the house —or castle, rather—all red brick, bastard Georgian, huge and ungainly.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Hopping. "I thought I knew Long Island, but I never heard of this."

"Very few have," said John climbing back into his seat. "Hasn't been occupied for years. Old reprobate named Brodhead built it forty-odd years ago—used to keep his mistresses here. I've fixed the caretaker to let us use the cellar a couple of weeks. It's called Halcyon Hall."

"Move we rechristen it Alco Hall?" Hopping offered gloomily.

"Strain telling on you, Chub?" asked John solicitously.

They swung around the great old-fashioned bricked circle and pulled up near the entrance. The trucks were backed up in a semicircle, discharging their cargoes. The main door was wide open, and inside the hall electric torches flashed intermittently. Outside was only moonlight.

Out of the gloom came Larry Jones.

"How goes it, Larry?" asked Johnny.

"Fine and dandy. Fifteen minutes more and we'll be through. Some wine cellar in this castle."

"Did you keep number four truck locked?"

"Sure, just like you said. It's over there in the stable yard. Two hundred and eighty cases to each of the other three trucks we're unloading. And it's all champagne, John—half of it Veuve Cliquot 1914 and half of it Pol Roger 1911. You can't get any more of the Pol Roger—it's priceless."

"HMH," said Johnny doubtfully. "That makes eight hundred and forty cases, outside of number four. There ought to be nine hundred."

"Well," grinned Larry, "as a matter of fact, there are nine hundred; but I thought that we drivers might come in for those sixty cases."

"Larry," returned Johnny mildly, "you're certainly learning fast. You boys can keep forty cases. Just slip the other twenty into this car, and we'll be on our way."

"All right, chief," sighed Larry. "If you're going to make us gentlemen 'jackers punch a time clock and all that stuff, why, there's nothing more to say. What are the orders from now on?"

"The orders are to drive your three empty trucks to the corner of Hillside Avenue and Clark Street, just outside of Jamaica. Tod Hunter is waiting there with his handcuffed drivers. As soon as all trucks have arrived, Tod will turn his prisoners loose and let 'em find their own vans. Then you fellows can go home. You can have your own chauffeurs follow you to Jamaica if you like. That'll be all for tonight. Hopping and I will look out for number four truck."

The twenty cases were slipped into the tonneau of the Packard, and the lap robes draped over them. They loomed large and suspicious. John got out of the car.

"I'll drive number four truck myself, Chub—if you'll follow me. If either of us is stopped, the other fellow will beat it. D'you mind?"

"Not at all," said Hopping. "I'll do anything for champagne. Lead on, boss."

Some three hours later they had recrossed to the North Shore of Long Island by a long and devious northeasterly route which carried them two-thirds of the way back to Pollock Bay whence they had started.

They passed through the sleeping village of Sandon with the first faint streaks of dawn. A local officer, coming out of a night lunch, heard the big truck rumble past, and decided, too late, that he should have stopped them for a shake of a couple of hundred. He watched them heading out toward the great estates on the Neck. Then he smiled contentedly, walked back into the night lunch, and did a little telephoning.

John drove his truck out the long wood road to Sandy Head. It was the first time he had been there since the memorable November day and night after the Yale game.

There were many diverging sand roads, and he had to stop and back up several times. But at last he found the house, and drove carefully around the big circle and up to the service entrance.

THE acidulous Miss Herrick had made her arrangements with care. The house was closed for the winter, except for occasional week-ends, and only the caretaker's family was in residence, so to speak. But as the huge van backed up to the getaway three figures separated themselves from the shadows of the wall. They were the butler, and the caretaker, and the second man who had valeted Johnny the year before.

The van was unloaded and its three hundred cases were safely stowed away in the cellar—all within the hour. By now it was broad daylight. John drove off down the winding avenue of elms with something of a flourish in the way he handled the big stiff wheel of the huge truck. And it was with something of a flourish that he swung toward the great entrance gates.

That was his last flourish. The gates were closed against him, and a small, mean-looking gentleman dangling a large mean-looking automatic was regarding him with disfavor. Beyond the gate, in a Ford car, sat the local officer who had spotted them in Sandon.

"Keep your hands on the wheel, young feller," said the mean-looking person, waving his pistol carelessly. "U. S. officer," he mumbled, flicking back the lapel of his coat and showing his tin. "You're both under arrest."

He flicked a practiced left hand over John's person, then thrust searchingly between the seat and the back. "No rod?" he demanded aggrievedly.

Then he walked back to the Packard, and repeated the frisking operation with Chub. Finally he flung off the lap robe, and inspected the brands on the cased champagne with professional nonchalance. He drew a pair of handcuffs from his pocket, snapped one cuff around Chub's left wrist and the other around the rim of the steering wheel. Then he addressed John:

"Come on back here and sit alongside your fat boy friend." John obeyed. But he had a glimmer of sense left.

"How about my van?" he demanded.

"The officer here will garage it in Sandon. You can bond it out later, mebbe. All right. Drive ahead, shorty."

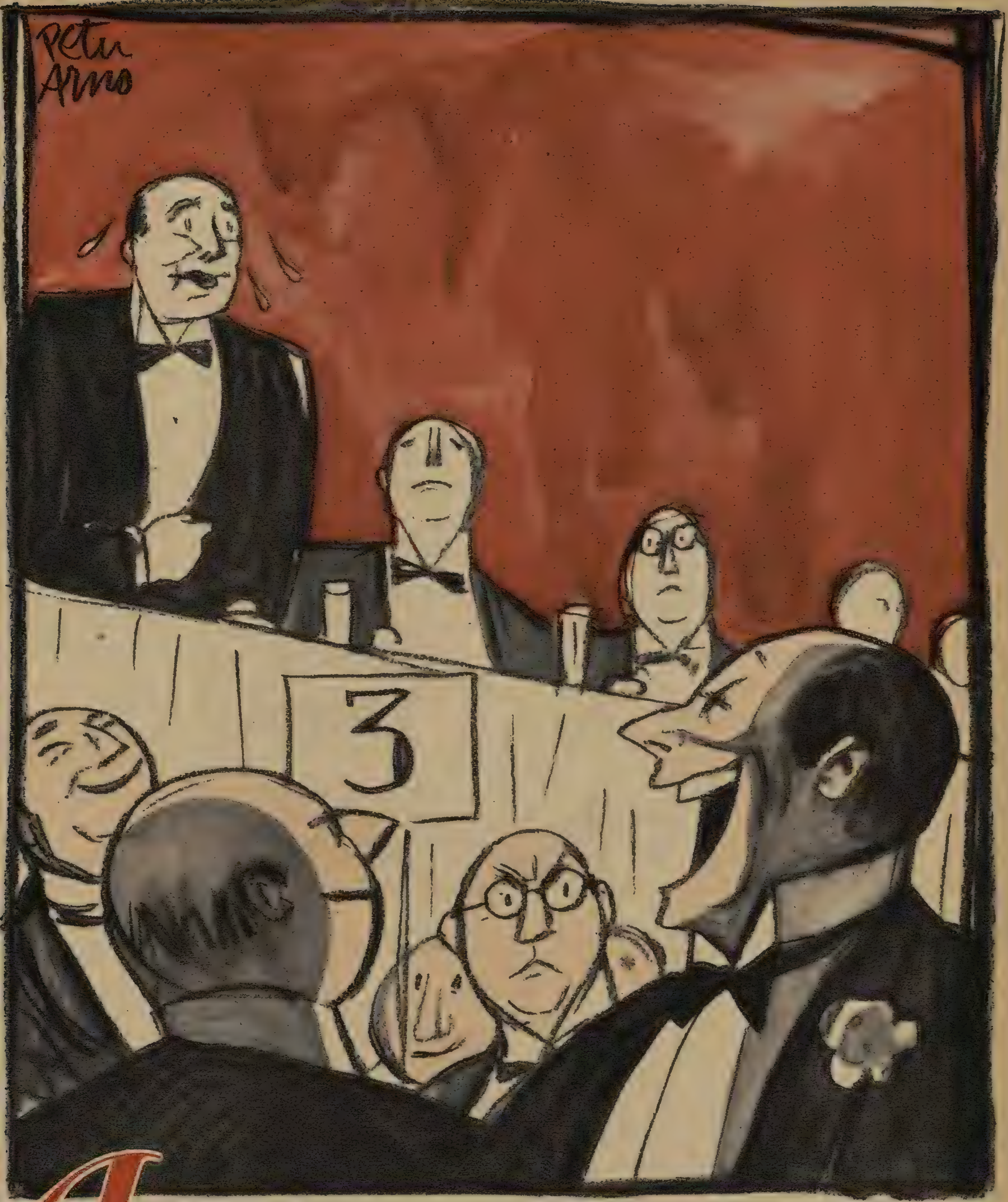
The outraged Chub obeyed.

"Where are we going?" asked John over his shoulder to the man in the back seat.

"Up to town—prohibition headquarters," answered the mean-looking man, lighting a cigarette and laying the automatic carefully and conveniently in his lap.

Pinched at their first venture! The future seems black for Johnny and Chub. Next week's installment of the story will tell you how they face the threat of ruin.

A sensitive man will sit down then and there.



"Accustomed as I Am—"

(Reading time: 5 min. 40 sec.)

By ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by PETER ARNO

IT can't really be that there are fewer banquets being held than in the old days. It is probably that I myself am attending fewer. I know that was my intention several years ago, and I must be living up to it. It makes me very proud to think that at least one thing that I set out to do in my life I have done. I have attended fewer banquets.

But, just as when your own headache stops you think that there are no such things as headaches in the world, so now that I have stopped going to banquets it seems to me that the practice is

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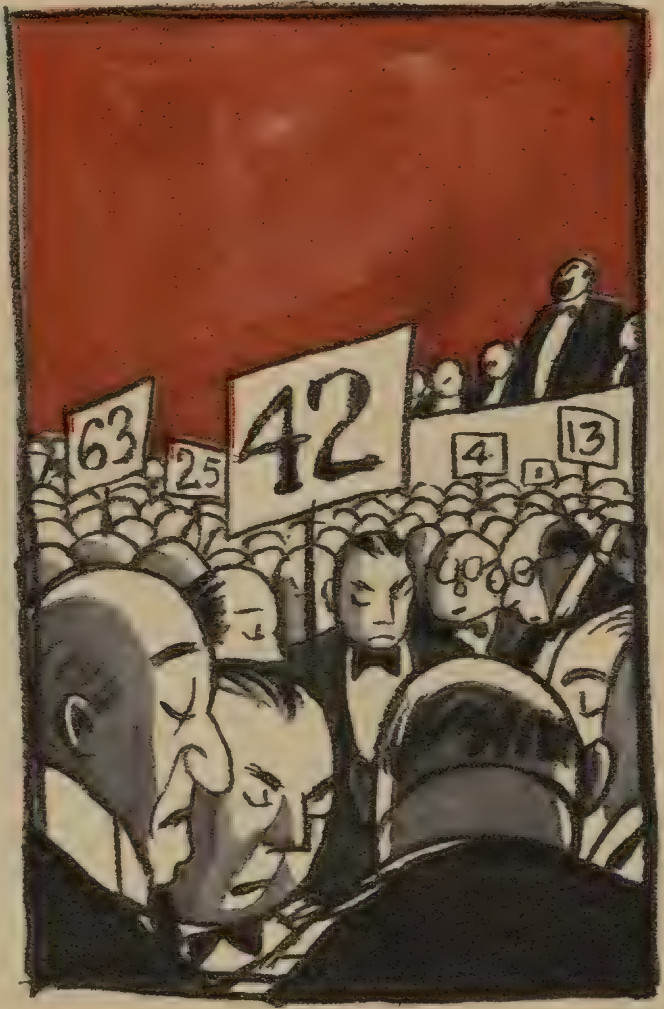
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-FIVE]

dying out. I see notices in the newspapers that a testimonial dinner has been given to Lucius J. Geeney, or that the convening salesmen of the A. A. O. U. A. A. A. have got together for one final address by the "Big Boss" over the coffee cups filled with cigarette ends, but I don't read them. Oh, *how* I don't read them! I should say that there was no reading matter in the world, including the Koran in the original, which is so unread by me as the newspaper accounts of banquet speeches. But they tell me that, even under this handicap, they are still going on.

The bitterness on my part arises from two rather dark splotches in my past. I used to be a newspaper reporter, and, not being a particularly valuable one, I was sent every night to cover whatever banquet there might be at the old Waldorf or at the Astor. My records show that I attended ninety-two banquets in one winter, which meant that I listened to about three hundred and sixty-eight after-dinner speeches during that time, all of them beginning "I shall not take much of your time tonight," and ending, forty-five minutes later, with "but I have already taken too much of your time."

Finally, unable to control myself any longer, I began mocking after-dinner speakers. I worked up some after-dinner speeches of my own, built along the conventional lines, and wormed my way into banquet programs, where I would deliver them in hopes of offending some of the old boys who had tortured me for so long. But, instead of flying into a rage, they drafted me into their ranks, and the first thing I knew, instead of waging war on after-dinner speakers, I found that I was one myself! Tie that for irony!



Both sides get only what is coming to them.

It took me quite a long time to realize that I was actually a professional banqueteer and not an amateur crusader against banquets. I began to suspect the truth when I started getting letters from chairmen of banquet committees in Pennsylvania or Missouri suggesting that I come and make a speech before the Men's Club of the Rumbold Association or at the annual dinner of the Assistant Bankers' Club, adding: "We haven't very much money in our treasury, but you would be our guest for the duration of your stay in town and we can assure you of a royal good time." Then I knew that I was really a member of the Journeymen Talkers, and a great flush of shame swept my brow. I was hoist by my own, or, at any rate, a borrowed petard.

IMAGINE my predicament. (All right, *don't* then! I'll tell it to you.) Having stood all the after-dinner speeches that I could as a reporter, I now had to listen to a lot more, including my own. I tried to make mine so insulting that I would be thrown out of the union. I tried to impress it on my brothers in the bond of boredom that I was *against* them and not with them. But they were so busy running over their own speeches in their minds, or so firmly convinced that what they had just said was beyond being kidded, that water on a duck's back was a permanent institution compared with my weak lampoons. It was then that I admitted myself licked, and withdrew from the field.

But, during my brief membership in the ranks of the Coldstream Guards, I learned to have a little pity for them in their chosen calling. Not much, but a little. They have a pretty tough fight at times. Of course, they wouldn't be making speeches if they didn't want to (the exceptions being those poor wretches who get roped into the thing against their wills and bend four coffee spoons and crumble up eight bits of bread in terror before they are called upon), but also entertainment committees wouldn't have asked them if they weren't wanted. So the entertainment committees are equally to blame and probably more so. Now that we have got rid of the open saloon, I recommend that we get rid of all entertainment committees. They are a menace to the nation.

Granted that the speaker has been asked, even urged, to make a speech. Granted that he really loves doing it. What does he do for his money besides bore the living life out of his audience? He has to eat broiled jumbo squab *bonne femme*, combination salad *Henri*, and raspberry *baiser* in a paper cuff, talking with a strange master of ceremonies at his left who is so nervous about his part of the program that he eats his notes instead of his celery and gives the impression of being very cross with the guest. He (the speaker) is asked, at the last minute, by someone who comes up behind his chair enveloped in an aroma of rye, to insert in his speech some funny crack at Harry Pastwick, P-a-s-t-w-i-c-k, who has just been appointed Sales Manager. He is introduced by the nervous master of ceremonies as somebody else or in terms which indicate that the master of ceremonies is only vaguely familiar with his name and record and cares less. And then he begins his speech.

THAT is, he begins as soon as thirty or thirty-five guests have scraped their way out of the banquet hall to the gentlemen's room, and thirty or thirty-five more have scraped their way back to their seats. He begins as soon as the boys at Table 48 in the back of the room have stopped singing Kentucky Moon, and as soon as the representative from the Third Sales District has been convinced that if he stays under the table he will catch cold. And he begins without waiting for the waiters to get fifteen hundred coffee cups quiet.

"Mr. Chairman, fellow guests, members of the American Association of Aromatics: When your chairman asked me to speak to you tonight, I felt somewhat in the position of the Scotchman who, when asked—"

At this point one of the members, probably technically in the right, but distinctly out of order, yells, "Louder and funnier!" There is probably no more devastating or bloodcurdling cry in the world to a man who is on his feet trying to make a speech. There can be no answer, only a sickly smile. A sensitive man will sit down then and there, but sensitive men aren't usually up making speeches. As for the man who yells "Louder and funnier!" he ought to be made to get up himself and be funny. The only trouble is that he probably would love it.

I realize that this isn't much punishment to subject a man to for talking forty minutes overtime, but, as I figure it out, both sides get only what is coming to them. The speaker knows what he is in for when he agrees to make a speech. And if the banqueteers, after all the experience they have had, don't know what they are in for when they attend a banquet, then they deserve what they are getting. This thing has been going on for years. It has always been the same, and it probably always will be. Very young boys may be excused and pitied for attending their first banquet, but after that, they have nobody but themselves to blame.

Look at me. I stopped going, and see how happy I am!

Another article by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

Funny Faces! Can You Make Them?

Liberty is offering One Hundred Fins a Week

For the funniest faces—distributed as follows:

First Prize $200 — Second Prize $100 — Third Prize $50
and 30 prizes of One Fin ($5) each—Grand Total $500

WINNIE LIGHTNER

FLOYD GIBBONS

Oct. 18

LOIS MORAN

See what you can do to these pictures with a pen or pencil, making them look as funny as you can. Then mail them, as directed in the rules below, so that they will reach us before midnight, October 25. That's all there is to it!

PRIZE AWARDS for the funniest faces made from the pictures in our September 20 issue will be announced NEXT WEEK

Contestants who live far away from New York have been asking for a little more time. So, beginning with the pictures in our September 20 issue, we have been giving you an additional week to send in your entries. That means that we must wait a week before announcing the prize awards for the September 20 pictures, which otherwise would have been announced in this issue.

THE RULES Each week Liberty will publish a set of photographs under the heading FUNNY FACES. You are invited to mark them up—all of them—in any way you see fit, and send them, with your name and full address, to FUNNY FACES, P. O. Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

For the funniest sets of faces received each week, $500 will be paid, the prizes to be divided as indicated above.

You don't have to use the pictures on this page unless you want to. They may be copied or traced on another sheet of paper. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. The editors of Liberty will be the judges, and their decision will be final. Prize awards for the pictures in each issue will be announced five weeks later, and the pictures that win the first three prizes will be published. We cannot undertake to return any entries or enter into correspondence concerning these Funny Faces.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

What's a Neighbor?

Mary, five years old, called on the woman next door.

"Mrs. Galliher," she said, "let's play neighbors."

"Surely," said Mrs. Galliher; "but how do you play it?"

"All you do," said Mary demurely, "is to borrow something."—Charles L. Fox, 3728 Chesapeake St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

Putting on the Ritz

Ruth Alice, aged six, paid her first visit to her aunt in the city and was greatly impressed with the formalities of a swagger city apartment, especially with the colored maid who served the meals. On returning home she said:

"Oh, mother, we just ate like a restaurant all the time."—Mrs. A. J. King, 539 Eleventh St., Lockport, Ill.

Answers *to* Twenty Questions *on* Page 22

1—San Juan.
2—A giraffe.
3—Thomas Jefferson.
4—The heavens.
5—Wordiness; tediousness.
6—Deep unconsciousness produced by a drug.
7—The Latin *novem*, meaning nine.
8—The path along the keel of a dirigible.
9—Anton Dvorák.
10—A figure having five angles and five sides.
11—Opal.
12—The science of languages.
13—Midas.
14—The prepared roe of sturgeon.
15—Body of Christ.
16—Anterior.
17—Illinois.
18—Between the mainmast and stern.
19—In Armenia.
20—A unit of electrical resistance.

Cools
Soothes
Comforts

Quick Relief for Sore, Itching, Burning Feet

Oil of Salt also acts instantly on all scalds, burns, cuts, wounds, bruises, sprains, sores, sore muscles, sunburn, poison ivy. Its gentle application and instant action make Oil of Salt the ideal dressing. No sticking or adhering of bandages. A bottle kept in the home assures quick relief in an emergency that may otherwise cause long suffering to some loved one.

Used by thousands of physicians, surgeons, fire departments—by over 50,000 factories for first aid and by millions of people, everywhere.

A Liquid SOOTHING **Oil of Salt** *Is Better*

First Aid *In Accidents*

All Druggists Sell and Recommend It

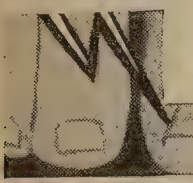
Home ownership

More than half of the 2,400,000 families who read Liberty every week own their homes.

More than 63% of Liberty's families live in one-family houses . . . 63% live in homes of six rooms or more. (13% in seven rooms . . . 12% in eight rooms . . . 12% in homes of nine rooms or more.)* These figures are part of the chain of evidence which proves the high living standards of the prosperous, modern, city circulation developed by Liberty . . . in mass proportions!

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

* *Figures from Daniel Starch Survey*



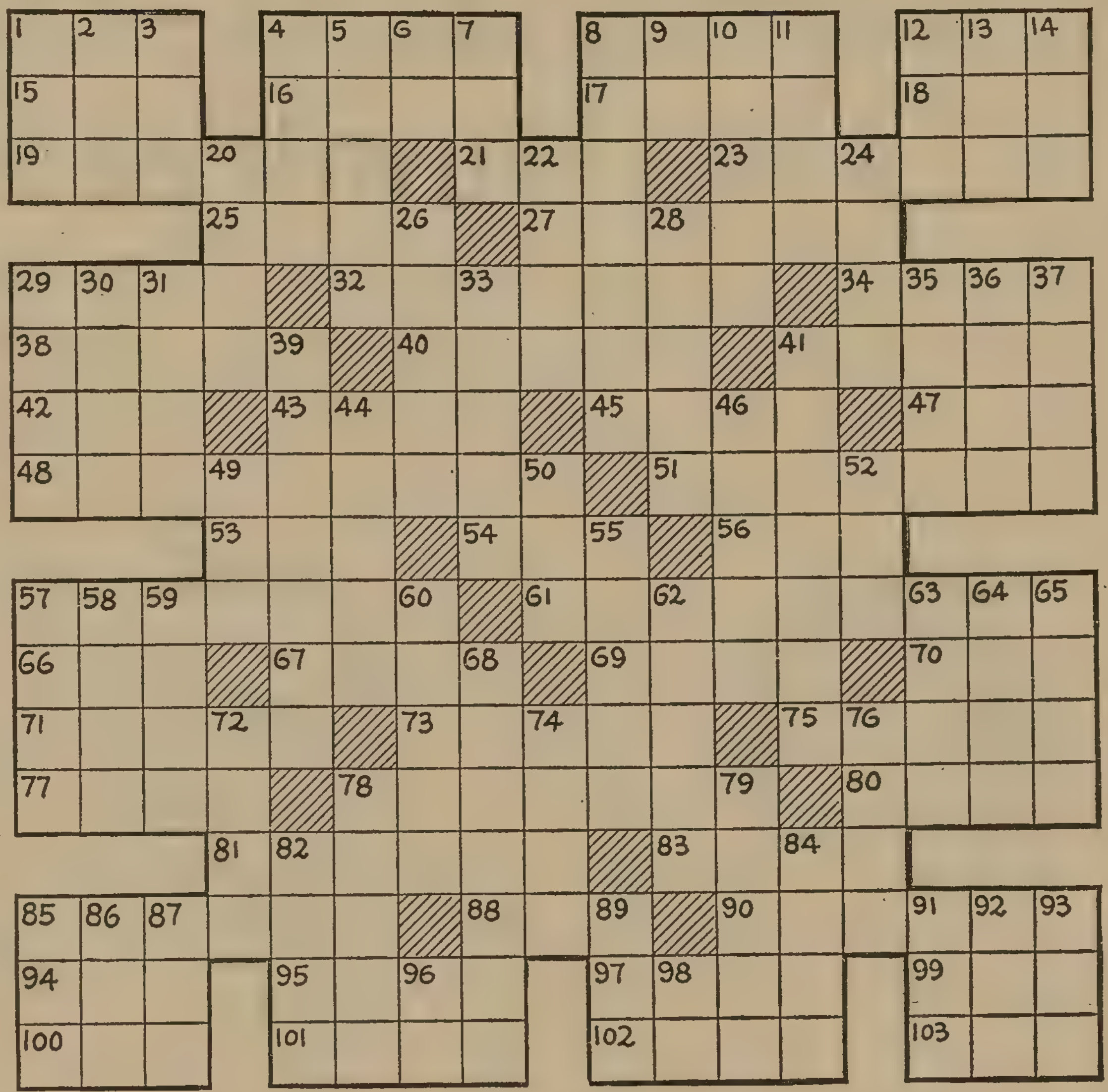
Ingrown Nail
Turns Outward
—NO PAIN

A few drops of "Outgro" in the crevice of the toe nail stops the pain instantly and so toughens the sensitive skin underneath the nail that it resists the ingrowing nail and forces it to grow naturally outward. Drug stores sell "Outgro" in small bottles. Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., 578 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Liberty's Twin



HORIZONTAL

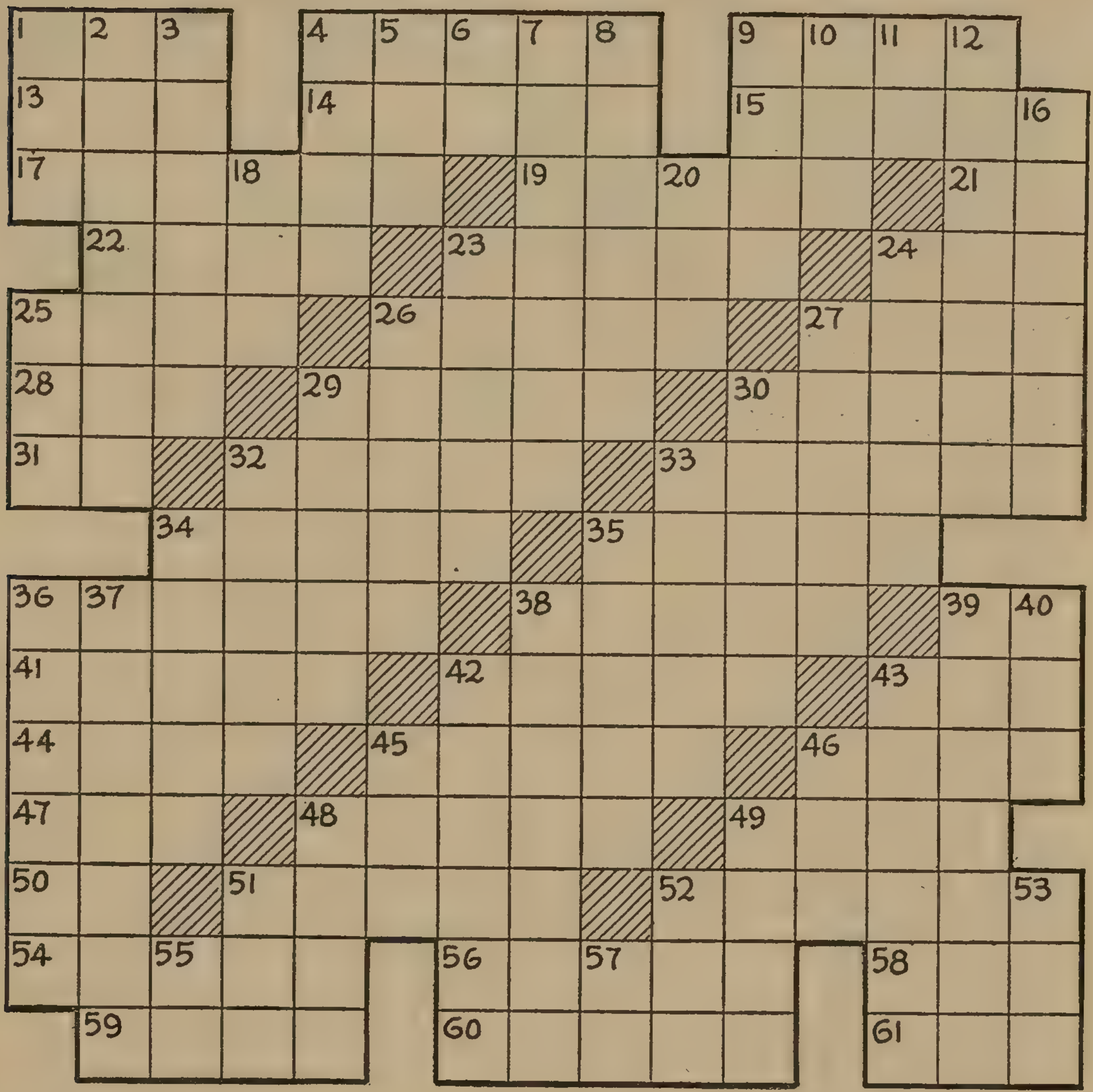
1 A letter of the Greek alphabet
4 Emit bright light
8 A dandy
12 A poem
15 Over
16 An assistant
17 Hostelries
18 Grief; misery
19 Twists or extorts by violence
21 An underworld god (Roman religion)
23 Distributor
25 A native of Latvia
27 Abandon
29 Paraguayan measure of area
32 Chooses
34 River in Germany
38 Fold or doubling of a cord (plural)
40 Fleshy
41 Musical drama
42 Corroded
43 Sleeveless garment
45 Slide
47 A god of procreation (Egyptian myth.)
48 Bravery; intrepidity
51 Expunging
53 Woman's name
54 Droop
56 A wing
57 To cheer; exhilarate
61 A commonplace
66 Old Dutch measure of capacity
67 Chopping implements
69 Arabian seaport
70 Drowse
71 An alloy
73 Insipid; flat
75 Delete
77 Confined
78 Became exhausted
80 A town in England
81 Closer
83 An opening made by splitting
85 Cutting instruments
88 A letter of the Greek alphabet
90 Pressed with lips
94 Attention
95 One of a tribe of the Tai stock
97 Range of rocks
99 Period
100 Reverential fear
101 Makes lace
102 Otherwise
103 Twisted, contorted

VERTICAL

1 A rank or file
2 Pronoun
3 Native metal
4 Portal
5 Rosters
6 Alleged force
7 Espouse
8 Divides into two parts
9 Printer's measure
10 Mountain range
11 Employer
12 A bird
13 Deer
14 Ever
20 Spill, as a liquid
22 Notion
24 On top of
26 Endeavor to persuade
28 Fashion
29 Dross of a metal
30 Jot; particle
31 Christmas
33 Gazes askance
35 Prefix: half
36 Ireland
37 Pealed
39 Defamatory talk
41 Opalescent
44 Attach; affix
46 Angry
49 A youth
50 Island in the Pacific
52 Perched
55 White of egg
57 Pant violently
58 Recent
59 So be it!
60 At no time
62 A serpent
63 A single thing
64 Extinct bird
65 State of bliss
68 Glossy cotton fabric (plural)
72 A vessel for heating liquids
74 Saucy
76 Allows
78 Turkish title
79 Levees
82 Formerly
84 Wind instrument
85 Body of water
86 Teamster's word of command
87 Sooner than
89 Exist
91 Stitch
92 To mistake
93 Measure of time
96 By
98 The Spanish word for the

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-four

Puzzle Pages



HORIZONTAL

1 A letter of the Greek alphabet
4 Passes abruptly, as from one topic to another
9 To receive as a reward or harvest
13 A product of electrolysis
14 An Egyptian female entertainer
15 Fragrant rootstock of iris
17 Ovule-bearing organ of a seed plant
19 Claw
21 The symbol for an element
22 Regretted
23 Seraglio
24 Terminus
25 Combining form signifying far off
26 Mark used to indicate an insertion
27 A deity of ancient Semitic races
28 Moist
29 Predatory incursion (plural)
30 Satirical or humorous dramatic composition
31 A bone
32 Heats so as to cause ebullition
33 Rotated
34 Burns to dryness and hardness
35 Looks slyly
36 Backward; to the rear of
38 Sea mammals
39 A parent
41 Bumpkins
42 Asterisks
43 Chinese dynasty
44 Descendants
45 Embers
46 A leopard (poetic)
47 Emmet
48 Tropical plants
49 Intoned
50 An element (symbol)
51 A king of Tyre
52 Margin
54 City in Germany
56 Pertaining to wax
58 Before
59 A civil wrong
60 Muse of lyric and amatory poetry
61 A lixivium

VERTICAL

1 A contagious disease of fowls
2 Evening parties
3 Gross indignity offered to another
4 Placed in a recumbent position
5 Measure of length
6 Form of to be
7 A kind of firecracker (plural)
8 Divides and distributes in portions
9 A chamber
10 Predatory sea bird
11 Metric measure of area
12 Man-of-war's steam launch
16 Moved sidewise
18 Mound
20 Term used in the game of tennis
23 Exclamations of respectful salutation
24 Acquires by labor, service, or performance
25 Cardinal number
26 Heap of stones erected as a memorial
27 Short, loud sounds uttered by some animals
29 Laughs loudly and continuously
30 Matter used to produce heat (plural)
32 Vegetables
33 Rips
34 To hinder from normal growth
35 Rings
36 A French province
37 Earliest after any time specified
38 Utter with involuntary hesitation
39 Woman's name
40 Furthermore
42 Comfort
43 German composer (1685-1759)
45 A conveyance
46 Parity
48 Liquid measure
49 Performed alone
51 Pronoun
52 A club
53 Female sandpiper
55 Thus
57 Principal deity of historical Egypt

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-four

Goodbye Dandruff!

There's nothing mysterious about dandruff. It's an actual substance, just as natural as perspiration. It can be removed only by being first dissolved and then *washed out.*

You must wash your hair regularly anyway—why not use a shampoo that removes dandruff at the same time? Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo dissolves and removes every speck of dandruff instantly under a money-back guarantee. It lathers freely and rinses easily, no acid rinse needed. And it's just as good for blondes as it is for brunettes.

Fitch's has never failed in 37 years of increasing sales. Try it today. Applications at barber shops and beauty parlors. Retail sizes at drug and department stores.

This coupon will bring you a generous free sample.

F. W. FITCH CO., Des Moines, Iowa.

Please send me a generous free sample of Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo.

Name......................................

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MEDITERRANEAN

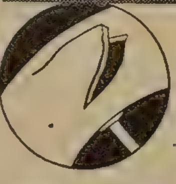
27th CRUISE Jan. 31 $600-$1500

By palatial new S. S. "LAURENTIC," 19,000 tons; Madeira, Canary Islands, Spain (Granada), Gibraltar, Algiers, Malta, Athens, Stamboul, 12 days in Egypt and Palestine; Italy, Riviera, Southampton, Cherbourg, New York.

Summer Cruise, June 29, "S. S. Calgaric", North Cape, $550 up; July 4, S. S. "Laurentic", Mediterranean — Europe — Norway, $650 up. Easter Cruise April 2, Bermuda.

Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N. Y.

Patch Punctures in 30 Seconds!

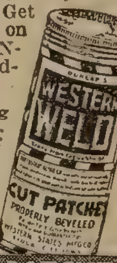


Mends Biggest Blow-Outs and Tears

Dunlap's WESTERN WELD Inner Tube Patch repairs punctures *permanently* in 30 seconds. **4-ply** laminated rubber construction makes repair **stronger than tube.** No heat, no waiting, no cutting. WESTERN WELD patches are cut to size and beveled. Several nationally exclusive features. Quickest, easiest, safest inner tube patch. Guaranteed to stay on in desert heat or arctic cold. Get a 50¢ kit at your dealers on MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. If he can't supply you send 50¢ to address below.

DEALERS: Write (on your letterhead) for catalog of complete WESTERN STATES quick-selling line. Thousands of dealers repeatedly order from all over U. S. after trial. Certified evidence on request. **SALESMEN:** Some territories still open, principally east of Mississippi. Going fast. Write.

WESTERN STATES MANUFACTURING CO.
W. Seventh St. Sioux City, Ia.



DUNLAP'S WESTERN WELD CUT PATCHES

Save Your Feet

When all else fails end your suffering with the flexible "no metal" **Heefner ARCH SUPPORT**

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

Heefner Arch Support Co., 47 M. E. Taylor Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

Special Cases

A Story of Fear

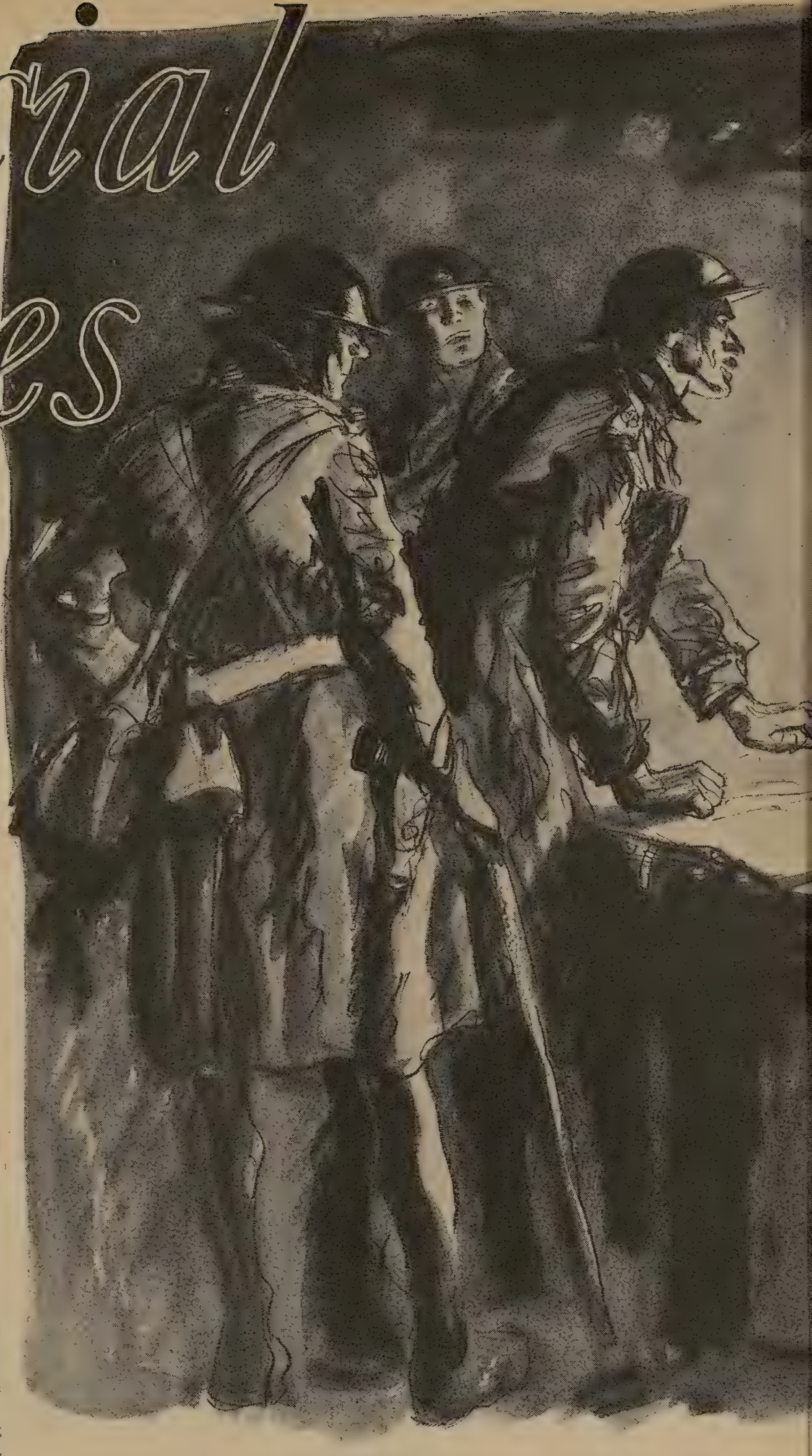
By

CAPTAIN JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

who is author, illustrator, and marine; thirty-eight and married, and has one son. Military duty took him this summer to the United States Legation, Peiping, China.

Pictures by THE AUTHOR

(Reading time: 14 minutes 58 seconds.)



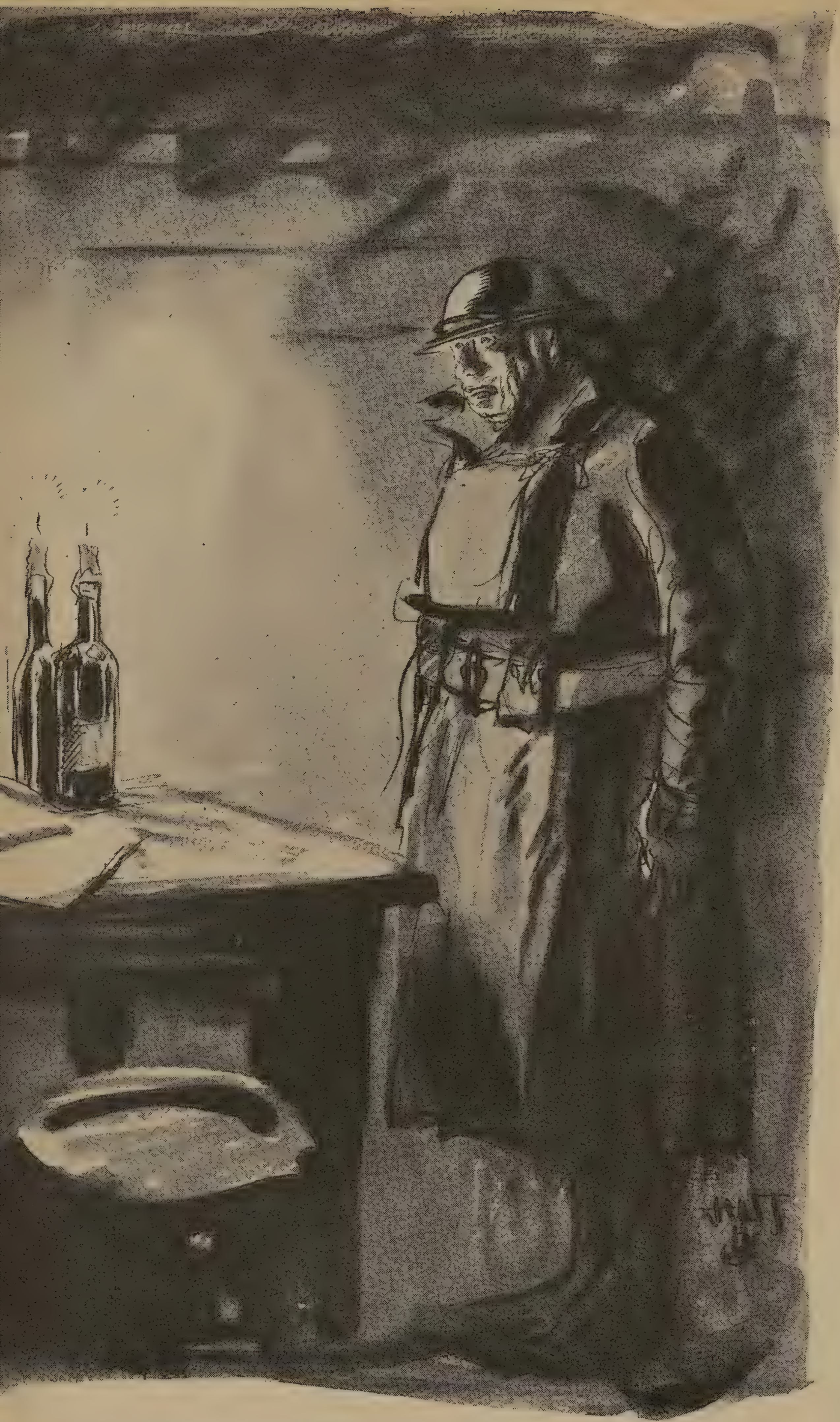
I lingered a minute to talk to the doctor.

WE sat outside the cabin in the glamorous Virginia evening and watched the pale radiance of the moon grow in the sky above the trees to the east. Under the hill the river made tranquil little noises among its rocks, and fireflies went zigzagging about their affairs in the velvet shadows, and off in the dark somewhere a wood thrush intoned sleepy, silvery notes. From the cabin, where they played poker, came an inconsiderable underchord, the rustling of cards, and the clicking of counters, and the curt, absorbed monosyllables of the players.

The lady novelist, who does, between best sellers, detached and scholarly book reviews for a smart journal; the correspondent, who writes signed, fastidious articles on affairs in the very highest circles; and Karen, who is Scandinavian and serene and honey-colored; and I, who am an officer of marines—we talked of books and men and women, of poetry, and finally of war. One of us knew Rupert Brooke, dead all these years on Skyros, and from him evolved a generalism: that youth is enamored of death.

I did not think so. Poets, perhaps, may see death as a poetic abstraction, a laying down of life, and a relinquishment of the sunlight, for things which they consider of more importance. But poets are unusual and contrary to all rules, and not always valuable to the combat services. Men in war think of death casually, because they see so much of it that it ceases to become significant. But they do not want to die, and they do not expect to die. Man cannot, mercifully, contemplate his own extinction. He will believe, always, that though his friends on his right hand and his left hand fall, he will come through. It is so with most men. I have served with two only who knew that they were going to die, and died. And I told the story.

One of them we will call Edward Hawks, for his name was something else, and he was an honorable gentleman and a good officer, who had no feeling for publicity. He was one of the landmarks of the old Marine Corps. He enlisted in the early 1900s, and he became the senior sergeant major of the corps, an office, in the days before



I wanted to beg or borrow some canned heat.

the World War expanded and popularized us, of almost godlike grandeur. On the increase of the corps for the war, Sergeant Major Edward Hawks was commissioned, and early in 1918 he was a second lieutenant, attached to our regimental headquarters with some staff job or other, a kindly mentor to all the young officers who were learning the profession of arms in the field.

He was a fine-looking man, with a high-nosed Norman face, and tall enough for a life-guardsman. Indeed, the rumor ran that he was a ranker out of a British Household regiment, and it may well have been true, but I cannot imagine any person of any rank presuming to ask Edward Hawks a question of such an intimate nature. And he never referred to what he had been or to any period before 1908. He referred to nearly everything else, for he had seen the world and participated in events and loved to talk about it.

He had the bearing of a fine gentleman and the complete and all-embracing courtesy of an elder time. His mustache was white and clipped, his lean face was like seamed cypress wood, and he wore his uniform with an air. I think he was vain of his appearance, and where, all ranks, we went in wrap puttees or heavy laced boots and let our brass and leather grow dull in the field, he was always immaculate, with a bright belt and cordovan leggins on his distinguished calfless English legs.

He was treasured in a mess; he had the old soldier's gift for foraging and a cultivated palate for wine and cookery. Where he was we ate from linen and we were served on china, and there were silver knives and forks. The young American officers, as a rule, lived roughly in France, pigging it with their men. Only the old professional soldiers insisted on comforts and amenities in the field, and Edward Hawks did himself as well as possible everywhere.

He was a good combat officer, wise and genial, and active for all his years—he must have been near fifty. By October, 1918, he was one of the old guard, so lavishly had they expended us, officers and men, and when we went to the Champagne country to fight in Gouraud's French fourth army, Edward Hawks was a first lieutenant in my battalion, though in another company.

MOVING from the pleasant villages below Toul, the division entered the bleak region east of Reims, and we halted for two days or so in a ruined town near Suippes, on the road from Châlons-sur-Marne.

Some of us drank one night in the *popotte* of Edward's company there. I will remember it for a long time. Most of the men who sat in that room died violently in the next few days, and so did the marines who went in and out on their occasions. We were shot to pieces in the Champagne—I never enjoyed the war afterward.

The house had been shelled a bit, and it was roofless; but above a corner room the second floor held fairly tight. We had blankets over the shattered windows and the door and over a corner where a dud high-angle shell had come in and gone out to bury itself in the street in front. There was a thin cold rain, and little wet gusts of air got into the room from time to time and made the candles flicker. But, on the whole, we were cozy and very much at ease. There was a table—two wide boards on trestles—in the room; at one end of it my captain and a replacement lieutenant—whose name I do not remember, for he was killed before I more than learned it—played cribbage. The lieutenant was losing—a German bombing squadron was in the neighborhood and the lieutenant couldn't concentrate—while my captain, a hardened old mercenary, applied himself strictly to the business in hand. Their "Fifteen-two; fifteen-four; and two is fifteen-six" became a monotony. At the other end of the table some youngsters amused themselves at red dog, the piles of francs rising and shifting between their elbows.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of Liberty, published weekly at New York, New York, for Oct. 1, 1930.

State of New York,
County of New York, } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. M. Patterson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of Liberty and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, 220 East 42nd Street, New York City; Editor, J. M. Patterson, 220 East 42nd Street, New York City; Managing Editor, none; General Manager, M. Annenberg, 220 East 42nd Street, New York City; Business Manager, James O'Shaughnessy, 220 East 42nd Street, New York City; Executive Editor, Sheppard Butler, 220 East 42nd Street, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Liberty Weekly, Incorporated.

The Tribune Company, publisher of The Chicago Tribune, owns and holds all the stock of Liberty Weekly, Incorporated.

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Stockholders of The Tribune Company: Estate of Joseph Medill, Tribune Square, Chicago, Ill. Alfred Cowles, 140 West Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill. Alfred Cowles, Thomas Hooker Cowles, Harriet C. Cowles and Harriet Cowles, Trustees, 140 West Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill. Alfred Cowles, Thomas Hooker Cowles and Philip B. Stewart, Trustees, 140 West Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill. Sarah Frances Cowles Stewart, 140 West Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill. Martha Root White, 115 East 55th St., New York, N. Y. Amelia Elizabeth White, 115 East 55th St., New York, N. Y. Abby White Howells, 430 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Wm. Bross Lloyd, 710-30 No. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Wm. Bross Lloyd, Trustee, 710-30 No. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Henry D. Lloyd, 479 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass. Demarest Lloyd, 1825 R St., Washington, D. C. Wm. Bross Lloyd, Henry D. Lloyd, John Bross Lloyd, Trustees, 710-30 No. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. The beneficiaries of the Estate of Joseph Medill are his two daughters, Elinor Medill Patterson and Katharine Medill McCormick. Alfred Cowles, Thomas Hooker Cowles, Harriet C. Cowles and Harriet Cowles, Trustees for Wm. H. Cowles, Cheney Cowles and Harriet Cowles. Alfred Cowles, Thomas Hooker Cowles and Philip B. Stewart, Trustees for John Wolcott Stewart and Philip B. Stewart, Wm. Bross Lloyd, Trustee for Madge Bird Lloyd, Wm. Bross Lloyd, Henry D. Lloyd and John Bross Lloyd, Trustees for John Bross Lloyd.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (if there are none, so state.)

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J. M. PATTERSON, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of
Sept., 1930.
(Seal) THOMAS J. McGUIRE.

Notary Public, Kings County, No. 64, Reg. No. 2076.
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Commission expires March 30th, 1932.

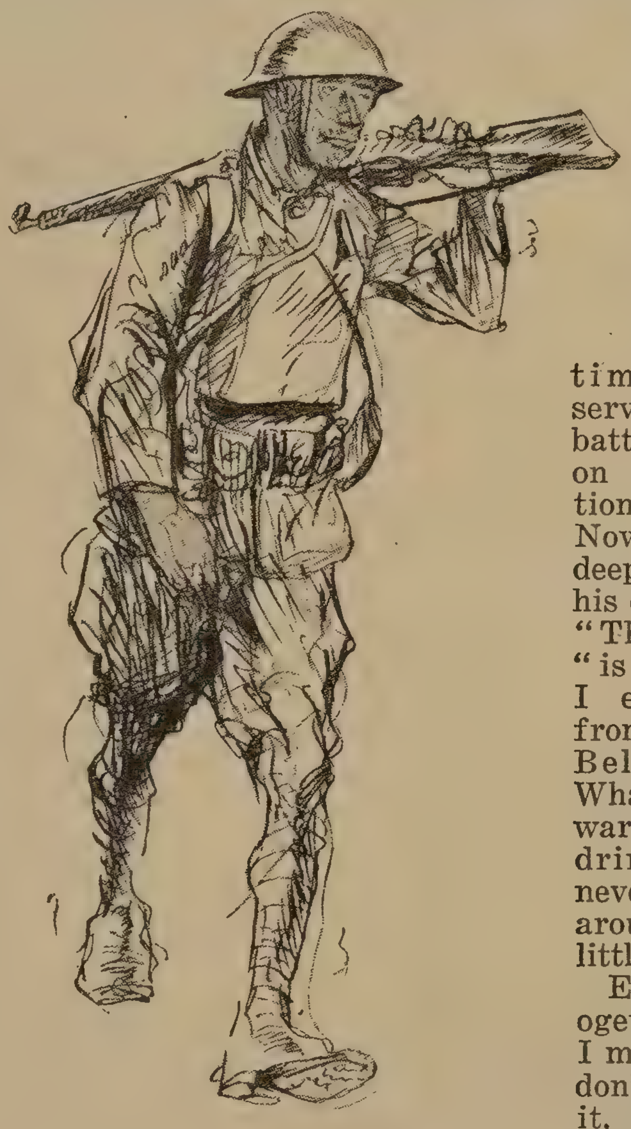
Form 3526 Ed. 1924.

SPECIAL CASES

Continued from page seventy-one

Along the middle of the table, Edward sat, and his captain and the battalion quartermaster and I, talking idly. The wine was of Edward's procurement. It was keg stuff, not bottled, which he had brought off in canteens. He had its name, gone from me now, but it was a heavy vintage, thick and deeply red, and of a certain power. I remember Edward's captain, how his lips were stained with it, and I suppose that mine were, too. We drank from canteen cups, but Edward had a silver goblet, picked up somewhere, and his handkerchief was out of his sleeve after every contemplative sip.

We had been talking, I think, of vintages, Edward setting the pace and supplying exact and curious information on the wines. We were warm enough and pleasantly tired after the day's evolutions in the rain. The rations had been bountiful and there was no immediate prospect of going into the line. The front—a very active front—was thirty kilometers north, and one could hear it rumbling and growling in the darkness. But thirty kilometers was a safe way from us.



We were filled up with soft replacements, officers and men.

OUR talk fell into desultory sentences, and the card players and the cribbage game went on within their circles. Edward Hawks took things from his pockets and from his *musette*, and arranged them neatly beside his wine. There was a picture of a woman and a girl, posed together, in a pocket frame. There was a flat leather case, wherefrom Edward drew and arranged certain papers, and a silk handkerchief in which were folded a Distinguished Service Cross, a Croix de Guerre, and a Congressional Medal of Honor, the last from some old tropic fight of the marines, the other two recently bestowed. He added to these things his heavy, double-cased gold watch, and made of the whole a compact parcel. He tied it tight, took his pen, and noted its contents on the back. Then he overwrapped the whole, and wrote an address upon it.

"What you doin', Edward?" asked his captain idly. "Taking an inventory of small stores?" Edward Hawks weighed the package in his hand and turned it over critically, and answered, quite as casually: "Yes, sir, inventory's right. Want you to send this to my wife. All you'll have to do is to put it in the mail—" The captain's eyebrows rose. "You see, sir, I happen to know that this is my last fight. We're going in, and I won't be coming out."

NOTHING ever amazed Edward's captain. He was, like Edward, an old-timer—they had served in the same battleship guards and on the same expeditions in the early days. Now the captain drank deeply and returned his cup with a clatter. "That," he announced, "is the dam'dest stuff I ever heard, even from you. Stow it. Belay the comedy. What the hell, Edward! You've been drinkin', though I never saw you wet around the edges on so little before this."

Edward smiled apologetically. "No, sir, I mean it. It's so. I don't know how I know it, but I've got it straight. And when it happens, if you'll just see this mailed—"

The captain refused to lend his countenance to such foolishness. He gave numerous caustic reasons. He did not hold with such things, he said. His conclusion, regrettable but inevitable, was that the wine had gone to Edward's head.

Well, Edward said, no matter. Old Dusty Rodes, the battalion quartermaster, would see to it. Dependable enough—but, even so, Edward would like the captain to write. "My wife, she'll want to know all about it. And you know each other, which will be some comfort to her. Tell her, of course, that I clicked off quick and without pain. You know the line. . . . I wish," he added thoughtfully, "that I knew it was going to be like that. I don't really mind the idea, for it's got to come anyway, one time or another. I'd like to have gotten up to my old rank again—" (Only time anybody ever heard Edward Hawks refer to his former existence.) "But I hope it won't hurt. It don't bother me to think of dying. But I don't like being all messed up. . . .

"No matter, cap'n. Tommy here or old Dusty will look after it."

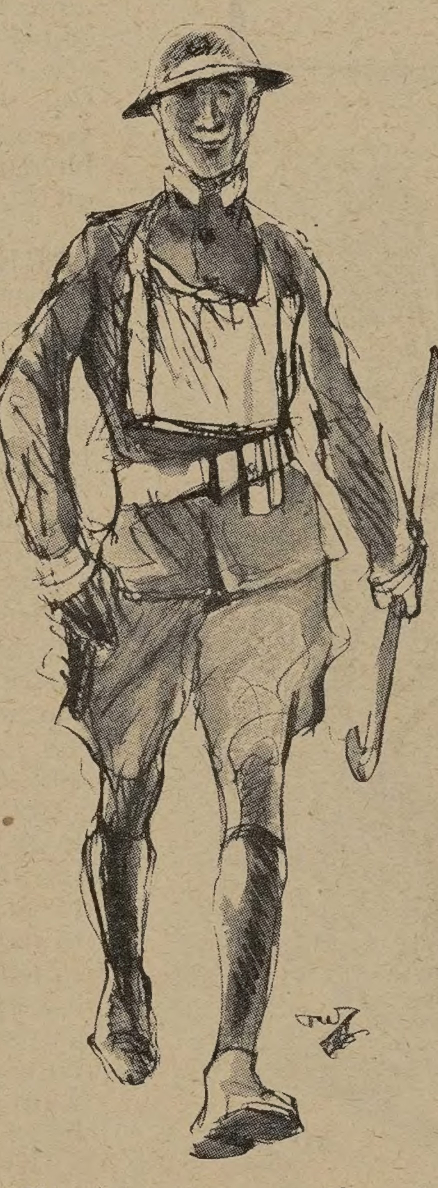
How in hell, I asked, did he know I would be mailing things after the next fight? He'd better give it to Dusty

Rodes. Dusty was the best risk of any of us, being battalion quartermaster, and, normally, behind the machine-gun zone. So he gave it to Dusty, who accepted the charge, looking quite disturbed.

Then we were silent over our wine, thinking our own thoughts, until a battalion runner in a dripping coat knocked and came in. He had a memo for all company commanders from battalion: the companies would fall in, heavy marching order, on the main street at 23 hours and 45 minutes.

One officer per company and a detail, herein prescribed, would remain behind to police the billets, coming on in the morning.

We looked at our watches and saw that we had an hour, and we went to rouse our men. We rode the rest of the night in *camions,* and shook down in a muddy place on the edge of a battle area ten days old, all dead Frenchmen and dead Germans and shell holes and barbed wire. Solemn German *drachen* looked at us over the edge of the horizon, when the weather cleared a little, and Gouraud's battle, beyond the Navarin Farm ridge toward Blanc Mont, roared and cracked in our ears through that day and the next.



His face was seamed, and he wore his uniform with an air.

I don't remember talking to Edward again until the morning after the Sixth Marines and one of the infantry regiments threw the Bavarians off of Blanc Mont, and my regiment went up by battalions to exploit our winnings. After a bad day and a worse night, we lay in position on the forward slope of the ridge, just north of a battered road that had camouflage mats along it. There were a few trees—scrubby pines—and some underbrush, all blasted to hell, and the companies were deployed among them under considerable shelling.

THE light was wet and feeble and the mist lay in the low ground ahead, and machine-gun fire came in gusts from the west end of the ridge, sweeping down the line and raking back and forth on the road. The major was up at the left, where things looked worst, and some of us went to him for orders. He squatted in a shell hole and laid out whatever it was he wanted done—I've forgotten now—and Edward Hawks and I got our instructions and turned away to rejoin our companies. Mine was right-center company and his was just beyond on the flank. He led the way down the road—it was better walking, and the shells were crashing regularly among the companies to our left—and we passed by the rear of the battalion toward our places.

Another lieutenant—young Swede Ballard, a pale, yellow-headed little chap, most dependable in a fight—started with us, but right away he got a couple of machine-gun bullets through the fleshy part of his calf. He had on fine new field boots, very elegant, just bought in Châlons, and one of them was ripped up terribly. We left him sitting in the ditch by the road and swearing over his ruined leather. Two hundred and seventy-five francs, he said, and he'd worn them less than a week! War is like that!

EDWARD and I went along, and, jaded and hungry and low as I was, I remember noticing how fresh and smart Edward bore himself in the gray light. He'd found time to shave recently—more than I'd done—and he wore an English trench coat, his helmet cocked on the side of his head, and he swung a cane. I was in my twenties then, and I remember thinking shame to myself, that a man near fifty should look and feel so much fresher than I did.

We said a few casual things to each other about prospects, and I came to the rear of my company and turned off. "So long, Tommy," he sang out, and waved his stick at me and strode on down the road. I was across the ditch when there came behind me a whispering rush of machine-gun bullets, and I looked around as I ducked. Edward fell on his face in the road, turned over, and drew in his knees. His left hand, I remember, beat up and down a time or two, and he didn't move any more.

Several of us ran out and we pulled him into the ditch, for the nickeled slugs were knocking sparks out of the flints on the road. But he was dead, with a pleasant expression on his face, and his eyes closed quite naturally. That was Edward Hawks, First Lieutenant, U. S. M. C.

But the other man hated it. He was that same Dusty Rodes—call him that, for decency's sake; service is full of Rodeses and they're all called Dusty—our battalion quartermaster,

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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GUARANTEED

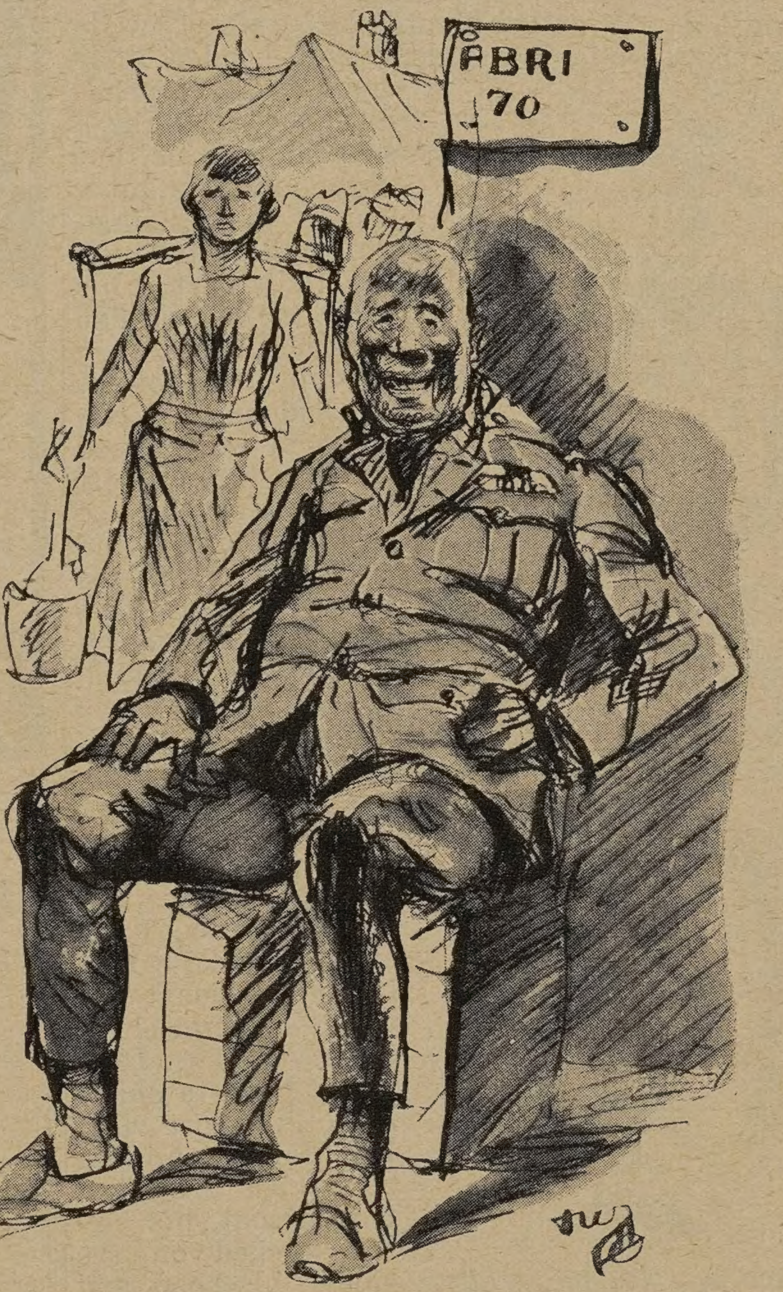
SPECIAL CASES
Continued from page seventy-three

a commissioned warrant officer early in 1918, and a second lieutenant about the time that we fought at Belleau Wood. He was different in all things from Edward Hawks, except that they had much the same service in the corps. Both evolved out of the old school.

He looked like John Bunny—the men called him that. He was a good rustling quartermaster behind the line, and a fair provider always. But, left to himself, he kept as far away from the shelled areas as possible. Invariably our battalion galleys had to be relocated nearer to the front after he had placed them. Otherwise the companies wouldn't have gotten their chow the same day it was cooked. It used to be a word we had, that if you wanted to find the deepest dugout and the safest spot in a sector, just look up Dusty Rodes; he'd be in it.

But he was so honest about being scared, and so genial and lavish with his stuff, that we regarded him with esteem and affection, if not with respect. He and Edward Hawks had been great friends, and the headquarters crowd said that Dusty Rodes never laughed after Edward Hawks was killed. He mailed the packet, we supposed, and his face was gloomy when we gathered in the stripped country behind the Suippe.

There's something very depressing about a melancholy fat man. Dusty Rodes added no gayety to any occasion, and the Lord knows we wanted gayety. But we had few hours of relaxation before we were filled up with soft replacements, officers and men, and sent over to the last fight in the war, between the Argonne and the Meuse River.



He looked like John Bunny—the men called him that. He was a good rustling quartermaster.

WE took over our sector, the foreground all littered with dead Americans of another division who had attacked before us, and we pounded up through Landres and Landres-St. George. I don't think I saw Dusty at all through the first week of it. Then, one bad, wild night not long before the end, I had occasion to go back to the battalion commander's dugout.

All the company commanders were assembled there, and the major was in a black humor, and sick, besides. He had the flu. We were all sick, but the medico wasn't evacuating anybody who could keep going, and I remember him watching us speculatively as we got our orders from the major.

When the others had gone, I lingered a minute to talk to the doctor. I wanted to beg, or borrow, or steal some canned heat—solidified alcohol—and get something warm into me, because there'd been nothing warm, not even coffee, for five days or so.

As we bartered, the doctor and I, we heard the major break out into violent swearing: "You won't send a runner, you damn' scuttle of guts, you! You'll go yourself, and you'll go now!" Then there was the squeaky rasping of Dusty's voice, arguing, deprecating, pleading. "No, by God! Get out of here and bring up those galleys. Get going! Shove off, damn you! or we get another battalion quartermaster!"

Dusty's voice rose in desperation: "But, major—But, major— If I go up there, I'll be killed. They've bumped off every man that's gone along that road! How can I bring my— Get another quartermaster, then! Get one! I am not"—his voice mounted to a furious bleating—"I am not a-going on that road tonight!"

THE major, as I've said, would have been in hospital under normal circumstances. He was running a temperature. Besides his nerves were on edge and he had had no proper food, no sleep, and no rest for a week. But he had played football in his day, and he now collared Dusty Rodes, trundled him across the dugout, and began, literally, to kick him up the steps. The doctor and I and the adjutant and the battalion runners, we all turned our eyes away from that sight and from each other. Fear we knew intimately, but the sight of a man who yields to fear is somehow unclean to look upon, makes you feel soiled yourself. A runner looked at the gas sergeant and said, "Jeeze!" The gas noncom shut him up, and I went off without my canned heat.

My way led up the road, but a little distance from the dugout I stopped and looked back. Seventy-sevens and a few 105s were breaking on the curve of the road, where it passed over the ridge behind battalion headquarters. Once, after a salvo of them burst in one place, I thought I heard a horse scream. But there were lots of horses lying along that road, and lots of men. . . .

Next morning after dawn the medico came along and said: "Well, Dusty was right about it. Shell got him before he'd gone a hundred yards. I've just seen them, gathering the remains in a shelter half. Poor John Bunny! He did hate it, the poor devil. He's been talking about it to me ever since the morning we jumped off; said he knew he was going to be killed. Wanted me to evacuate him, sick. But I think he was the only well man in the battalion."

That was my story. The wood thrush had gone to bed by the time I finished, but a whippoorwill was making remarks, near at hand, which sounded dolefully pertinent.

Karen shivered a little and said that it was stupid and horrible of men to make these wars. And the lady novelist said it was all very interesting, but what does it prove? A special case—entirely a special case, or two of them.

As a matter of fact, it doesn't prove anything, except that dying is always a special case to a man who looks, in advance, upon his own death.

THE END

R	H	O		G	L	O	W		B	E	A	U		O	D	E
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Answer to the puzzle on page 68

P	S	I		L	E	A	P	S		R	E	A	P	
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	R	U	E	D	■	H	A	R	E	M	■	E	N	D
T	E	L	E	■	C	A	R	E	T	■	B	A	A	L
W	E	T	■	R	A	I	D	S	■	F	A	R	C	E
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A	S	T	E	R	N	■	S	E	A	L	S	■	M	A
L	O	U	T	S	■	S	T	A	R	S	■	H	A	N
S	O	N	S	■	C	O	A	L	S	■	P	A	R	D
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C	E	■	H	I	R	A	M	■	B	O	R	D	E	R
E	S	S	E	N		C	E	R	A	L		E	R	E
	T	O	R	T		E	R	A	T	O		L	Y	E

Answer to the puzzle on page 69

Why do many more millions of men and women all over the world use Waterman's fountain pens than use any other make? Ask some of them—their answers will mean more to you than anything we may say.

Perhaps they will first mention the unquestioned advantages of fountain pens in general—the convenience of having your personal pen-and-ink ready at hand the instant you want it. Then they will move on to those features that are peculiarly Waterman's—the ink capacity which, size for size, outranks other pens—Waterman's exceptionally wide selection of pen points—the smoother finish of the writing point—the flexibility which Waterman's alone has seemed able to work into a gold pen—the beautiful new colors and smart modern designs—the jeweler's finish of the trim—the Waterman's patented spoon-feed that flows the ink so evenly without skimping or blotting.

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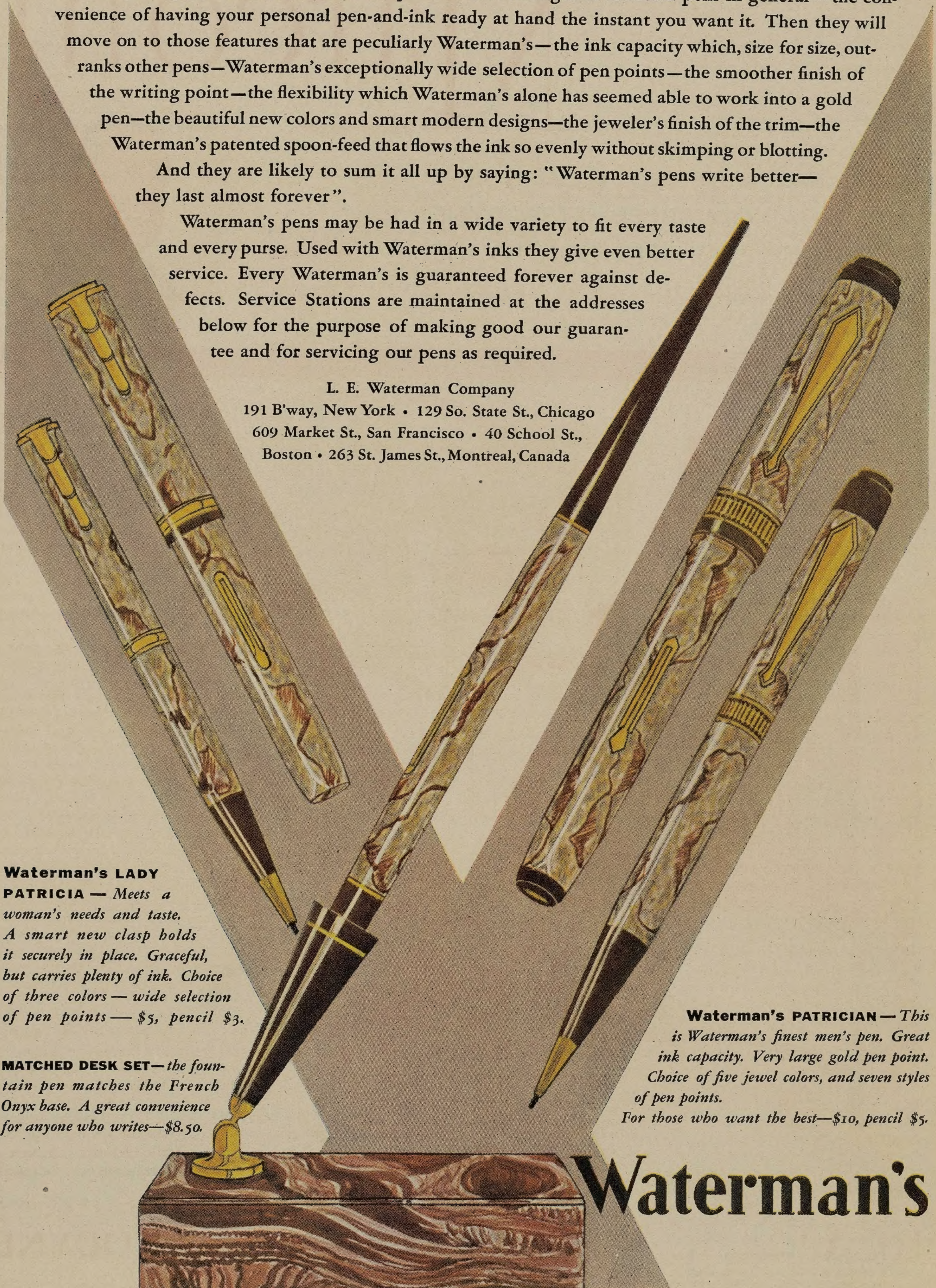

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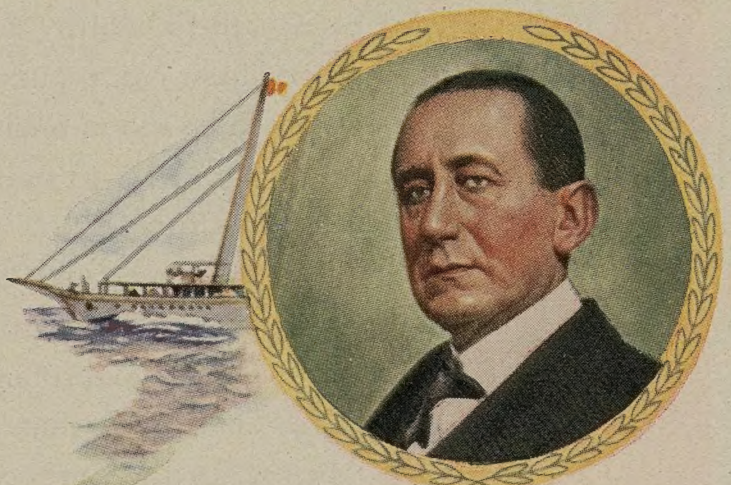

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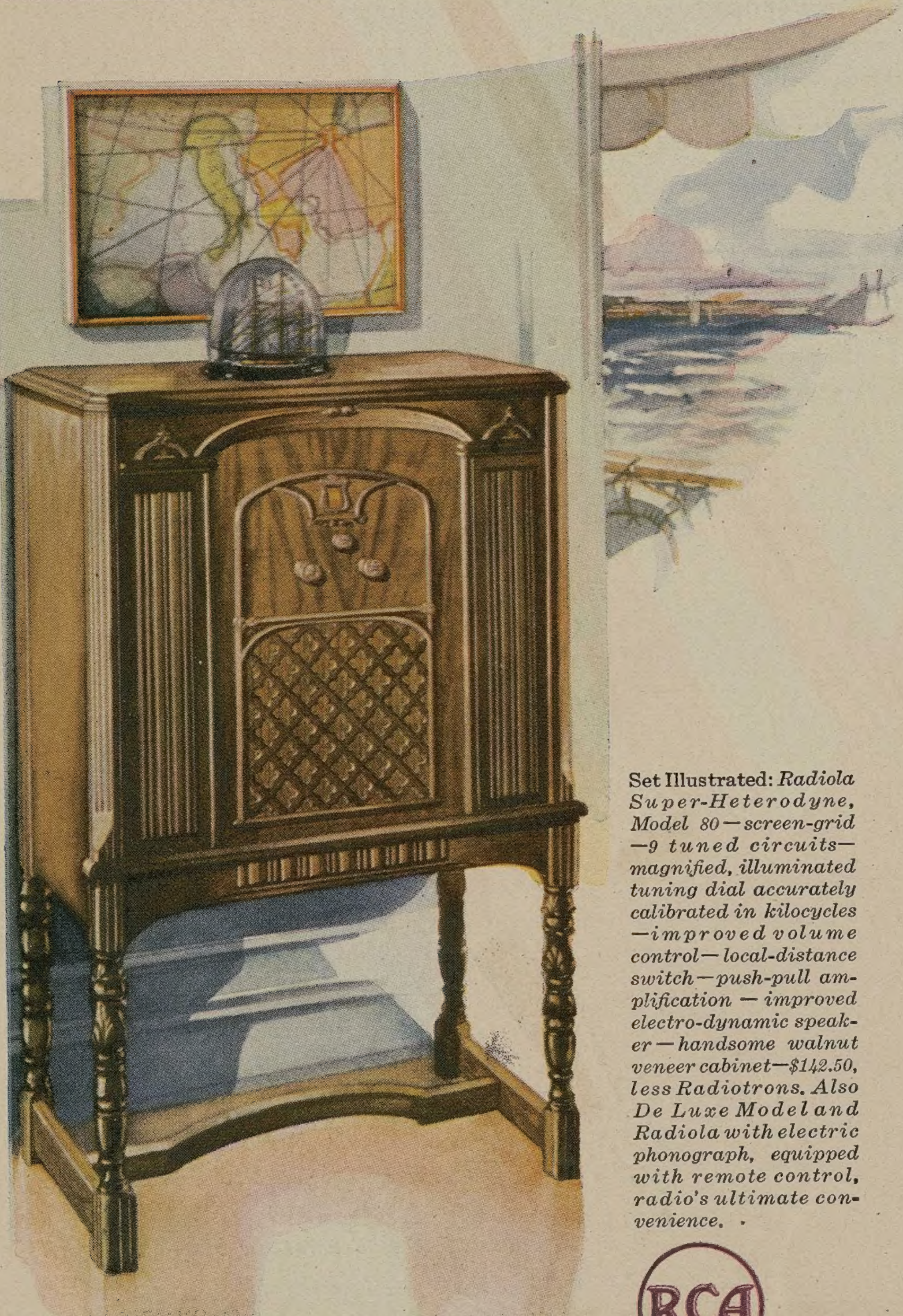

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